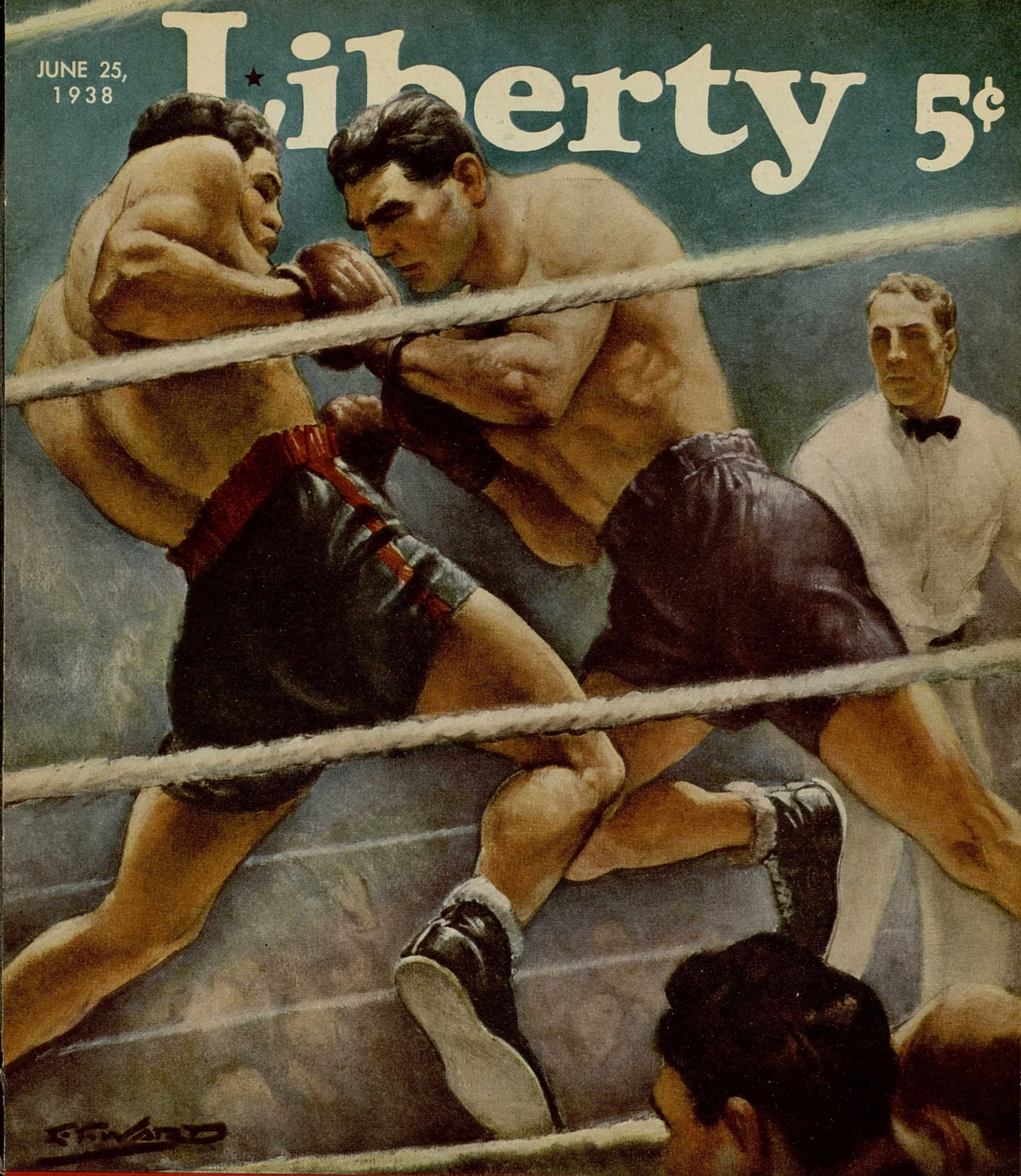
JUNE 25,
1938

Liberty

5¢



IT'S REVENGE I'M AFTER—My Way to Beat Schmeling by JOE LOUIS

I'LL DO IT AGAIN—How I Will Knock Out Louis by MAX SCHMELING

HOW I RAISED TYRONE POWER—A Revelation for Mothers and Daughters

Armageddon Again by Walter Karig

SEE HOW NEW KIND OF TIRE DRIES WET ROADS

GIVES YOU THE QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS YOU'VE EVER SEEN

YOU ALMOST CRASHED RIGHT INTO US
I SKIDDED! I COULDN'T STEER OR STOP

IN every wet road emergency you need a tire that will turn the wet road under your car into a *dry* track. And now, thanks to the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown with Life-Saver Tread, you can have a *road-drying* tire that really works.

Goodrich engineers knew that skid protection depends on drying the road. And drying the road depends on sweeping away the water. So they made this new tread with never-ending spiral bars that sweep the water right and left—*like a whole battery of windshield wipers.* The outcome was the safest, quickest stops on wet roads that motorists have ever seen!

No Extra Cost!

Remember, this new skid-protected Silvertown also gives you the famous blow-out protection of the Goodrich Golden Ply. Thus the lives of yourself and your family are protected *two* important ways—against *both* skids and blow-outs. And when you can get this amazing tire AT NO EXTRA COST, the 19.1% greater non-skid mileage in Silvertowns is really like getting EVERY SIXTH MILE FREE!

Your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store wants to give you a free demonstration of this new kind of tire in action. So why not go in and get first-hand the thrilling experience of a SILVERTOWN STOP? And, for safety's sake, make your next tires Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.

Life-Saver Tread and Sidewall of the New Goodrich Silvertown Protected by Design Patents Numbers 108,226; 108,247 and 108,248.

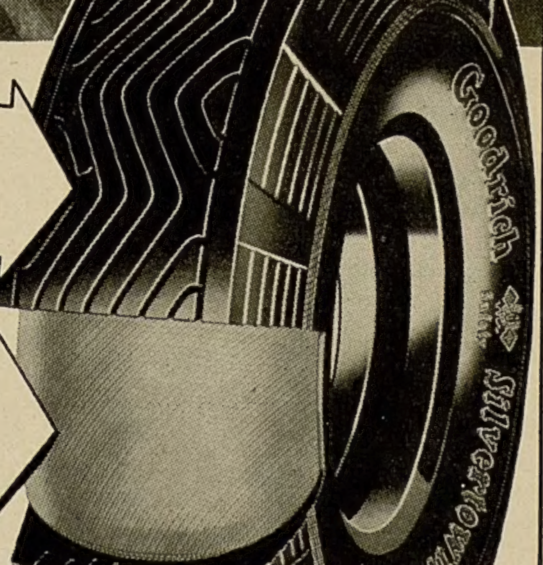
PROOF! *from America's Largest Independent Testing Laboratory*

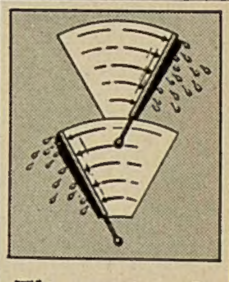
"BOTH regular, and also the premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of exhaustive road tests made over a three months' period by us, to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including those tires listed at from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth."

A. R. Ellis, Pres.
PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY


1 LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION
2 GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION
Goodrich
Silvertown
GOLDEN PLY



The never-ending spiral bars of the Life-Saver Tread act like a battery of windshield wipers—sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* grooves . . . give the rubber a *dry* track to grip.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

SKID PROTECTION OF LIFE-SAVER TREAD ◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

JUNE 25, 1938

Liberty

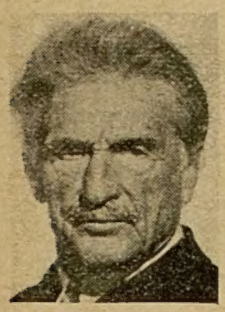
VOL. 15, NO. 26

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

DO THE WORKERS ALL WANT GOVERNMENT JOBS?



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

Foreign"ism" gives every one a job. Every job is under government supervision. No matter where you work . . . in a factory, on a railroad, in an office . . . your duties are government-controlled.

And there are no unions and no strikes, and no redress, regardless of how unpleasant or unfair wages or working conditions may be.

It is difficult to understand why some of the labor leaders of this country are so dumb as to fail to realize that in asking for governmental aid and control they are taking the first step toward foreign"ism" for this country.

That conclusion is as clear and as simple as the solution of the problem that two and two make four.

Labor has allowed business and the workers to be saddled with the Wagner Act, and many of the labor leaders are heartily sick of it already. . . . And that is only the beginning. When government officials once start a bureau or commission, it takes a revolution or a cataclysmic change of some kind to throw them out.

To be sure, government officials condemn foreign"ism" in most scathing terms; but the purpose of such utterances is to pull the wool over our eyes.

Ever since the New Deal started, five months after Roosevelt's first administration, these officials have been moving toward Fascism or Communism.

What was the NRA but Fascism? What was the AAA but the same thing? Practically all the socialistic regimentation has been of this nature.

Government control of business endorsed by the workers will help to create the restrictions which will ultimately rob them of their freedom.

Father Curran, president of the International Catholic Truth Society, in a recent address at New Orleans says that Communism is not merely knocking at our gates but already stands up boldly and brazen in the governmental chambers of New York, and that we should not allow this country to become the dumping grounds for foreign political refugees.

Read the comments of a recent visitor to Russia.

The Soviet Constitution guarantees the people freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of assembly; but the exercise of this freedom, the Constitution states, must be in conformity with the interests of the toilers, and the effect of this provision is to abolish freedom altogether. The government defines what is or is not in the interest of the toilers. Soviet citizens are free to praise Mr. Stalin. They are proclaimed enemies of the people and are shot if they criticize him.

Soviet citizens, men and women, have the choice of starving or working. The purchasing power of wages is so low that the husband cannot support his wife and the parents cannot support their children. All women in the Soviet Union labor because they must in order to avoid dying of hunger. That is the meaning of their constitutional right to a job.

Soviet citizens have a constitutional right to an education; but they are prohibited from seeing a single foreign newspaper or any magazine or book published abroad.

No Soviet citizen is permitted to leave the country except on government business. Intellectually, the Soviet people are completely cut off from the rest of the world.

No one is tried in Russia until after he has pleaded guilty. All trials in Russia are for the purpose of impressing the public.

Much of the New Deal socialistic legislation is leading directly toward this Russian system, or toward Fascism, which is almost as bad.

We have had the only free government that has ever been inaugurated in all history, and it has brought us nearly half the wealth of the world and the highest standard of living for the workers. But it appears to be human nature never to be satisfied . . . the more we get, the more we want. Even Adam and Eve had to be driven out of the Garden of Eden. And doubtless our Garden of Eden—freedom, the extraordinary liberties we have enjoyed—may be lost before we properly value them.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1938, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

IN THREE PARTS—PART ONE

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Crackpot

Hold your hats! Here comes as speedy and surprising a romance as ever befell two gaily delirious young hearts

BY JAMES EDWARD GRANT

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS CHANSLOR, JR., looked at the metered pattern of the paneled walls; he looked at the tall lawyer with the silver temples who was his buckler against the wiles of the sallow little lawyer who was his antagonist. He looked at the bright shining tips of his custom-made oxfords and at the neatly draped creases of his custom-made trousers—but he emphatically did not look at his father, Mr. John Quincy Adams Chanslor, Sr.

The lawyers were earning their money—gleaming phraseological ripostes were met and turned aside by brilliant verbal parries. Latin phrases filled the air. At long length, even the legal gentlemen had their fill.

"I think the terms are satisfactory," said the sallow lawyer, whose name was Lanton. "Your client, Mr. Chanslor, pays my client fifteen hundred dollars in exchange for a full and complete release and an agreement not to sue."

Johnny's counsel, Mr. Michael Caln, nodded his silver head. "My office will draw the papers. As soon as they are signed, you will be handed Mr. Chanslor's check."

"Mr. *Senior* Chanslor's check," corrected the sallow lawyer, "if you don't mind!" He rose and started to extend his hand. "It's been a pleasure, gentlemen."

Mr. Caln was assiduously selecting a cigar from the humidor on his desk—he did not see the hand. "Good day, Mr. Lanton," he said; "I'll see you in a day or so."

The sallow lawyer said, "Good day, gentlemen," to the room at large, and left.

Mr. Caln looked at Johnny's father and sighed. "Well, J. Q.," he said, "I think we did the best we could under the circumstances. . . . I'd hate to have gone before a jury with this case."

"Fifteen hundred was cheap," Johnny's father grunted. "I was surprised when he came down from twenty-five." He put two dollars' worth of cigar in his mouth and stared at Johnny, who continued to regard his toe tips.

Mr. Caln sighed again. "Johnny," he said, "I can understand the blonde and the incident of the night-club check—blondes and night clubs are common failings—but I do not understand the hitting of the doorman. Why did you do that?"

"I thought," said Johnny feebly, "that he was coming to help the cab driver."

"And why," asked Mr. Caln, "were you fighting with the cab driver? That also has never been clear in my mind."

"Well," said Johnny, "he said something I didn't like."

"Just what did he say?"

Johnny's voice was meek and sad. "I forget," he said; "just at the moment, I forget what he said."

His father's snort was staccato. He rose and looked at his son. "He forgets," said Mr. Chanslor, Sr., bitterly. "He forgets! . . . Come on, crackpot!"

They went out of the office and out of the building into the street. Father and son faced each other. Johnny's father had hair like Johnny's, a deep brick red, tight curled, above a face made of hard-bossed attractive angles—a face also like Johnny's. Like Johnny's, the father's shoulders were thick and broad. Senior showed a slight thickening about the middle, where Junior was flat and hard—save for this, they might have been twins.

"I'm glad your mother is abroad," snorted Senior. "At least she won't hear of this."

"That *is* handy, isn't it?" Johnny asked in all innocence. "She won't hear about you and those two stevedores in Key West, either."

Senior's ruddy complexion deepened. "They attacked me," he insisted loudly; "and anyway they were drunk and on top of that they insulted the flag."

"Sure," Johnny agreed equably. "They attacked you—after you chased them half a mile over the docks so as to be handy while they did it. And they were probably roaring drunk—and you were sober as a judge . . . as you always are after winning a sailing race. And they insulted the flag—the pennant of the Bay Ridge Yacht Club!"

Senior looked up imploringly at a murky New York heaven. "Yahweh," he said plaintively. "Yahweh, I've got this son, and a sit-down strike in my Toledo plant. I'll take two sit-down strikes—even three—if you'll teach this brat a little caution."

"Stop acting," Johnny requested. "People are looking at you—especially that little brunette."

"What brunette?" demanded Senior hastily, ceasing to regard the sky and casting a panoramic glance about.

"Ah-h-h!" he snorted, seeing that the brunette in question was an elderly colored janitress. "Why can't you be serious for a minute?"

"I don't like being serious," Johnny said firmly. "And neither do you and you know it. So let's go somewhere and get some lunch . . . and a sidecar."

Senior's sigh came from his heels. "Lunch," he complained. "Lunch and a sidecar he thinks of—that's all. After costing me fifteen hundred of the best."

"More than that," Johnny corrected. "I forgot to mention that I wrote a lot of checks the other night. And I'm overdrawn."

"Overdrawn! . . . Again!"

"What's the difference?" Johnny was laconic. "You've got all the money in the world. Except what mom and Uncle Joe have planted in nontaxables."

Senior quivered. "Johnny," he said, "I'm going to do something about you."

"What, for instance?"

"Well—uh—" sputtered Senior, stalling for time, "I might put you to work in one of the mills. With a shovel."

Johnny chortled. "You've been going to movies," he accused his father. "Now look, J. Q. You've made all the noises necessary for the ponderous poppa instructing the willful young cub. . . . Let's go get a drink."

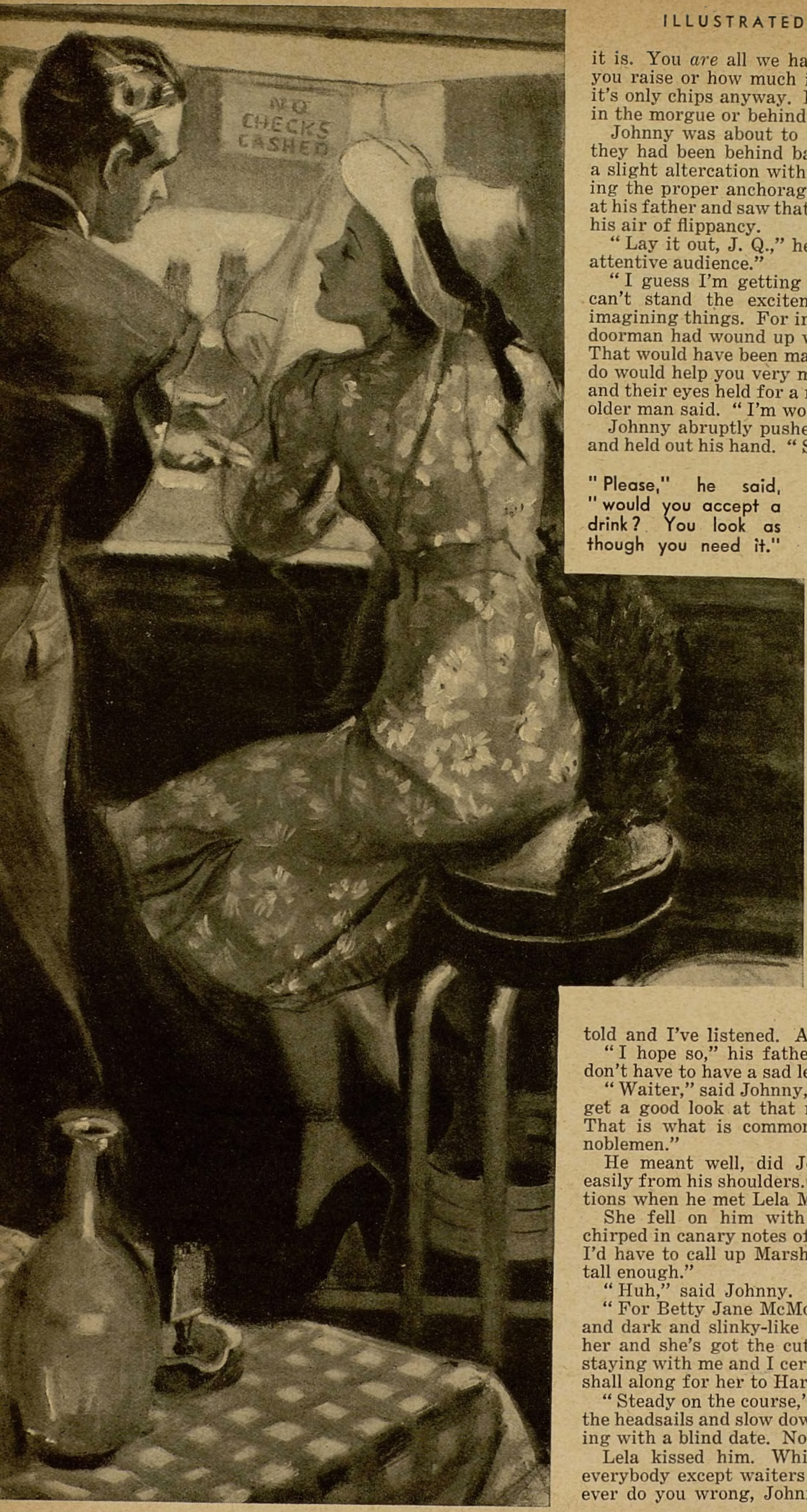
Senior grinned somewhat wryly. They understood each other, these two. In his day, Senior had been a man to take along—and still was. He had left the marks of his boot calks on the floors—and bar-tops—of most of the North Woods lumber camps in the old days. And the ore towns along the Michigan shores—places a peaceful soul should avoid—had been his stamping grounds before he acquired a Wall Street office and a speaking acquaintance with the financial mighty.

Senior laughed and they went and had a drink, but Senior's soul was not yet soothed. "Look," he said over the second old-fashioned, "you're a crackpot."

"Now, now, J. Q.," Johnny remonstrated, "it isn't like you to be a bore. You've already mentioned that."

His father brushed the levity away with a wave of his hand. "Johnny," he said, "I don't want anything to happen to you. I don't want to give you a lot of sloppy guff about you being all mom and I have—but that's the way

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER



"Please," he said, "would you accept a drink? You look as though you need it."

it is. You *are* all we have. I don't care how much hob you raise or how much it costs. I've got it to blow and it's only chips anyway. But I don't want you to wind up in the morgue or behind bars."

Johnny was about to remind his father genially that they had been behind bars together in St. John's after a slight altercation with some harbor policemen regarding the proper anchorage for the Witch. But he looked at his father and saw that Senior was serious. He dropped his air of flippancy.

"Lay it out, J. Q.," he said. "You've got an earnest, attentive audience."

"I guess I'm getting old," Senior admitted. "But I can't stand the excitement any more. . . . I keep imagining things. For instance, if that cab driver or the doorman had wound up with a fractured skull and died. That would have been manslaughter, and nothing I could do would help you very much." He looked up at Johnny, and their eyes held for a minute. "I'm worried, kid," the older man said. "I'm worried about you."

Johnny abruptly pushed his full glass away from him and held out his hand. "Shake hands with a model young man," he said, "starting as of this minute."

They shook hands. "You mean it now," said Senior, "but I'm afraid you won't remember. . . . You're not a lush. You don't drink an awful lot and what you drink you can handle. I'm glad of that. But you do the doggonedest things. Thoughtless things."

"Thinking's not my long suit," Johnny admitted. "And most of these jams don't come from being full of flit. . . . They happen when I'm sober just as well."

"Sure," Senior said; "sure they do. Some men have to go to trouble. . . . You just have to stand around and it will come to you. So start learning to sit still. Start counting ten before you jump . . . and then jump slowly."

Johnny nodded honestly. "This is the first time you have ever climbed in the pulpit, J. Q.," he said. "You've told and I've listened. And heard."

"I hope so," his father said sincerely. "I hope you don't have to have a sad lesson. . . . So long."

"Waiter," said Johnny, "bring me a check . . . and get a good look at that man walking away from here. That is what is commonly known as one of nature's noblemen."

He meant well, did Johnny, but responsibility slid easily from his shoulders. He was still full of good intentions when he met Lela Morgan in "21" at dinnertime.

She fell on him with happy cries. "Johnny," she chirped in canary notes of vast relief, "I almost thought I'd have to call up Marshall Evans, and he's not nearly tall enough."

"Huh," said Johnny. "Not tall enough for what?"

"For Betty Jane McMorrow," Lela lilted. "She's tall and dark and slinky-like and you'll look just swell with her and she's got the cutest Southern accent and she's staying with me and I certainly didn't want to take Marshall along for her to Harlem."

"Steady on the course," cautioned Johnny; "knock off the headsails and slow down. You want me to go Harleming with a blind date. No."

Lela kissed him. Which was nothing. Lela kissed everybody except waiters and elevator starters. "Did I ever do you wrong, Johnny Chanslor?" she demanded.

"And wasn't my very own brother a character witness for you that time all the trouble happened on the football special? . . . And you'll love Betty Jane. She's cute."

"That's what I'm afraid of," quoth Mr. Chanslor. "I'm on that ol' debbil wagon and I can't stand cute girls on anything less than double Scotch. . . . So go get Marshall. I am not going to Harlem."

So at 5.53 A. M. he was in Childs attempting to feed butter cakes to an electric eel which he was carrying in a large pail. He had been to Harlem, where he had stayed on soda until around midnight, when Betty Jane's cuteness and accent had finally gotten to him; then he mixed Scotch with the soda.

He had caught up with the rest of the party by one, had sadly outdistanced them by two. By two thirty he had acquired the electric eel, whom he promptly named Ethelbert, and was proceeding south on Broadway, stopping various pedestrians and coaxing them to put their various hands in the bucket. Some did— By the time he hit Childs the batteries had run down and Ethelbert had ceased being dynamic—he was merely long, weary, and slimy.

Which was probably the reason Jacques Durand objected to wearing Ethelbert. Jacques was an international gigolo. Johnny emphatically did not care for Jacques, and it seemed like the proper time to present Jacques with a tie. He did so, tying Ethelbert firmly about Mr. Durand's neck. Mr. Durand protested vociferously, which is why the chairs and tables came to be broken. Shortly after that a policeman came.

And a little before noon Johnny, his father, and Mr. Caln were in police court assuaging the feelings of the bruised Mr. Durand, a museum keeper who wept copiously over the sad unshockable state of Ethelbert, and all the various citizens who had placed their hands in the bucket.

AT one Johnny came out into the street with his father. Senior gave Junior a chilling look.

"J. Q.," said Johnny sincerely, "I don't know how it happened. I went up to Harlem with a party and . . ."

"Shut up!" his father ordered testily. "Yesterday you made me a long speech about the new leaf you were turning over, and today I have to get you out of another jam. I don't want to hear how it happened or why. And I'm not going to give you another lecture." He waved at a passing cab. As it drew in to the curb he walked abruptly away from Johnny, saying over his shoulder, "Good-by, crackpot. I'm going some place quiet and think about you."

Johnny watched his father get into the cab and leave. Lela Morgan, who had come to court to see the fun, came up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"I think your papa's mad, honey lamb," she said. "Let's go over to the Plaza and meet the bunch."

Johnny carefully took her hand from his arm. "Go away," he said, "and forget you ever met me. Tell the bunch to forget they ever met me. I'm turning over a new leaf. From this day forward, I am on milk."

He turned and walked swiftly away.

His behavior for the next forty-eight hours could only be described as exemplary. He went down to the yards where the Witch was getting dressed up. He scraped varnish and bent line and got a nice tan.

"See what a nice boy I am?" he asked himself, and found the answer easily. "Yes, Johnny, you're a nice boy and you deserve a nice dinner."

At eight o'clock he walked into a little former speakeasy in the Fifties. The bartender looked up and smiled—a smile that anticipated the tip that should appear—four—or eight—old-fashioneds later. "Evening, Mr. Chanslor," he said. "The usual?"

"Milk," said Johnny.

The bartender's face fell. "Aw, that's too bad, Mr. Chanslor," he said commiseratingly. "Ulcers, huh?"

"Nope," said Johnny. "Milk . . . because I want it."

He sipped his milk standing at the bar, his mind running over, and discarding, the names of a baker's dozen ladies. Such an evening as he contemplated—a show or a movie and early to bed—demanded a certain type. Oh, definitely, a certain type. The calm, dignified, serious-minded type. Most of the type he found as he ruminated were addicted to horn-rimmed glasses and flat heels. He did not wish horn-rimmed glasses and flat heels.

As he sadly considered the situation, a girl walked up to the bar. Her clothes were definitely Fifth Avenue and she was just as definitely doing some store a favor by encasing that ultra figure in its creations. Her hat was perfect, and matched the gloves and purse without being ostentatious about it.

But she needed none of these, what with honey-colored hair making a frame for an oval face—the features of which miraculously managed to be regular without being characterless.

But these were physical, concrete things, and it was nothing concrete that Johnny felt. It was an odd emotion—no less strong for its vagueness. First there was the sudden thought inside his subconscious mind. "I must know this girl," his subconscious mind said vaguely, and then instantly there was a feeling as if he had known her always. He shook his head. "Hell," he told himself, vaguely irritated at the feeling he could not catalogue, "you must be getting goofy, Mr. Chanslor."

Still the feeling would not shake off. He continued to inspect the girl, and saw that her eyebrows, that were straight without benefit of plucking, were at the moment knit with worry. Too, there was strain concealed beneath the smile she gave the bartender.

"Please," she said, "would you do me a favor? . . . I've come away without any money and I must phone. Could I have two nickels for just a few minutes?"

The bartender looked at the sable fur piece about her neck. It was genuine. "Certainly, miss," he said, and put the pair of coins on the bar.

She thanked him and went into a phone booth. Johnny turned idly to watch her. She called a number, and then another. From the expression on her face both times, it was obvious she did not locate her party. She came back to the bar and got two more nickels.

He was fat, the dinner-jacketed

"I'm sorry to be such a nuisance," she said. "I'll give it back as soon as some one brings me some money."

The bartender's smile had lost some of its geniality.

Johnny watched while she repeated her performance in the booth. When she came out there were decided lines of worry in her forehead. There was hesitation in the glance she sent toward the bartender.

"Look, miss," said Johnny. "I'm not Galahad. Neither am I Willy from the poolroom playing masher." He indicated the change on the bar. "I am eternally finding myself without money . . . my name is Johnny Chanslor. Will you help yourself?"

He had a good chance to notice that her eyes were clear hazel from the long, even look she gave him before she answered.

"Thank you," she said, her voice evading any note save one of genteel politeness. "It's kind of you. . . . Would you cash my check for a dollar?"

Johnny nodded. She took a dollar's worth of change and went into the booth after hastily scribbling him a check. The name on the check was Diana Benton.

Finally she emerged. The lines on her forehead had deepened. She said, only half aloud, "I wonder where he could be?"

Johnny said mildly, "This is a big city. He could be most anywhere."

She looked up at him swiftly, was puzzled an instant, then realized she had spoken aloud. Her smile was fleeting and strained.

Johnny looked deep into her eyes and saw there anguish and fright. “Please,” he said quietly, “would you accept a drink from one who is neither Galahad nor the poolroom loafer? . . . You look as though you need it.”

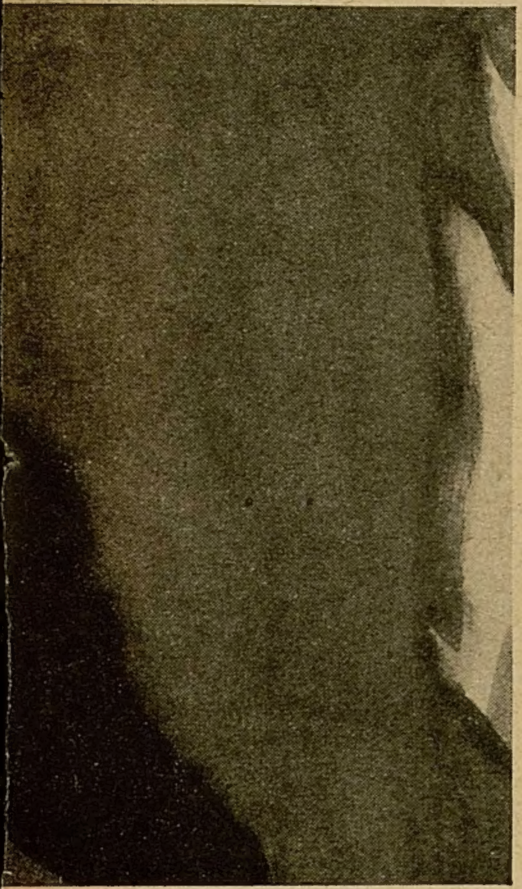
She nodded abruptly. “Thank you. I do need something . . . I'm ready to scream.”

Johnny said to the bartender, “Brandy . . . I mean now.”

After she swallowed the brandy she said, “He's so high-strung. . . . And I can't find him anywhere. And she's such a fiendish little brat. She delights in torturing him.” She shook herself together and forced a smile. “I'm sorry. I must sound crazy. It's my brother. He's quarreled with his girl. And he left a note at my place. Said he was sick and tired of life.”

Johnny said from the age-old experience of his twenty-six years, “He sounds pretty young.”

“He is,” she nodded. “A year younger than I . . . twenty-two.” A thought struck her. “I wonder if he just wouldn't answer the phone.” The thought carried further—got terrifying. “He wouldn't commit . . . Oh! . . .”



an, and his fatness was peculiar.

“No,” said Johnny soothingly. “Of course he wouldn't. . . . Look. I was going to have a lonesome dinner. . . . Why don't you have something with me? Maybe you'll be able to get him later.”

She nodded. “I'll do that,” she said. “Then, if I can't locate him, I'm going to notify the police. . . . He hasn't been seen anywhere since yesterday.”

They sat at a table in a booth, and she toyed with a salad while Johnny made away with a couple of chops. Still he had not catalogued that disturbing feeling, and finally he said, “This is not a traveling salesman's approach. . . . But the minute I laid eyes on you I felt as if I'd known you for a long while. . . . Do you suppose we've met somewhere?”

“I think not,” she said doubtfully. “I've just this week come to New York. From Duluth. You've never been there, I suppose?”

“I've missed it,” Johnny admitted, “I'm sorry to say. . . . No, I guess we've never met until now. Unless it was in another life. . . . Maybe that's what that feeling was. You know, the reincarnation gag.”

She laughed, looked at him oddly and speculatively. “That's funny,” she said.

“What's funny?” Johnny asked.

She said, “I had the same feeling when I first saw you standing there at the bar. . . . I almost said hello. . . . This does sound silly, doesn't it? Like a bored traveling salesman scraping up an acquaintance with a girl who is perfectly willing to give him back the proper answers. . . . It sounds stereotyped.”

Johnny looked at her for a long, level minute. Then he said, “The words are ordinary as the devil. . . . But this is something different . . .” He shook himself and laughed. “I'm actually getting cerebral. Delving deeply into the emotions.” . . .

Diana, too, shook herself into remembering. “The phone,” she said. . . . “I'd almost forgotten.”

Johnny had the waiter bring a phone to the booth. She dialed half a dozen numbers. The ones that answered all gave the same information. Her brother had not been about. His apartment number did not answer.

She put the phone back on the cradle and said slowly, “I wonder if he's there and can't answer. . . . He might be . . .”

Johnny said, “Stop that! . . . Let's go over and kick on his door. He's probably just sulking in his tent. Come; I'll drive you there.”

She said simply, “Thank you.”

They went out and got into his roadster. She directed him to a small apartment building uptown. They parked in front and walked up.

As they went up the stairs, she smiled at Johnny—it was an appreciative, comradely smile. “You're being wonderfully nice,” she said. “I feel better with you along—”

He said, “Helpful Johnny. At your service.”

“Lancelot,” she smiled. “Mr. Lancelot Chanslor. Always helping ladies in distress.”

Both laughed, and they came finally to the second floor, and a door above which a card said: “Allan Benton.”

Her smile faded as she pushed at length on the button and there was no sound from within. The faint furrows came into her brow again. The note of strain was again in her voice as she said, “I've a key. . . . I'm a little afraid. Would you come in with me?”

“Better still,” Johnny told her, “I'll march in the van.” He took the key from her, opened the door, and walked into the darkened room.

He heard the girl step in behind him and close the door. And instantly, though consciously he heard nothing, he knew there was some one else in the room. He had not long to wait. The lights went up and he looked toward the click of the switch.

She was standing just inside the door—and she had changed subtly. Into a somewhat hardened dame wearing good clothes. The hat had been tilted back the half inch necessary to give her a rakish air of sophistication. The eyes under the hat were regarding him with scornful case-hardened amusement. Her voice was brittle and sardonic. “Well, boys,” she said, “there's your sucker.”

JOHNNY looked at the men to whom she was speaking. There were three: Two burly thugs sitting in a far corner of the room. He had time only to notice that they were big and durable-looking and that, oddly, they were wearing chauffeurs' livery that was the same shade and design as his own family's. Then his eyes went to the man who sat just inside the door.

He was fat, the dinner-jacketed man lounging in the easy chair, and his fatness was peculiar, like an oily bloat. Fat oily cheeks made bloated pendulums alongside and above innumerable puffy chin lines. His eyes were faint pale china-blue slits set in puffy circles. Even his baldness was puffy. He looked as if he had been inflated and then had sprung a leak.

Johnny looked at him for a full half minute. Then he said, “I think I will leave.” As he spoke he came gently forward on the balls of his feet and drew a deep breath through his nostrils. “Because,” he added, “I do not like badgers.”

He never completed his forward step; for the fat man, with the air of a prestidigitator, produced a small flat automatic from somewhere in the folds of his fat. He spoke across to the two burly men in chauffeurs' livery, who had arisen.

“Sit down, boys,” he said, and they sat back. There was a puff in the fat man's breath when he spoke—there was something oily in the sibilants as he said then. His puffy eyes regarded Johnny. “This is not a blackmail scheme, Mr. Chanslor.”

“Somebody,” said Johnny ever so softly, “better tell me what it is—quick.”

He took a little step forward as he spoke. The two men on the divan rose. Johnny saw that one held a two-foot length of rubber hose, the other a pistol.

Johnny took another step. . . .

In trouble again—and tricked by a beautiful blonde! What do these crooks want? Next week Johnny finds out—to his sorrow—and also makes an amazing discovery about lovely double-crossing Diana. Don't miss the coming chapter of this gay tale of adventure and romance.

IT'S Revenge I'M AFTER

My Way to Beat Schmeling

By JOE LOUIS

READING TIME
3 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

TWO years is a long time to wait for revenge.

In June, 1936, Max Schmeling caught me with my left hand in my pocket and draped my chin with birdie socks. He plastered the only blot upon my record—a " kayo by " in the twelfth round.

We were going over the movies of that fight. Trainer Jack (Chappie) Blackburn, Managers John Roxborough and Julian Black, and yours truly sat in a darkened room while the pictures flickered upon a white sheet.

" See what you doin'? " asked Chappie. " Droppin' that left after every punch! "

" Yeah," I said; " puttin' my left in my pocket."

The second round of my nightmare danced upon the screen in slow motion. My left dropped down around my hips after jabbing. Schmeling swayed back, then stepped in as he pitched his right. He sure threw a beaut, and I could feel it all over again as I sat there; but I could see that he had to get set first.

" I got it! " I exclaimed to my handlers. " That ol' Dutchman can't punch when he's crowded."

" That's all they is to it," said Chappie. " He can't hit 'less you lead, then draw back. An' he can't hit when you is right on top of him. That's the way to fight him. Keep him backing up all the time."

Thus we took apart every move of the mistakes I made against Schmeling in 1936. You can bet I won't pull the same blunders on the night of June 22. I won't put my left hand in my pocket this time. Two years ago I was too cocky. I was just a fresh kid then, enjoying more than my share of success in the ring, and I thought Schmeling was a soft touch. I got it in my head that I could knock him out any time.

But after he pitched that first right-hand punch from his ankles in the second round, I was done for. I didn't remember the rest of the fight, but the movies showed me plenty. They showed that during the seventh round, even after I had taken a lot of glove misery and my legs were as weak as paper stilts, I almost pulled the fight out of the fire by crowding Max and wheeling left hooks to his body.

Now I know just how I'll fight Schmeling June 22. I'll be on top of him from the opening bell. Max is wide open for left jabs and left hooks. He played a smart game against me before. Just leaned back and let me jab, then stepped in with rights when I dropped my left arm below chin level. This trip I'll fire a volley of jabs, rapid-fire like. I'll shoot inside left hooks at close quarters, and dig rights and lefts into his body, especially right-hand jolts over his heart. All at close range. Anything to keep him backing up. If I can't punch him, I'll just shove him back. I'll move around, spin him, and keep going to his left, out of his right-hand range.

After the German stuccoed my jaw we began planning for revenge. I had a weakness to correct. So my managers picked as many opponents as possible who tossed right hands similar to Schmeling. Then Chappie went to work on my left. Instead of jabbing once and drawing back, he had me hold my arm up and pour on the jabs like an electric drill. That kept jarring foes off balance. It set them up so I could curve home a hook or whip over my own right.

Jack Sharkey, Jorge Brescia, and Al Ettore were victims of my new zipper jab.

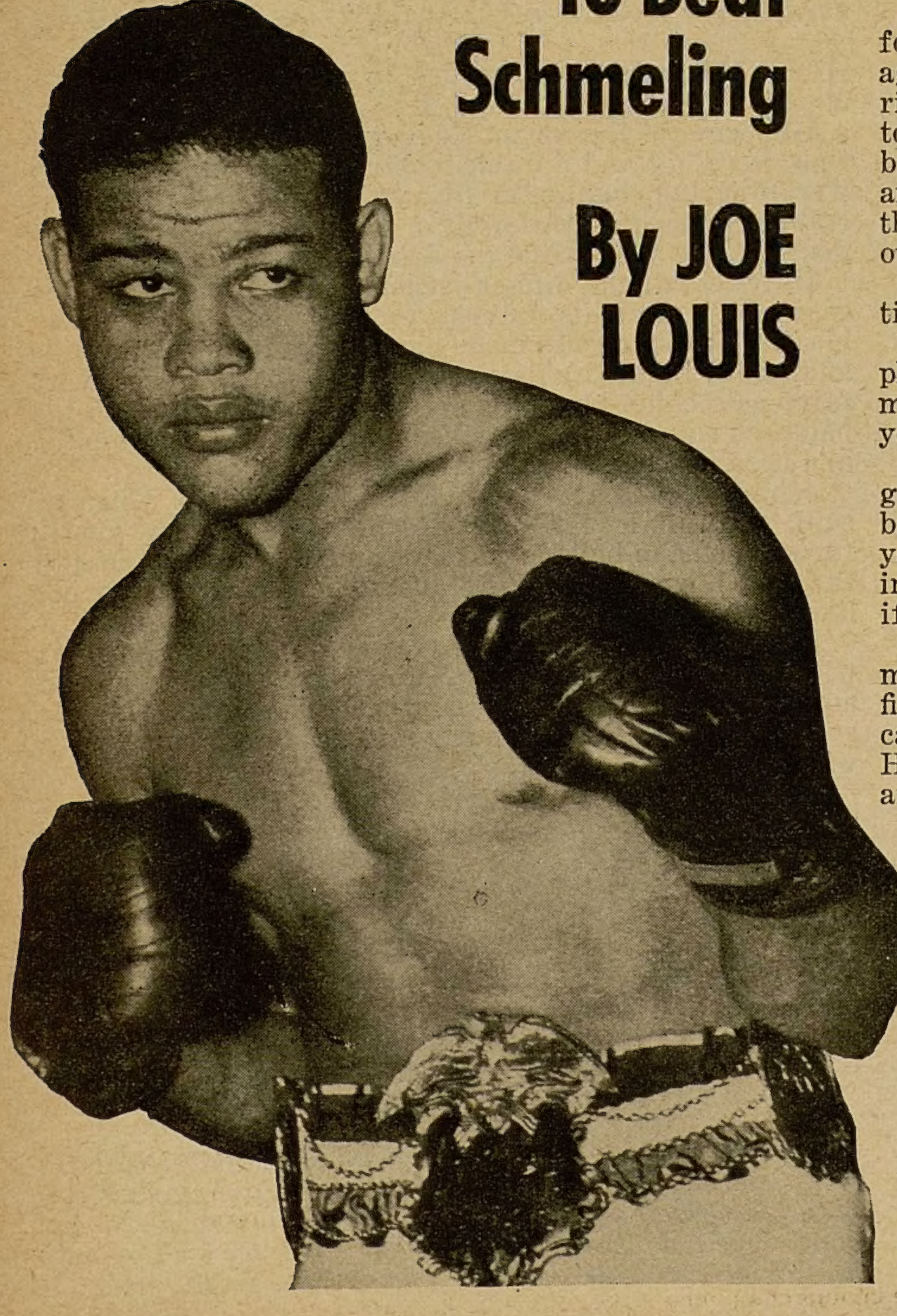
Jim Braddock brought the fight to me, and he brought plenty; but that zipper jab kept his head bobbing until my right-hand cross counters could dress him up. And you will see it keep Schmeling on his heels.

Now I'm world's heavyweight champion; yet my biggest moment in the ring will come when the bell sends me back against the only man ever to knock me out. For two years I've planned for that moment. If there is anything in the word revenge, I aim to get it. I won't be satisfied if I don't knock out Schmeling inside of five rounds.

Folks keep asking me if I won't be nervous facing a man who conked me before. Why should I? It'll make me fight much harder. I'll know what to do every second. I can't make any mistake this time. I watched him against Harry Thomas, and I saw that Max was lost even when an awkward swing man like Thomas rushed him.

It is hard to name the punch which will win a big fight, because you never know what the breaks will do; but since I was able to call the turn for Liberty readers against Braddock a year ago, I'll try again. [Louis predicted he'd knock out Braddock with a right-hand cross counter—the punch which won him the championship in the eighth round.] I expect to finish Schmeling with a left hook to the solar plexus.

Before I toss that " sweet sue " I expect to zip Max's face into putty with rapid-fire jabs and to weaken him with right-hand thumps over the heart.



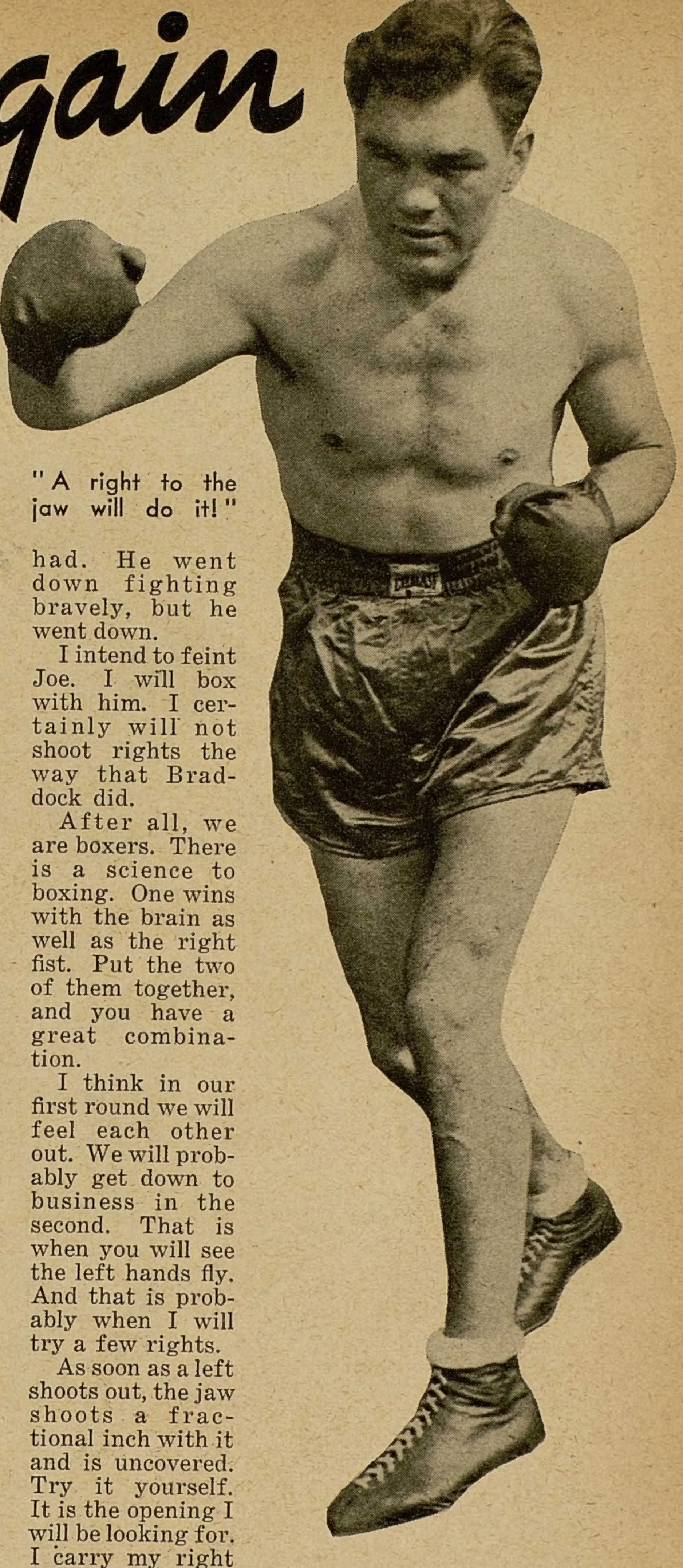
"I expect to finish Max with a left hook to the solar plexus."

I'LL DO IT Again

How I Will Knock Out Louis

BY MAX SCHMELING

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 57 SECONDS



"A right to the jaw will do it!"

I WILL beat Joe Louis again because Joe's style is made to order for me. He is a single-track fighter. He knows but one way to box. I know many ways because I studied the science harder and longer than Joe did.

I am in good physical condition. I have never permitted jelly rolls to accumulate at my waist the way Joe did. I am much more active than Joe. I like mountain climbing, hunting, fishing, and other outdoor sports which keep me in the sun. Joe likes to loaf and sleep. He likes to eat heavily. I don't criticize Joe for this. That is his nature. With all that, it is a minor flaw. Joe is a credit to his race. He is a clean-living upright man. But you must admit I keep myself, the year round, in much better physical condition.

Joe's one real flaw is—he cannot take a punch to the head. One good thump to the chin or temple, or even a weak, half-smothered jolt such as Jim Braddock gave him in Chicago, and down he flops.

This is no reflection on Joe's courage. He is just built that way. I have studied all the movies of Joe's fights. I have had the projector put at slow motion. That is how methodical I am, how thorough. Fighting is my business.

Joe is what is known as a "picture fighter." He looks good so long as things are going along all right. He shoots his left. He crosses his right with lightning speed. He weaves a trifle. He punches short. He keeps his feet sliding forward.

Suddenly—a punch thuds against his jaw or temple. He blinks. His eyes get a sleepwalker's stare.

Now, every one knows you cannot fight all night and not get stung. Well, I am patient. I intend to wait for my opening. And fire.

Now, another angle. Joe Louis, in all his life, has had but one tough fight. And he lost that one. A good boxer, like a good piece of steel, must be tempered.

I have come through the blast furnace, taking my ups and my downs. Joe was folded up at the first heat. I honestly believe the beating I gave him made him punch-shy. Look at the way he shut his eyes and turned his head when the powder-puff puncher, Farr, traded blows with him. All he has to do is shut his eyes once against me. Just once!

I hope no one thinks I underestimate Joe. My manager, Joe Jacobs, will tell you I turned to him, between rounds in our first fight, and told him and Max Machon that I was up against a truly great hitter.

But I have a right hand, too. And I can hit.

Now, here is how I think the fight will go. It will start with both of us circling, jabbing our lefts lightly to get the range, to ease off nerve pressure, and to loosen the back and shoulder muscles.

I do not promise you a wild, swinging opening. That is silly. That was the mistake Max Baer made.

And those Joe Louis fans who think Joe will start with a heavy attack will do well to consult their memories, or the movies of our last fight. Joe *did* start at top speed. And he kept it up. I ought to know. My left eye was black and almost swollen shut as early as the third round. Do not let any one fool you; Joe Louis started with all he had. He went down fighting bravely, but he went down.

I intend to feint Joe. I will box with him. I certainly will not shoot rights the way that Braddock did.

After all, we are boxers. There is a science to boxing. One wins with the brain as well as the right fist. Put the two of them together, and you have a great combination.

I think in our first round we will feel each other out. We will probably get down to business in the second. That is when you will see the left hands fly. And that is probably when I will try a few rights.

As soon as a left shoots out, the jaw shoots a fractional inch with it and is uncovered. Try it yourself. It is the opening I will be looking for. I carry my right hand curled up in front of me on my chest. It travels then only a short distance to the target.

I have had plenty of practice on that chin. I know the range. And Joe knows I know it.

Understand, I may be in trouble. I am human. I make mistakes. But I think the chances are with me. I will make fewer mistakes than Joe will. And I will be quicker to recognize a mistake than Joe will. And quicker to take advantage of it. That is what won me my last knockout over him. He made mistakes without realizing they were mistakes.

I will not predict the round, but the punch that will win for me will be a right fist to the head. It will be a short blow delivered inside his left, if he hooks his left; or crossed over his left, if he jabs it.

THE END

How I Raised

Patia Power, mother, friend, counselor.

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

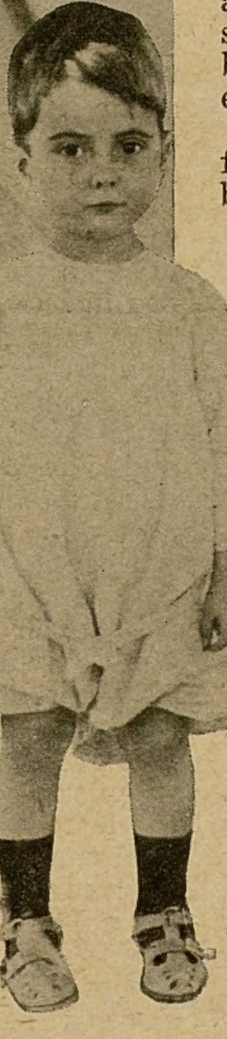
IT has not been easy, being Tyrone Power's mother, nor is it easy now. I'm glad for that, of course. The job has kept me busy and amused for many years, when I might have grown middle-aged out of sheer boredom.

My son, at twenty-four, is a success. That's no accident. He was born with certain inherent qualities —restless vitality, enormous ambition, a certain ruthlessness which must be distinguished from cruelty, detachment about himself, better than ordinary intelligence—all of which are necessary to reach the top in any field. But also he was raised to be a success. The direction, the guidance were deliberate.

I knew I had something special in Tyrone when he was only about two years old. I'd brought him to California because his health was delicate and doctors thought the Eastern winters too severe for him. As the months went on he grew into a furious little boy, outrageously happy at small things and impatient always.

He had been born to a stage heritage, since the Powers have been famous actors for three generations; and I was an actress myself. I thought, Take care, Patia. You can't lead this child, because he is too intelligent, too ambitious to be led. You must direct him subtly. He must live his own life, with your help.

I studied psychology then. It was important that I be a wise, patient parent if Tyrone were to respect me. He was a child removed from the ordinary, I knew, and that pleased me. Here was a challenge: he could turn out to be either a thorough good-for-nothing or a magnificent success, and half the battle was to be mine.



Tyrone at three, a little chap in California with no thoughts of Hollywood fame.

Always I respected his intelligence, his right and ability to think for himself. He was never whipped. I wanted never to shame the boy, particularly since he was sensitive to a degree. But he chose his own punishments. "You know," I would say, "that that trick was cheap and unworthy. Don't you think you deserve a discipline to make up for it?"

The punishments he named were seldom easy ones.

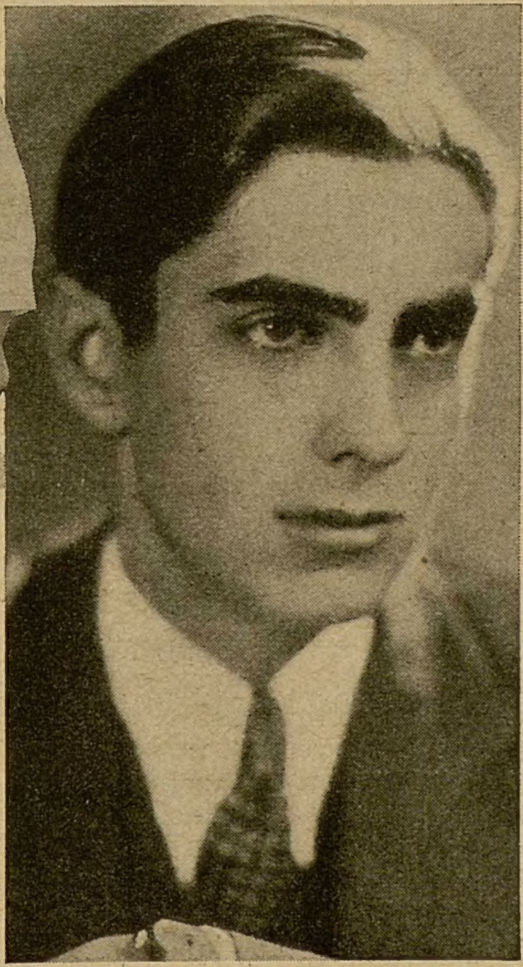
When he was seven Tyrone developed an escapist complex. He would get very angry with his little friends, and dissatisfied with things about his home. His little sister got on his nerves. And after all his mother was a bit severe, so why should he live with it all? He'd leave.

"After I have gone out into the world," he would say—without melodrama; thank heaven, he was never a bad actor—"you will see what I am worth to you."

After disregarding this sort of thing for a few weeks I decided one afternoon to take him up on it. I said, "Very well. Perhaps you're right. I'll pack your bag for you."

He stood still, his eyes growing very big, but I took his arm and walked him up to his room. I packed his little suitcase, gave it to him, and kissed him good-by. "Now be a good boy," I told him, "and remember that if I can ever help you, you're to let me know."

He went slowly down the walk, and I stood there, feeling a little dizzy. If I weakened and called him back, my own position would be wrecked for all time.



A Cincinnati high-school boy.

He stopped suddenly, turned around, and came back to the steps. "I've decided to wait a little while," he said gravely, "if it's all right with you."

"Just as you like."

Neither of us ever mentioned the subject again.

I FACED my son's adolescence without fear but with one or two misgivings. His father was away on tour almost all of the time—and I knew that if ever Tyrone were to need a man's clear guidance it would be at this period.

We were in Cincinnati then, and he was doing well in school. But the jazz age had come rushing in and I was a little appalled. Tyrone had developed an amoral attitude—that is, he observed things detachedly, did them so, without bigotry. His ethics were based on a sense of values within himself to which he must answer. A stupid or ugly thing, to him, was distasteful.

But about him a young world drove at reckless speed in brightly painted jalopies, and had no thought or creed. Much more of Tyrone's time was spent away from home. I could have no idea what influences were touching him.

There was the problem of sex. At least he came into adolescence prepared. Throughout his life I always answered all of his questions on this subject in forthright terms, in keeping with his mental growth.

Tyrone Power
A Revelation for Mothers and Daughters
BY PATIA POWER

The choice of girls I believed I could leave to his good taste. He made one mistake, and fortunately I played the right card at the right time then. He was ushering in a theater, and apparently met the young lady afterward, and offered to take her home. It was late; I was reading when Tyrone came in.

"I'd like to borrow your car," he said.

"Uh—going far?"

"Not very far." He knew I wanted some sort of explanation but offered none.

"Why don't you bring her up?" I asked him, smiling.

He hesitated, and then shrugged. "All right."

She was attractive, heaven knows. I saw Tyrone's point of view. But those tinny bracelets, and that giggle, and all that perfume! . . .

When they were ready to go, I took a long breath. "It's so very warm tonight—would you mind if I came along too, for the ride? I'll sit in the back seat."

Tyrone looked at me calmly, his eyes expressionless. "Very well, mother . . ."

I sat in the tonneau and stared straight ahead, knowing that it is an uncomfortable thing to be a boy with a girl beside you and feel your mother's thoughts boring into the back of your head. If Tyrone outwilled me, my action would make me a meddling woman.

My courtesy to the girl was faultless. I could not imply by word or tone or attitude what I thought of her, else Tyrone immediately would champion her.

Fortunately for me, she lost her poise completely when we stopped in front of her modest home on the wrong side of the tracks. I felt a pang of pity for her, but the brutality was necessary.

On the way back, Tyrone stopped the car, motioned me to come up into the front seat with him. "O. K., you win," he said sheepishly. And suddenly I felt exhausted, as if I had been running uphill for hours.

Tyrone left home after he had finished high school, as I knew he must. He handled his career in his own way, without interference from me, because I knew that so far as training went I had done all I could. The rest was up to him. I held my faith in his impatience with life, his self-assurance, his honest talent.

When he had made his success in Hollywood, at the age of twenty-two, he asked me to make my home with him. I knew that if I accepted his invitation I must change my entire attitude toward him and toward myself.

My son was now a man. The house would be his house, the final decision his in all matters. Failure on my part to realize that would mean failure of the whole idea.

I fancy the thing has worked out well. We have a fairly large house on top of a hill in Bel Air, and I see that it is run smoothly. My main object, always, is to be on hand ready to function in any capacity he may wish—yet never to be in the way. It's not simple. but I consider it a happy privilege rather than a task.

At the house I entertain no one while Tyrone is running under a heavy schedule. His home at such times must be a peaceful haven, to which he may come for quiet if he likes—or for noisy gaiety. But that is up to him.

I do not ask him to make plans. He lives at high nervous and emotional stress, and he must be free to do exactly as he pleases, when he pleases, in the time that is left him. I must therefore be prepared for anything.

There are times when he wants the place entirely to himself, when he wants to bring a young noisy crowd home and play records and "swing from the chandeliers." Then he will say at breakfast, "Mother—uh, have you a dinner engagement tonight?"

My reply is, "Well—I've six or seven standing invitations—tell me how many you want dinner for here, and I'll see that everything's ready before I leave."

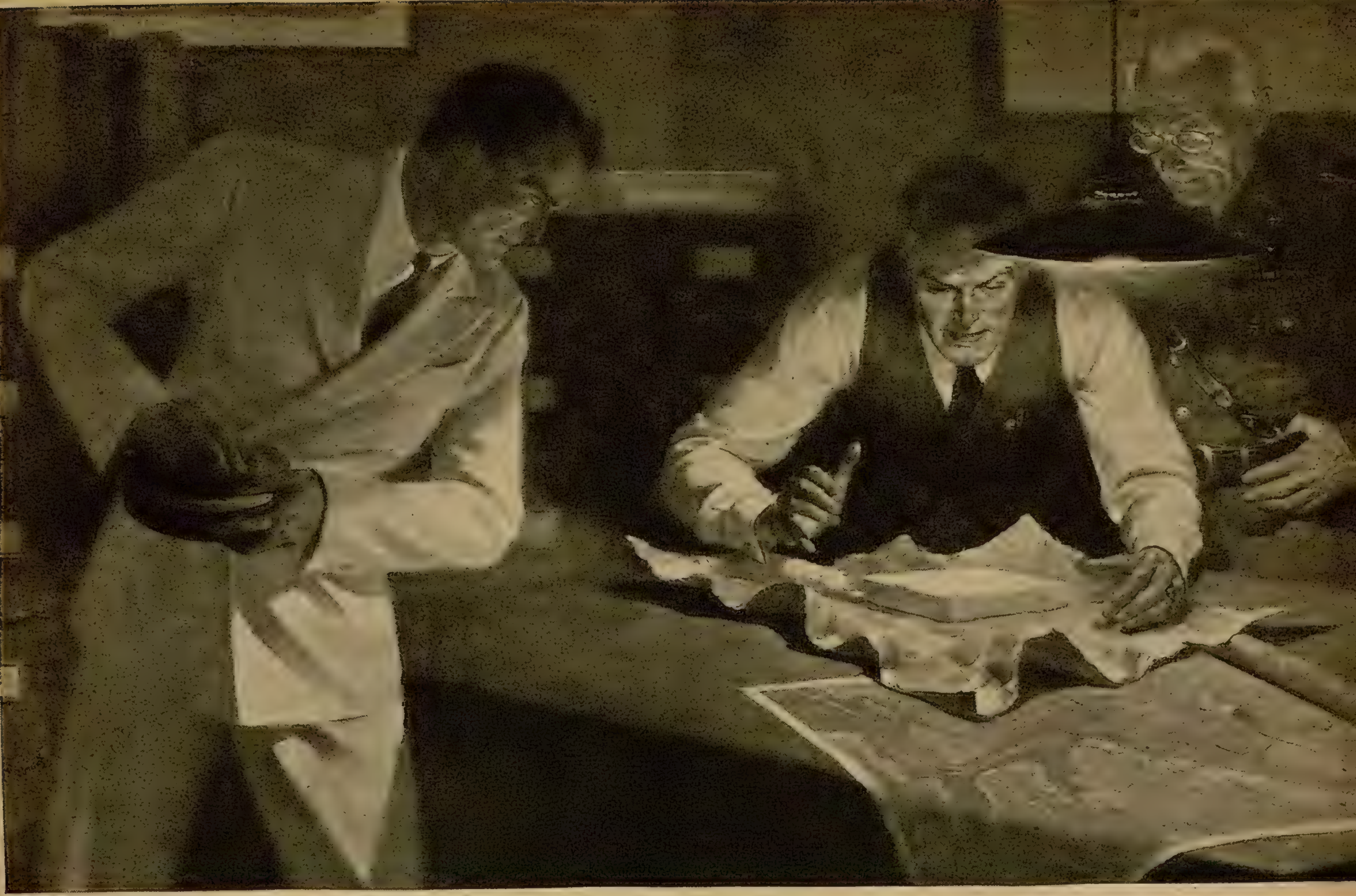
I don't, of course, let the business of being a star's mother take up all my time. That would be unfair to myself, and the weight of my attitude, which then would amount to an obsession, would make Tyrone uneasy.

Naturally, in my long association with him, I've had a few heartaches. But never any tragedy. Tyrone is too strong to allow tragedy. He has no time, no patience with such a thing.

I observe the past with a certain complacence; the immediate future with excitement; the far future with unconcern. When Tyrone marries and the current situation is changed, we will work that out, I am convinced, with intelligence and faith in each other.

THE END

Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie in Thin Ice. Rumor once linked them in off-screen romance.



"It's gone!" he cried. There was no disk inside—only a cardboard box stuffed with paper.

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

The lively story of a rash young man who couldn't keep a secret and a lovely nemesis who taught him a thing or two

DONALD CROSBY was only thirty-two years old. He didn't wear thick glasses. He didn't talk in Greco-Latin polysyllables. He had a nice smile on occasion. But he was an extremely brilliant physicist nevertheless—a phenom, in fact—and Engineering Intelligence, United States Army, watched over him with sleepless vigilance, like a female eagle hatching a single egg.

Eggs don't have much fun, but they hardly know any better and so enjoy in a way their uneventful lives. Donald wasn't like that. He was used to a great deal of fun.

"Dammit, colonel," he protested. "I've been kidnaped. What do you think I am? A Trappist monk? I haven't been alone with a girl since you dragged me down from New York. Pretty soon I'll be singing soprano."

"Get a canary and save your breath," said Colonel Frothingham. "It's your own fault. You won't go out with the right girls. My niece, for instance—"

"Must we? Again?"

"You better meet her. She's very attractive."

"I don't care. She might be the queen of Miami, but she'd still be only a lady cop to me. I want a girl that isn't *anybody's* niece."

Colonel Frothingham dropped his bantering manner.

"Seriously, Donald," he said, "this isn't exactly a laughing matter. Washington's full of spies. And what they're after is what you've got. You're not in the army, so I can't give you orders, but we did finance your work and it was plenty expensive. We think it extremely dangerous for you to tangle with wild women."

"Don't you think I can keep my mouth shut?"

"Frankly, I don't. I've heard you. Any good-looking girl can empty you out like a dump truck. Remember that skirt you picked up at the zoo?"

Donald said nothing. He remembered too well.

"You told her how you could put a gadget under her pillow and hear her saying her prayers."

"That wasn't what I said."

"I blush to remember what you really said. Lucky I had a man on your tail. She was O. K.—just a little fluff in the Printing Office—but, for all you knew, she might have been spying for a dozen foreign Powers."

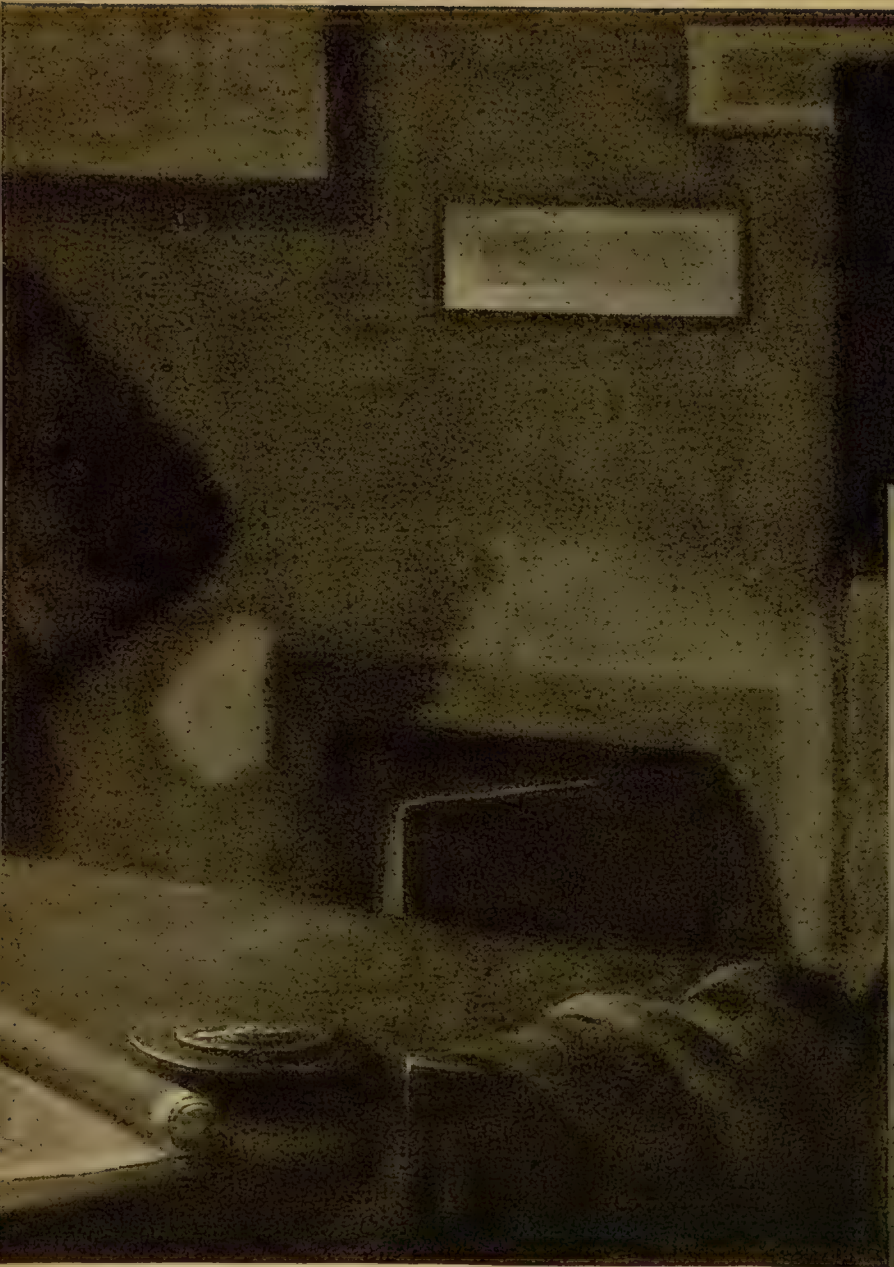
"And you've had me watched ever since."

"Do you blame me? You've made a discovery that's worth a hundred thousand men to any army. You're probably the most valuable military asset in the United States. And you're just about as tongue-tied as a blue jay. No. You've got to stay on the reservation until we run the final tests."

The colonel left about his peculiar business, and Donald returned to his strictly guarded tomblike laboratory in the basement of the division's headquarters. Colonel Frothingham was right, he was forced to admit. The army had financed him lavishly, had given him every possible assistance. No private company or institution would have treated him half as well. And besides, he had the satisfaction of doing his country a service which might prove valuable beyond calculation.

Still—still—he was young. Before the fascination of his work engulfed him again, he spent a few blissful moments looking forward to his trip to New York a week hence. In New York he'd be free from supervision. The colonel had promised that.

THE train looked good—a long, streamlined aluminum affair. The streamlining was phony, of course, to any physicist's eye, but Donald didn't care. He was bound for New York, where a man could raise a little dust with-



THE Password WAS CANARY

BY JACK LEONARD

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

out falling into the hands of the Ogpu, the Gestapo, the Samurai, the Maffia, or the British Agents. He took his reserved seat, and the train started moving at once, as if he'd sat on the master switch. The outer debris of Washington rattled off astern, and Donald looked around the modernistic car. Free at last!

New York had come south to meet him. New York—where everybody is free to do anything without being observed by any one who'll tell any one else. And there, six chairs away, was the nicest little temptation that ever wrecked a career.

A thought glanced off his brain. Maybe she was a lady spy—one of those seductive creatures, houris of the colonel's furtive world. She didn't look it. Those soft blue eyes! That little smile! But lady spies can't look their profession too much if they want to be successful. Better be careful—careful—careful.

He stared at the girl with avid eyes. She smiled in general. Didn't look as if she'd bite, not very hard anyway. Careful, though—careful. He continued to look. Interest grew, outgrew, got out of hand. With a gesture he called the colored porter.

"George," he said, "I don't like this seat. It isn't over the wheels. I like the vibration. It exercises the muscles of my spinal cord."

"Wha' zat, boss?"

"You must admit," said Donald, "that if I move forward in the car I'll get to New York a lot sooner."

The porter looked puzzled. Then he glanced forward and flashed an ivory smile of understanding.

"Step right along, boss. The railroad say to make the passengers happy."

With a broad grin, he led Donald forward and transplanted him officially into a seat beside the girl. Donald wasted no time. He swung his chair to face the girl, who looked up from a book she hadn't been reading.

"You are fruit," said Donald.

"Fruit?" Her voice was as nice as her eyes.

"Forbidden fruit," said Donald very rapidly. "I'm a laboratory guinea pig. They kept me in a cage and fed me on nothing but vitamins and water. I escaped and here I am. Have you read Gone with the Wind?"

"When I was little I read a book called How Not to Talk to Strangers on Trains."

"But the New Deal is President now."

"—'all's right with the world.'"

It was well met. The girl's name, it appeared, was Ruth Stevens. She was bound for New York on unofficial business, even rather indefinite business, and she managed to squeeze three dates with Donald into the three rapid days he remained in the city. They went places and saw each other. Never in all his life had he met a girl who hit the spot so closely. She had brains in the nicest way. She had an intricate sense of humor. She was so pretty, so gay. The colonel's warnings faded into a fog of forgetfulness. Soon he was telling her everything, all about himself—the way of a man with a maid.

"I'll see you in D. C.," he said at the moment of temporary separation. "I'll be free when I make those tests I told you about."

When Donald got back to Washington his basic metabolism was boiling merrily like a pot of peanut brittle in the making. He picked a lily of the valley in front of the Archives Building and put it in an Erlenmeyer flask in his laboratory.

. . . . .

Colonel Andrew Jackson Frothingham lived on Holly Street N.W., in a large brick house near the Church of St. John-the-Financially-Well-Advised. One evening about nine o'clock a car drew up to the door and a truly magnificent person paraded out—a star-spangled general with high-explosive brows. He strode up the walk as if the eyes of a full division were upon him; but as soon as he passed inside the door a part of his manner evaporated. Even the yeastiest generals were a little in awe of Engineering Intelligence, which knew so many things the ordinary officers never dreamed of.

"Come on upstairs, General Blodgett," said the colonel. "The demonstration will start in fifteen minutes. You understand, I hope, that you will be the only line officer to see this apparatus in operation. I am relying upon your absolute discretion."

"Like the grave, colonel. Like the grave."

On the second floor they entered a room which contained almost nothing but a rank of locked filing cabinets, a safe set into the wall, and a large oak table.

"There it is," said the colonel.

On the table was a large-scale map of Washington. Near one corner lay a black disk like an oversize hockey puck. It was about two inches thick and eight inches in diameter. In the center was a three-inch diaphragm of perforated metal with a white arrow painted across it. Set into the edge were two red buttons sliding in grooves.

"What in thunder is it?" demanded General Blodgett.

The colonel looked at his watch and set it down on the table. He smiled broadly.

"That little thing," he said with satisfaction, "is a radio transmitter and receiver. It has a range of twenty miles, more or less. It requires no battery, no aerial, no ground or other connection. It is highly directional in transmission, but universal in reception. It weighs only four pounds, but will operate for several months on a self-contained supply of energy, believe it or not."

General Blodgett looked enormously impressed.

"You really mean it?"

"I really mean it. You'll hear for yourself in a couple of minutes."

Silence fell. The only sound was the faint insect tick of the watch as the hands crept up toward nine o'clock. Then the general jumped nervously.

"Hello, colonel," said Donald Crosby's voice from the black disk. "Can you hear me?"

"I hear you fine, Donald," said the colonel, speaking down at the disk. "Talk some more. You've got the shiniest brass-hat in the army listening in, all covered with stars. His eyes are sticking out a foot. Tell him where you are."

"I'm on Eleventh Street South-East, eight miles away," said Donald. "I am sitting in my car with the gadget on the seat. I trained the beam by compass."

"Colonel!" cried General Blodgett with reckless enthusiasm. "This is immense. You're not kidding?"

"It's the straight goods. You've been listening to the inventor, Donald Crosby."

"Get him here," the general demanded. "I want to talk to him. This is marvelous. We've been praying for it. We can use it in every branch of the service. Good heavens, Frothingham, there's no end to its possibilities!"

"You're not telling me. This is the biggest thing since the airplane." The colonel leaned over the black disk. "All right, Donald," he said. "Come on out here. The general wants to shake you by the hand."

"Coming right out."

From the disk came the snarl and purr of a starting motor. Then the whine of gears. Then silence.

"He's turned a corner," explained the colonel. "We're off his beam."

EIGHT miles. Fifteen minutes. And then the doorbell rang.

Colonel Frothingham went downstairs and returned with Donald, who was carrying a second disk under his arm. General Blodgett strode to meet him.

"Marvelous! Marvelous! How does it work? Can you make it in quantity? How much does it cost? Where does the energy come from? What's the wave length?"

"Give him a chance," said the colonel. "He can't answer fifty questions at once. You won't understand the principle anyway. Go ahead, Donald. Tell him a few things."

"It isn't exactly a radio," said Donald. "The wave length is nearer the infra-red. It is propagated by energy from an atomically unstable element impinging upon a crystalline intermetallic compound."

"That's plenty," said Colonel Frothingham decisively. "Don't tell any more. The less he knows, the less he has to worry about."

"That's right," agreed the general. "Until we want to use this thing—when the next war gets going—we'd better keep it in as few heads as possible."

"One head, so far," said the colonel. "Donald makes the power source himself, and I haven't let him tell me how he does it. The details are sealed and locked up in the Treasury vaults."

"What are those red buttons for?" asked the general.

Donald picked up one of the disks and slid the buttons back and forth in their grooves.

"This one's a shut-off," he explained. "It doesn't stop the generation of energy—nothing can do that. It merely disconnects the microphone. The other button controls the width of the transmission beam. You can spread it out to forty-five degrees or narrow it down to one degree or less. It's useful for getting in touch with another set. You find 'em on a broad beam. Then you narrow down to increase the secrecy and power."

"Marvelous! Marvelous! Crosby, I'm going to get you a medal or something, if it takes an act of Congress."

"Wait a minute," warned Colonel Frothingham. "We don't want a lot of yelling around about this. No acts of Congress. No citations. We've kept this thing an absolute secret. If Europe gets the faintest rumor, we'll have every spy in the world buzzing round."

"Who does know the secret?" demanded the general.

"Donald's the only one that knows it all. I know about half. You've seen the gadget work. That's all that know anything. We've built only four of the things—two experimental models and these two on the table. One model quit working and we destroyed it. The other's in my safe. It's got some rather alarming habits."

"What do you mean?"

IT'S an eavesdropper," said the colonel, with a smile. "It's worse than little sister under the sofa. It sends out a continuous carrier wave on a narrow beam. You can pick it up twenty miles away. It can't be shut off, so it repeats every single word that reaches the microphone."

"Dangerous. Dangerous."

"You bet it's dangerous," said Donald. "But it's all right in the safe. It can't hear much there, and I've got it wrapped in special lead foil which blurs the wave. I'll show you, though."

Colonel Frothingham spun the combination of the safe, opened the heavy door, and took out a flat roll of sheet lead, which he laid on the table and began to unroll. Donald picked up one of the disks and moved it around in the air a few feet away.

"It will pick up the hum of the carrier wave, general," he explained, "as soon as the lead gets thin enough."

But nothing happened. No sound came from the diaphragm. Donald's face grew puzzled; then a little alarmed. The colonel had the lead almost unrolled, lying in a long bumpy strip on the table. He turned the last fold.

"Great heavens! It's gone!" he cried.

There was no black disk inside the lead—only a flat cardboard box stuffed with crumpled paper.

"What's this? What's this?" roared General Blodgett. His unaccustomed mildness had disappeared, and his face was bright traffic-light red with professional blood pressure. He steamed across the room with the long bouncing strides of the man of direct action and picked up the telephone.

"Stop it!" snapped the colonel. "Going to put an ad in the paper? We've got to think before we do anything."

"I'm calling Army Intelligence."

"Don't do it."

"Confound it, man, we've got to do *something*."

"We will." The colonel examined the combination of the safe. It was undamaged. "An inside job," he said. "Donald, when did you see the gadget last?"

"Yesterday. You know—those duration tests."

"Yes, I know." The colonel's lips were pressed very tight together. "What worries me isn't how it was stolen. Plenty of crooks could open the safe. But how did they know it was there? Or that it existed, even? I've told no one. My servants are colored girls that don't know a thing about anything."

"We'll have a searching investigation," stormed General Blodgett.

"No, we won't," said the colonel. "We're going to get it back without telling any one it's gone."

Donald hadn't said much since the loss was discovered, but his mind had been working like a beaver after a cloudburst. His thoughts were not wholly patriotic. He wanted to get the gadget back again, but he wanted very much more to conceal his acquaintance with the girl on the New York train. Now he *knew* she was a lady spy. He'd told absolutely no one else about his work.

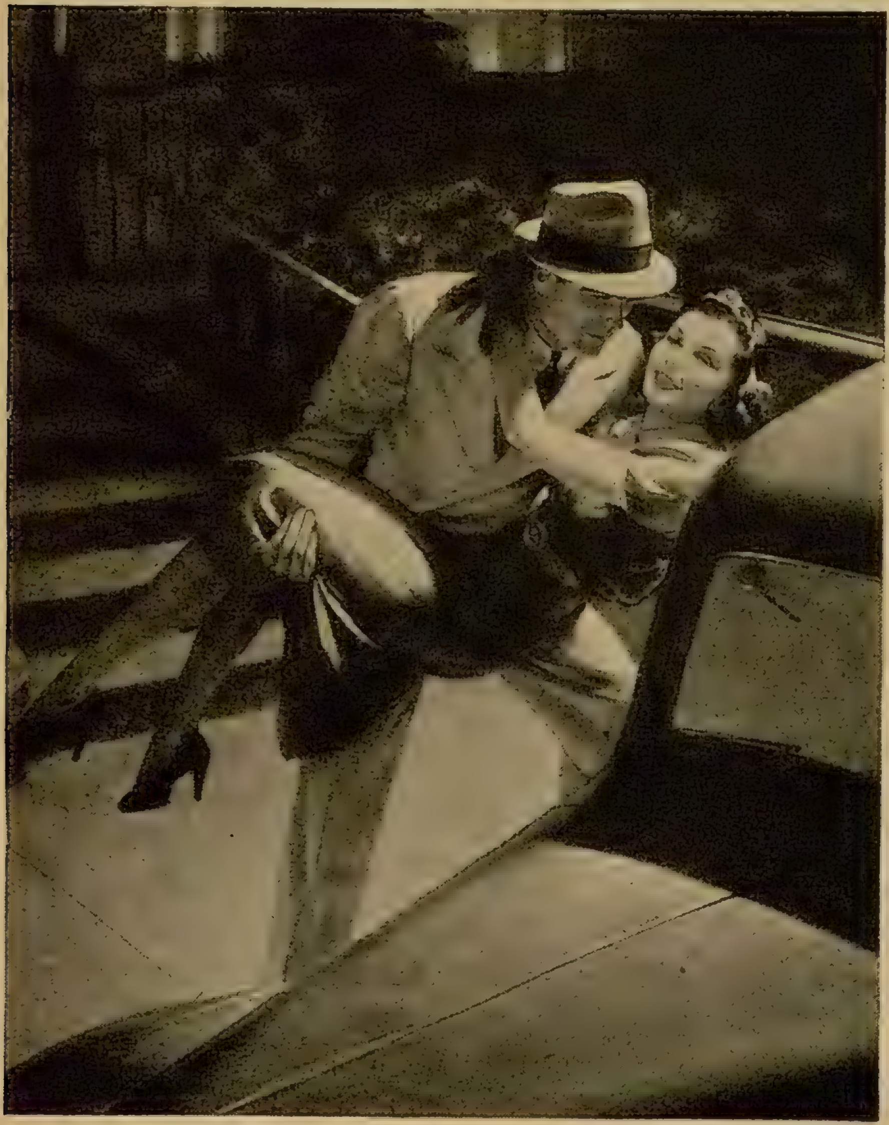
"Leave it to me," he said. "It's easy. That gadget is still in Washington. Hasn't had time to get away. All I've got to do is cruise around with one of the other receivers until I pick up the carrier wave. Then I'll follow it down and find where it is. I'll call you, colonel. You'll call the general on the phone at Army Intelligence. He'll burn up the road with a flock of snoops and grab it off."

"It might work," admitted the colonel. "If the gadget's in Washington, we ought to be able to find it. Anyway, it won't do any harm to try."

The general was forced to agree. Grumbling slightly, he set off for Intelligence headquarters, to camp on the phone until he heard from the colonel. Donald gathered up his equipment—a map of the city, a compensated compass, and one of the black disks.

"So long, colonel," he said cheerfully. "You'll hear from me soon."

With some misgivings the colonel watched him go.



With two brutal arms he grabbed the problem.

Donald was a wizard in the field of physics, but as a secret service operative not so good. There were too many females in the world. When women were concerned he was just about as effective as a butterfly in the hands of an entomologist. And women were often concerned.

On the walk outside, Donald was wiping his brow with relief. He'd got a reprieve!

He went to his car and dumped his apparatus on the front seat. At that moment another car drew up to the curb not far away. The door opened and a girl stepped out. Donald's jaw dropped. It was the charming little spy who called herself Ruth Stevens!

"You!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, me. And it's you."

"What are you doing here?"

"Why—" She stopped and looked abashed.

From that point Donald's mind refused to work effectively. All the little bells of reason jangled within his brain. She must be a spy or she wouldn't be hanging around the colonel's house on the night of the demonstration. But how pretty she was, how smiling. Then he saw in imagination the general's beetling brows, the tall cold walls of Leavenworth. He thought of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, the Stars and Stripes, the Battle of Manila Bay. He ought to be patriotic. He ought to turn her over to the proper authorities and confess that he'd told her secrets. But heck!

What he did was a simple primitive thing—the act of Neolithic man in a moment of mental confusion. With two brutal arms he grabbed the problem, tossed her on to the seat of his car, and slammed the door.

"That's that," he said with satisfaction. "Now we'll have time to think it out."

He went around to the other side of the car and settled behind the wheel. The girl was smiling cheerfully.

"Fun!" she said. "I've never been abducted before."

"You're sitting on my map and compass."

"*Lots* of fun! Map and compass! Are we really going as far away as that?"

"No levity," warned Donald. "You're under arrest. Don't try to escape or I'll nip you in the bud."

"You'd better put me on the back seat so I can't scram out unawares."

With a laugh and a twinkle of legs, she climbed over. Donald postponed his judgment a little more. She didn't act like a lady spy, but you never can tell, and she *was* nice to have around.

He started the engine; then looked back at his prisoner. "I'm going to take you with me," he said. "If you're a spy—and I think you are—you know all about this business anyway. If you're not a spy, it doesn't matter what you see. I've told you plenty already."

"How do you know I won't hit you on the head with a blunt instrument?"

"All my tools were swiped a month ago. I thought of that."

He reached for the black disk beside him on the seat and slid the shut-off button to the "on" end of the groove. Then he turned the car around and headed for the outskirts of Washington.

"I hope your hide-out has hot and cold running water," said the lady *alias* Ruth.

"Hold your peace, woman. You affect my state of mind."

THEY started the circuit of the city. For a while there was silence from the back seat. Then the girl began to sing—a mildly unpresentable ballad about a pirate who stole a beautiful creature and took her to an island all covered with coconuts and lassitude.

"Silence, woman. I'm listening for something."

"Is it the still, small voice of conscience?"

"Lady, be good and be quiet, or I shall be forced to take steps."

For several miles nothing happened. No sound came from the black disk. They entered a curving parkway. Suddenly a low humming filled the car. Donald jammed on the brakes with wildly thudding heart.

"What's that funny noise?" demanded the girl.

Donald had turned on the dash light and was marking the place on the map. He didn't answer.

Now other sounds were mingling with the hum—rapid footsteps, the whirring noise of a dial telephone, then a high feminine voice speaking in a foreign language.

"What kind of talk is that?" demanded Donald.

"That's French—ignorant. She says she wants to talk to a Mr. Marcellus on the phone."

"Listen hard, for the love of Mike."

After a moment of silence the voice continued.

"She's making a date," said Ruth. "She wants him to come to 421 K Street near Twenty-seventh."

"You're not fooling me?" Donald stared into her eyes at very close range. Even in the semidarkness they were disconcerting eyes, and they didn't flicker away.

"I told you what I heard. You can believe me or not."

"Dammit," he cried, "I'm going to take a chance! If you're lying, I'll boil you in mayonnaise."

Donald located K Street on the map. The car leaped forward and speeded along the parkway. Soon the hum died out of the black disk. Ruth was silent, beginning to share his excitement. When they were crossing a bridge, they heard the hum again, and Donald once more stopped to mark the map.

"I guess you weren't lying," he admitted. "The two points are in line."

"I never lie—not really."

They didn't hear the hum again, for the route took them far off the beam. Number 421 K Street proved to be an old-fashioned brick house in the middle of a block. Donald drove slowly along the street. Suddenly a loud roar burst from the disk, mixed with mumbled words of feminine pitch.

"She's still at home," said Donald.

He drove on and the roar died out. He stopped a quarter of a mile away, took the compass and found the direction of Colonel Frothingham's house.

"You better not watch me now," he warned the girl, "or you'll know too much. The army'll have to tow you out to sea and let the navy use you for target practice."

"The army—phooey! I tickle generals."

"All right, then."

He placed the disk on his knee and turned it until the white arrow on top pointed toward the colonel's house.

"Hello, colonel," he said into the microphone. "This is Donald. I'm at 421 K Street . . . Hello, hello, hello! The bearing is 244."

There was a period of silence while the colonel pointed his beam. Donald continued to say "Hello" at intervals. Finally the colonel answered. He sounded excited.

"Did you pick it up?" he demanded.

"I certainly did. The gadget's at 421 K Street. I heard a woman talking."

"Listen. You go back and park at the nearest corner. You can watch, when the general's men come, but don't mix in. What's the number of your car?"

"It's 12,342."

"I'll tell them to give you the gadget if they get it. When they ask for a password, you say '*Canary.*'"

"*Canary?* That's silly. Did you just think it up?"

"Yes, I did. All passwords sound silly."

"*Canary,*" chuckled Donald, shutting off his receiver and turning the car around. "The password is Canary."

"What's going to happen?"

"You're going to see a raid. A real genuine raid with deadly weapons. Aren't you glad I got you a ticket?"

When they reached 421 K Street, Donald parked the car at the corner and awaited developments. They were not long in coming. In a few minutes a large closed car came roaring up the street and stopped in front of the house. Five men piled out, swarmed up the steps, and disappeared into the entry. Other cars arrived, the men scattering off to form a tight melodramatic cordon around the entire block.

"O-oh," said Ruth, watching with bulging eyes.

"Yeah. Uncle Sam has risen in his wrath."

For about five minutes the street was tense with watchful silence. Then three men came out of Number 421. They were leading a woman whom they pushed into the back seat of their car. A fourth man appeared and walked toward Donald, peering at his number plate.

"Password?" he growled at Donald.

"*Canary.*"

"Right," said the man rather grimly, handing an object through the window. "This it?"

Donald examined the object—a third black disk, somewhat larger than the other two.

"Check," he said. "*Canary.*"

He started the car and headed for the colonel's house.

TRUE DETECTIVE CASES FROM SECRET FRENCH ARCHIVES!

A blazing haystack by a country roadside near Paris. The body of a beautiful blonde girl already badly charred by the flames.

Fully dressed—but no trace of her hat!

The autopsy showed:

Death due to strangulation, with two dark bruises on either side of her throat; her nose and right thumb broken; that she had eaten a meal consisting of chicken, salad, and wine shortly before her death.

With only these slender clues to work on, the internationally famous French Sûreté finally trapped

THE WALL-EYED MURDERER

Not only did they catch him—and read how important the missing hat was—but when he attempted to offer a plea that his sweetheart had been killed accidentally in a scuffle, they proved that he had deliberately planned the murder.

This, the beginning of a series of internationally notorious murder mysteries solved by the world-famous French Sûreté, will appear in

LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

Don't miss it!

"I'm frightfully curious," said a small voice from the back seat. "Perhaps when we know each other better—"

"My lips are sealed forever."

"Where are we going now?"

"Back."

When Donald reached his destination, he drew up at the curb behind the car in which the girl had arrived. He looked into the back seat. Ruth Stevens was smiling cheerfully. "Thanks for the ride," she said.

"I want to apologize."

"You acted like a perfect gentleman."

"I thought you were a lady spy, but I guess you aren't. Thanks for translating that French. It helped."

"Why did you think I was a spy? Do I look sinister?"

"No; but I told you a lot of things in New York. I thought you'd picked me up on the train to pump me."

"Maybe I did."

"Nope. You're just a nice girl. But please—pul-eeze—try and forget what I told you and what you saw tonight. If the colonel gets wise, he'll put me in the doghouse. I'll never get out to see you."

"Are you asking for a date?"

"You bet I am. I've got your phone number. I'll call you up tomorrow when I find out how things are. Now I've got to report." He started to get out of the car, but turned back suddenly. "Say," he demanded, "why did you show up here tonight?"

"Pure accident. I was making a call on a relative."

Donald took her hand and pressed it slightly longer than regular. Then he gathered his two black disks, his map, and his compass, walked up the steps, and rang the bell. Colonel Frothingham opened the door.

"Great stuff!" he cried triumphantly when he saw what Donald was carrying. "Come on upstairs."

"Did you find out who stole it?" demanded Donald, when they reached the room with the safe.

"Yes. It was one of my servants. The general just gave me a ring. I'll never hear the last of it. She was Algerian, not exactly colored. She had me fooled completely."

That's why she talked French, thought Donald. But he didn't say it aloud. The colonel knew his French was nonexistent.

Just then the doorbell rang.

"Who's this?" said the colonel. "Put the gadgets in the safe. I'll go down."

Donald put the two black disks in the safe. He heard a murmur of voices below. Then footsteps coming up the stairs. The door opened. There stood Ruth Stevens.

"You!" cried Donald again. "What *is* this?"

"You seem to know the lady," said the colonel from behind her.

"Yeah, I know her. Say, did you have me tailed in New York?"

"Not exactly," said the colonel. "But I put this young lady on the train. I told her to keep you from picking up any one else."

"What is she, an undercover woman?"

"She's my niece. The niece you refused to meet."

"Nieces!" cried Donald. "Nieces! The place is infested with nieces. I thought I'd escaped. I thought I'd busted out. But now I'll see nothing but nieces—all the time." He strode forward and took her two hands. "Dammit! How about a date tomorrow night?"

THE END

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ARMAGEDDON AGAIN

The real, startling secret of Uncle Sam's new ships: A date with war in 1941!

BY WALTER KARIG

AMERICA is being prepared to make the world safe for democracy again. The big new navy which Congress is authorizing is planned for use. It was not planned without first consulting Great Britain.

The date of the next Armageddon is tentatively placed in 1941. It is more likely to come sooner than later. As the councils of the democracies interpret the polyglot writing on the wall, Hitler and Mussolini will have to go to war in earnest by 1941 or else both Fascism and Nazism will collapse, owing to their burden of armaments and to the insecurity of their economic foundations.

Experts already can chart you the beginning of the war. In fact, they believe the war has already started. The drive is on to Nazify eastern Europe, where Italian and German ideology is being implanted as fast as possible. The "revolution" in Spain is a training-camp practice game; the "war" in China is merely getting the grounds ready for the big show. If France objects to the destruction of its foster child Czechoslovakia and the debauching of Rumania and Yugoslavia, then fleets of bombing planes will hurdle the "impregnable" Maginot Line and swarm over the unprotected Spanish frontier and the Riviera. Britain will be kept busy by revolts in Arabia, Egypt, and India, which Mussolini has been stirring up by radio for over a year. If that is not enough, the combined fleet of 170 German and Italian submarines will cut England's Mediterranean life line.

"What has that got to do with the United States?"

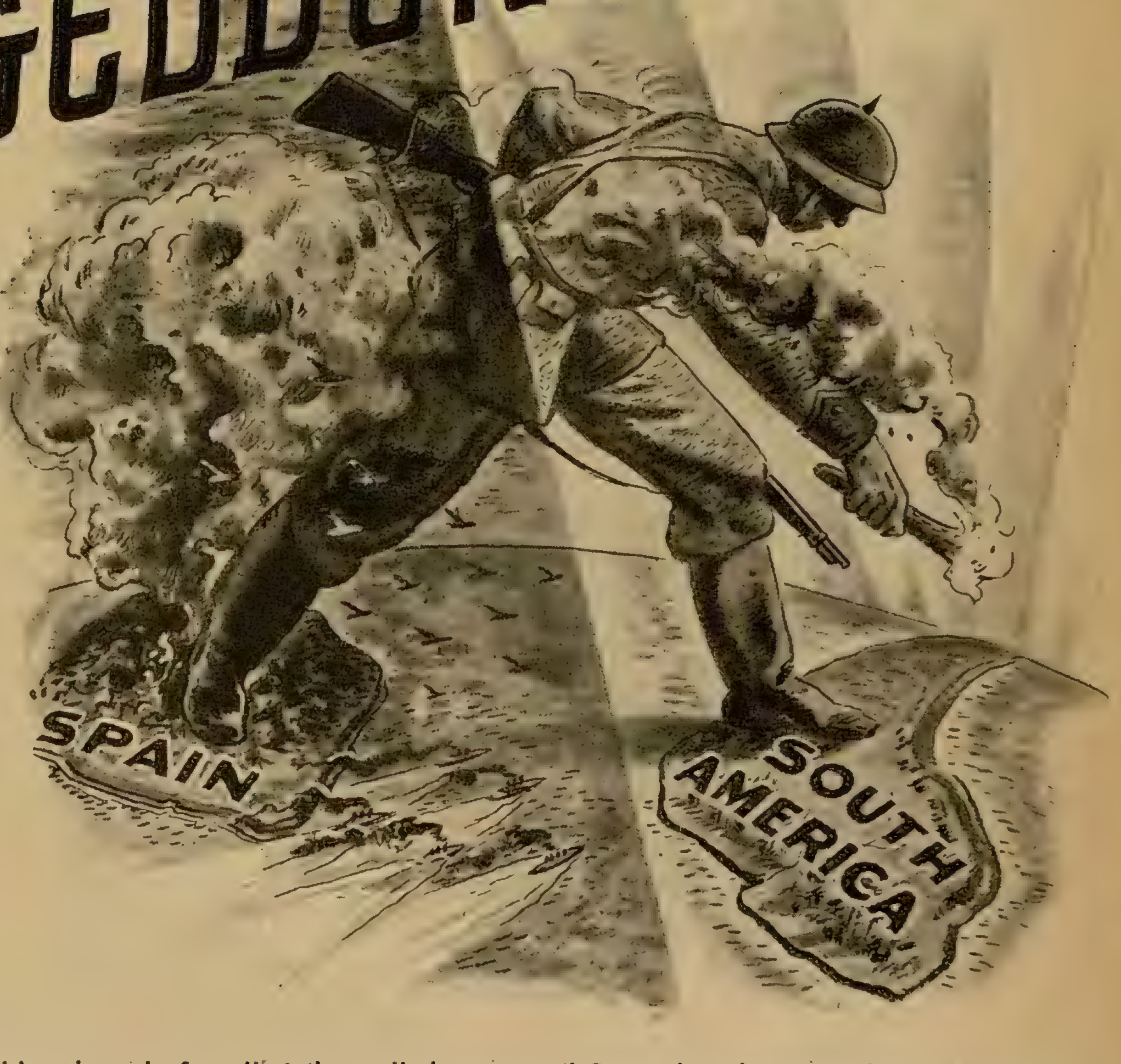
Wait a minute.

With Britain embattled at home and France being blown loose from Europe's map, the Japanese will be taking Hong Kong, Singapore, and the Dutch East Indies, which Holland cannot defend. Defeated China's man power will be drafted by Japan. Russia is attacked on two fronts, and set aflame internally by anti-Stalin revolution.

"What has that got to do with us Americans? Haven't we a neutrality law? Aren't we determined never again to send American boys to die on Europe's battlefields?"

Just wait another minute.

By straining every resource, the combined fleets of France and Britain will be made to number, in 1941, 29 dreadnoughts, 96 cruisers, 287 destroyers, and 161 submarines. Italy, Germany, and Japan together will have the same number of dreadnoughts, 21 fewer cruisers, 35 more destroyers, and 58 more submarines.



How long before "civil war" that gutted Spain breaks out in Latin America?

"What do we care? Let 'em fight. Besides, by 1941 the United States will have — let's see — 22 dreadnoughts, 49 cruisers, 149 destroyers, and 116 submarines. Let anybody try to get through *that* wall of steel!"

Ah, now you are beginning to see what the next World War means to the United States. But wait a bit, while we go on to consider that Italy has a standing army of 1,331,000 and 5,850,000 reserves; Germany, 650,000 men under arms and 2,120,000 reserves; Japan, 1,110,000 soldiers in uniform and 8,400,000 trained reserves.

France has a standing army the size of Germany's and 5,600,000 reserves. Britain has 385,000 men in arms and 730,000 army-trained civilians.

Britain has 4,000 war airplanes and France has 3,600, scattered all over the world.

The air forces of Italy and Germany—combat-trained pilots experienced in bombing Ethiopian villages and Spanish tenements—total 6,200 concentrated planes. Japan has 2,000.

"So what? Haven't we 3,000 top-notch fighting planes of our own and the best aviators in the world?"

Yes, that is true and pertinent. We will have 5,200 airplanes by 1941, including bombers that can take off from Virginia for the interior of Europe with a full load of eggs.

So, you see, we arrive at an answer to the question, "So what?" simply by adding *our* battleships and destroyers and submarines and airplanes to the British and French totals, and comparing the sum with the combined sea and air fleets of Germany, Italy, and Japan.

If the United States does not stand shoulder to shoulder with France and Britain to fight Germany, Italy, and Japan, then France and England will surely be destroyed; democracy will vanish from Europe; freedom, learning, religion, art, science—all will suffer mortal blows. Or so they say.

"Supposing all that does happen and Britain goes Fascist and France turns Bolshevik! They have a nerve, asking us to help defend them, with the last war's debts still unpaid. We are safe, and we have all South America to trade with, besides Canada and Mexico."

Well, the government of the United States—the present government—is determined to stand by the sister democracies if a showdown is forced by the dictators.

Before writing his supplementary defense message to Congress last winter, President Roosevelt sent Captain Royal E. Ingersoll, chief of the navy's War Plans Division, to consult with the British Admiralty. Not until Captain Ingersoll returned with a report of all the British could tell him about comparative naval strengths and airplane forces in Europe and the accelerated drift toward war, did Roosevelt (and Admiral Leahy) draft the plans for the biggest navy, army, and air force this nation has ever been asked to build in peacetimes.

In short, the expanded naval and aviation program of the United States is equally for the physical defense of this country and to supplement the Franco-British forces in a common defense of the democracies.

All the scary Anns on the Pacific Coast to the contrary, Japan cannot invade this country. Italy and Germany could not invade us from the Atlantic side. All three together could not bring war to American soil. There are invasions, however, that are not accompanied by poison gas, aerial bombs, and submarine attacks. Such an invasion *is* under way in the Western Hemisphere, the government has reason to believe.

THE real battleground of the Western World is South America. It is hard to get Americans excited about South America. Not so the Germans, the Japanese, and the Italians; they are busily dividing Brazil and carving up Peru while penetrating into the cores of most of the other Latin-American republics.

American diplomats in South America are keeping the State Department sitting up nights with their reports on Italo-German-Japanese activities. Those three nations are literally *colonizing* in South America. There are whole communities in Brazil where no language is spoken except one of those three tongues.

Italians are being taxed by Mussolini to raise a propaganda fund which, it is promised, is to make the New World Fascist. The Peruvian police force is being trained by imported Black Shirts. The Peruvian air force is being trained by Italians and is equipped with Caproni planes. The Banco Italiano has a blanket mortgage on Lima's street railways, electric power and light plant, and three of the country's major industries.

Paraguay and Ecuador are being armed by Italy. Nicaragua, so close to the Panama Canal, is getting munitions and equipment from Italy on a dollar-down-fifty-years-to-pay credit plan. Mysteriously, Nicaragua is flooded with propaganda for a war against Honduras.

How long before the "civil war" that has gutted Spain breaks out in Latin America under the same auspices? The State Department ponders the question while the navy prepares and the army makes ready.

France and Great Britain are physically threatened. The threat to the United States is more remote, being still a covert attack upon democracy in general, an undermining of our influence in this hemisphere. It is possible that we could remain aloof and secure while Europe burned and South America bled itself into weak subservience to Fascism and Nazism. Most Americans so believe. We are done with war, they insist.

Maybe so, maybe so. Your correspondent is reporting facts, not stating a personal opinion. And the facts are that Japan is out to unite all eastern Asia under its direction; that Italy and Germany boast that democracy must be destroyed—which means that France and England must be destroyed first. Why? So that a sort of "unholy world empire" can be set up to dominate all Europe, all Asia, all Africa, and all South America. Richest of all unexploited territories is South America, bubbling with oil, rank with rubber, its pampas and jungles able to feed the world abundantly and cheaply.

That is the general fact. The immediate fact of most pressing concern to ourselves is that the government of the United States is determined that war is preferable to a precarious existence as a lone democracy hedged about by Nazi-Fascist arms and swamped with Nazi-Fascist propaganda.

For the sake of preserving democracy, according to its own view, the administration has adopted some pretty undemocratic tactics. The consultation with Great Britain on naval plans and policy is one example, for has not American democracy declared a lone-wolf course of no foreign entanglements?

The administration stooped lower to prevent the American people from deciding whether the war-making power should be taken from Congress, where the Constitution lodges it, and given to the electorate. The Ludlow resolution, to submit to the voters a constitutional amendment making any war save a defense against actual invasion dependent upon a popular referendum, would have been adopted by the House of Representatives had not White House pressure made fifty-three Democrats, who signed the Ludlow petition, recant.

I was in the lobby of the House just before the vote was taken on the question of admitting the Ludlow resolution to debate. A round score of representatives came to me with bulging eyes to report they had been called off the floor to answer a telephone call from Postmaster General Farley himself. Men who had never met him were accosted with, "Hello, Bill, this is Jim. Bill, on that referendum—you want to stand by the President, don't you?" And so on, to the completion of a virtual command from the chief patronage dispenser of the administration to vote against the Ludlow plan.

I am glad the resolution was defeated, because it was meaningless as a preventer of war and would have made us as a nation look like a fine agglomeration of boobs. I am also against war, having seen enough of one to make me believe that the Mammoth Cave would be a swell place to spend the time of the next conflict. But I can't glory in the methods used to defeat the Ludlow resolution, with the administration begging the boss-ridden political machines of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Illinois, and Missouri to deliver their congressmen.

The administration wanted the war referendum amendment scotched because, it said, the referendum would make the Japanese believe we would not back up our President's demands that American ships, property, and lives must not be wantonly destroyed. That was less than half the real reason. The whole reason is that the government fears we will have to go to war to save ourselves from moral, political, and commercial isolation. I say government, because that includes the Roosevelt administration with the nonpolitical army and navy high commands, the nonpolitical diplomatic and consular services and, by stretching a point, the influential public leaders, without regard to their political affiliations.

AND so we are to have the biggest peacetime army, navy, and joint air corps in our history. It may, possibly, prevent war by serving warning on the militaristic Powers that the United States is able and ready.

For it is a long-range navy that we are building. Admiral Leahy told Congress that our peacetime line of defense extended from the tip of Alaska to Passamaquoddy Bay via Hawaii, Samoa, the Panama Canal, and the Virgin Islands, but that in time of war our line of defense would be *where the enemy fleet was.* Hence our submarines capable of dashing nonstop across the Pacific, our immense bombing planes which can cross the Atlantic, our warships whose world-girdling cruising range is augmented by a huge fleet of auxiliary craft, mother ships and tenders and repair ships. Hence, too, the $15,000,000 for a "suicide fleet" of tiny high-speed torpedo boats, which can defend our harbors or be packed on the deck of a big ship and turned loose in enemy waters.

The last war proved that a nation can be made willing to go to war in six months, but it cannot be made *ready to fight* in six months or twelve or twenty-four. Comes the next war, the United States will be ready first and made willing afterward. That's the gist of it all.

THE END

Here's The Railroads' Program

RAILROAD PROGRAM
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

IN the interest of straight-thinking, the American railroads have prepared a concise and clear-cut program for a public transportation policy. We present here the major points:

Equality of Treatment

The railroads ask, first of all, for equality of treatment and opportunity—equality in all matters of regulation, taxation and subsidy; and a chance to compete on equal terms with other forms of transportation.

Restrictive and Expensive Laws

The increasing tendency, both in Congress and in State Legislatures, to harass and weaken the railroads by passing laws which increase expenses with no corresponding public benefit should be stopped.

Reductions in Operating Expense

The immediate situation of the railroad industry is more critical than it was in 1932. Traffic is less, rates are lower, wages, taxes and prices are higher. Costs within the control of the railroads have been cut to the bone and now they have been compelled to announce their intention of making a reduction in wages, which, however, will leave the average rate of pay higher than it was in 1932.

Revision of Rate-Making Practices

The railroads ask the authority to price their product to meet competition — a privilege exercised by other forms of business. They ask passage of the Pettengill Bill to amend the long-and-short-haul restriction on railroads. No such restriction applies to any other form of transportation. They ask revision by Congress of the present rule of rate-making, which has been construed by the Interstate Commerce Commission as authorizing it to substitute its judgment for that of the railroads in determining the effect of proposed rates on revenue.

The power of the Interstate Commerce Commission over such intrastate rates as affect interstate commerce should be enlarged.

Regulation of Water Transportation

It is suggested that Congress enact the Wheeler-Ramspeck Bill, providing for the regulation of water carriers by the Interstate Commerce Commission, as it now regulates the railroads and public highway carriers.

Repeal of Land Grant Rates

The railroads today are contributing more than $7,000,000 a year to the Government in reduced rates on Government traffic, in return for land "granted" more than half a century ago. Congress is now considering repeal of the statute requiring these reduced rates.

Federal Barge Line

The railroads believe that Congress, by appropriate legislation, should discontinue operation of the Federal Barge Line. This was the clear intent of Congress at the time the Barge Line Act was passed.

Loans to Railroads

Broader authority for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make loans to railroads upon the prospect of future earnings would be an aid to recovery and increased employment.

Consolidations and Coordinations

Many of the large railroad systems today are the result of consolidations. Coordination of rail services and facilities is in effect to a large extent. Sound business policy requires that these processes be continued by negotiation rather than by some prescribed national plan.

Labor Legislation

The Railway Labor Act should be amended to improve present procedure in cases involving contracts between the railroads and their employes, and to give the railroads, as well as employes, the right to seek court review of awards and orders.

Fair Taxation

The railroads should be exempted from the undistributed profits tax and from additional State taxes of the sort which are a burden on interstate commerce.

Tolls for Commercial Use of Inland Waterways

Tolls should be charged for commercial use of inland navigable waters, other than harbors and the Great Lakes—based on a fair return to the Government for money spent for improvement and maintenance.

Grade Crossings and Bridges

The separation of grade crossings is of much greater interest to highway travelers than to the railroads. The improvement of navigable streams for the use of water-borne traffic or for flood control, from which the railroads derive no benefit, often involves heavy expense to them for the rebuilding and maintenance of tracks and bridges. Existing laws should be amended to provide that all such costs should be met by the public.

Highway and Waterway Operations

Subject to approval by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads should have the same rights as other citizens to engage in the operation of motor vehicles on the highways and vessels on inland waterways.

When you look at this list, you can summarize the basic difficulty of the railroads in as simple a statement as this:

They are controlled and restricted on a fifty-year-old theory that the railroads are a monopoly—yet they are called upon today to compete for business against *every other form of transportation.*

What railroad men want is simply equality and the same freedom of judgment and initiative in running their business enjoyed by every successful business in America.

The complete "Railroad Program" is printed in a convenient booklet, mailed on request. Just write to the address below.

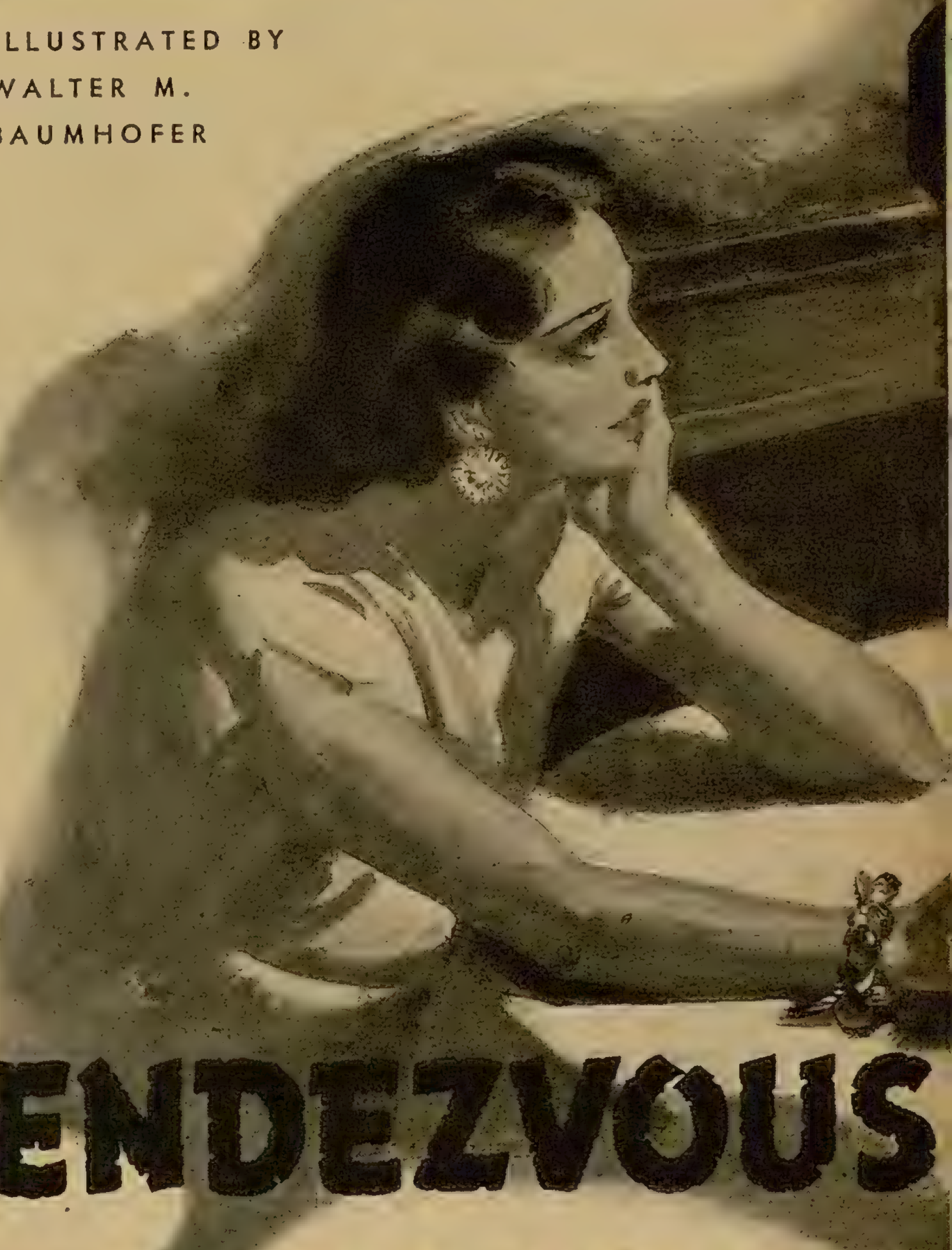
SAFETY FIRST—*friendliness too!*

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

A lady of mystery appears . . A daring adventurer takes a hand in a sinister game . . An exciting novel marches on

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER



RENDEZVOUS AT ARMS

MIDNIGHT on the water front finds three men lurking around a wharf, one on it, the other two in a dory. A fourth figure of a man appears in the darkness. He leans on a bollard and gazes at the water. Almost immediately he is hit over the head with a length of iron pipe, and the three skulkers—Hestin, Mineg, and Gon—row the unconscious victim to a tramp steamer anchored offshore.

Cardono, their swarthy Latin leader, greets them with delight and compliments them on the expeditious capture of the enemy, then orders Gon, who is an imbecilic giant, to take the still unconscious man below and chain him up. Biston can give him medical aid. But they cannot be too careful, for their prisoner is a fiend, and has wrecked all Cardono's gunrunning projects in the past. Now they have the terrible Terrence O'Houle in their power.

The old hooker, loaded with ammunition for warring Spain, puts out to sea. Next morning Cardono sends for his captive, who has been further manhandled by the ferocious Gon. The shanghaied fellow is dazed, and protests that he doesn't know what it's all about—that while he was waiting to board his yacht he was attacked. He claims to be Allison Timms, a wealthy society man from Long Island.

Gunrunner Cardono ridicules this yarn, spits on the angry speaker, and slaps his face. He knows that the prisoner is lying. Terrence O'Houle, the United States government secret agent, can no longer hoodwink or thwart Señor Cardono!

Then, by means of papers and credentials in his clothes, the shanghaied man proves his identity as that of Allison Timms, New York millionaire. Cardono is fury incarnate at the mistake. He commands Gon to beat up Hestin for it.

PART TWO—A SENORITA . . AND A STOWAWAY

CARDONO sat in his stateroom puffing one of his black and acrid cigarettes. Across the green-covered table from him sat swarthy Biston, his fingers tapping a soundless tattoo against the table top, his lips compressed into a straight line. The steamer was wallowing gently in a Gulf Stream swell and the air from the open doors was warm and fresh.

"This fellow O'Houle," Cardono was saying, "is blessed with the luck of a thousand dwarfs. Here we are with this idiot Timms. Where, I ask you, is O'Houle? What is he up to? What does he know?"

Biston was the calmer of the two. His drumming did not cease but he spoke quietly:

"It is not so bad, Cardono. I agree that it would be better had O'Houle fallen into the trap you set for him. I would feel more comfortable were he aboard the ship and safe in our hands. But what can he know?"

"What can't the devil know? What did he know of the rifles? Of the cotton for gunpowder? Of the . . . Biston, I tell you he knows everything."

"Calm yourself, Cardono. It is a time for careful and sober thought, not anger and emotion. We are not the complete fools ourselves. True, we have had a misfortune. But even the captain of the ship does not know where he sails. He cannot know until three this afternoon, when he opens his orders in our presence. . . ."

"But there are those on the other side who know. Have they been as discreet as we? Have they the brains of Biston and Cardono? Has there been bribery, indiscretion in the mother country?"

"It is to be doubted. We have operated with every chance against us and every instrument in the hands of O'Houle. We were in his country, you see. We were buying from his people, loading at his docks, sailing from his ports. Is it surprising that he should outwit us at times? It is, by very truth, if you weigh the facts, amazing that we got a cargo and sailed at all."

"True. But where is O'Houle? I tell you, Biston, this time we must arrive and deliver. Think of the money involved!"

"I am not without my feelings of patriotism, Cardono," the other retorted gently, "but it is the money only which interests me. When we arrive at rendezvous, we may find either faction has triumphed and will meet us. Would you deny either delivery of our cargo?"

"A victory for either will at least restore peace. There shall be a new Spain, and a better one. I swear it!"

Biston was imperturbable.

"I would manage to placate this man Timms," he went on. "Give the matter thought. I can understand your first outraged frustration and anger when you discovered that O'Houle had given us the slip once more. I can see perfectly that the last thing on earth we wanted is the company of this perfectly innocent and disinterested Timms. Perhaps we can make a dicker with him. . . ."

"What sort of a dicker?"

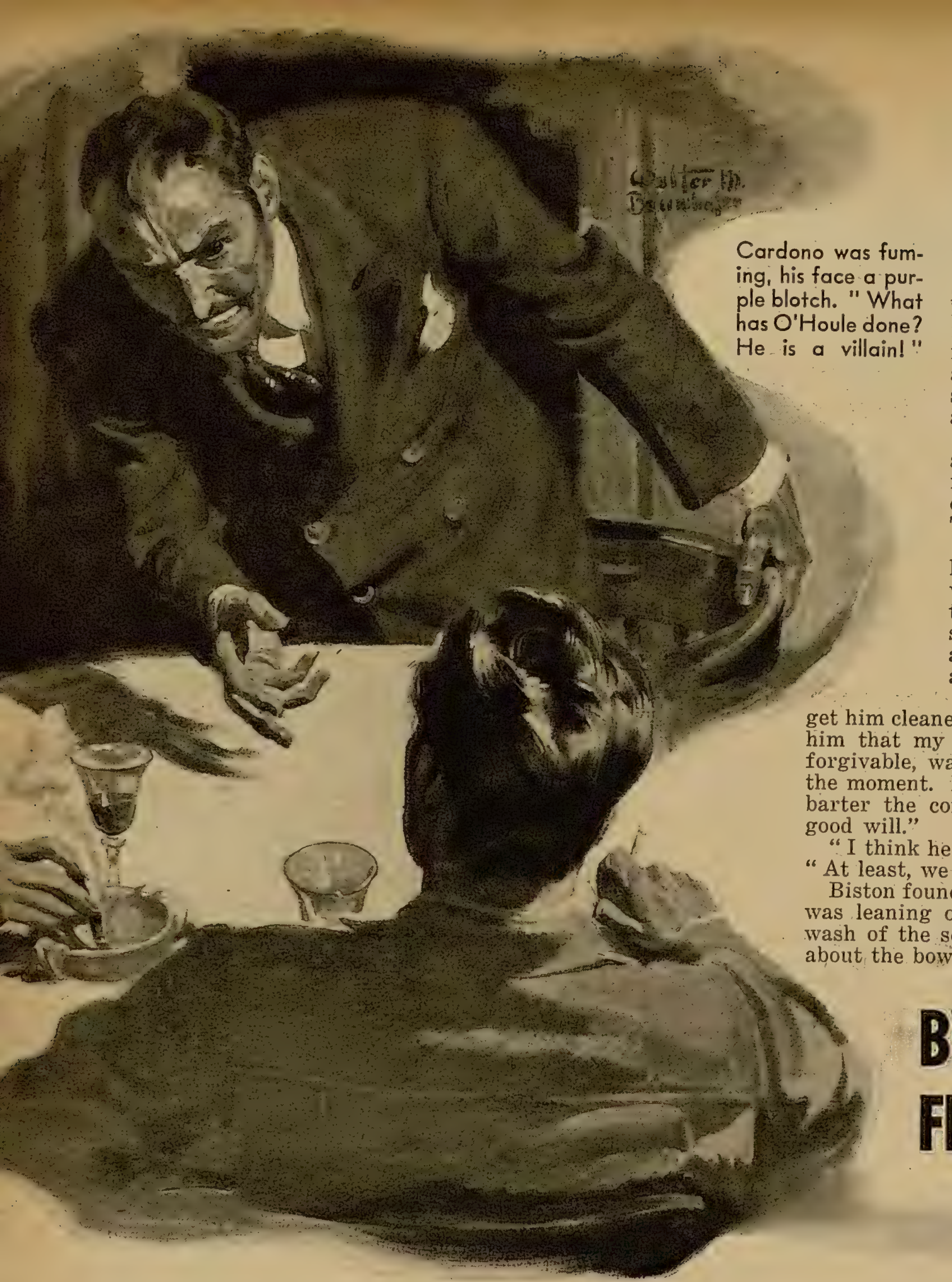
"To keep the peace now, and after we have delivered him safely ashore at the best possible place we can."

"Easier to drop him over the side!"

Biston smiled wryly. "Except for one very well arranged fact."

"Go on. I'm consumed with interest."

"I think you should be. Look back over the situation.



Cardono was fuming, his face a purple blotch. "What has O'Houle done? He is a villain!"

BY CHARLES FRANCIS COE

We had a direct and positive tip that O'Houle knew we were in that port, that he had flown to the place to verify and would meet his informer on that wharf at midnight. We paid the informer, did we not, for the tip? And to absent himself?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, I imagine that O'Houle was there at midnight. That's all."

Cardono rose suddenly to his feet. He snapped the cigarette through the stateroom door and out over the steel bulwark into the blue sea. He paced like a tiger. Biston kept quiet. Finally Cardono said, "You believe that he saw us get Timms?"

"I believe we should consider that angle, Cardono."

"So do I. Yes, so do I. I have been so upset by the disappointment that I have not been thinking clearly. You are right. But . . ."

"What?"

"If he knows Timms is aboard . . ."

"If he knows that, he will do something about it."

"What?"

"Perhaps a revenue cutter to overtake us. Perhaps a wireless warning to all ships."

"We are well beyond the international limit now. Even though we are overtaken . . ."

"That is my point. We must arrange with this man Timms to be friendly. When he is missed, there will be a great hue and cry. O'Houle will at once connect his disappearance with what he saw at the wharf. With a man of such importance, he will be forced to reveal what he knows. We will be stopped at sea, searched, and perhaps arrested for kidnaping. A friendly victim at such a time may save a search of the ship, an arrest on the high seas, and a seizure of everything we have aboard."

"You are right," Cardono agreed flatly. "You are dead right, Biston. We must act at once. I will talk with this Timms."

"First, I would have Gon allow him a bath and his clothes. I would clean his clothes, press them, if that can be done. I would see that he gets razor and toilet articles, to make himself comfortable. Give him a good breakfast."

"It shall be done at once. Now get him cleaned up, Biston. Try and explain to him that my conduct toward him, while unforgivable, was a thing beyond my control at the moment. Ease the way for me, and I will barter the comforts of the ship against his good will."

"I think he will be reasonable," Biston said. "At least, we shall make the effort."

Biston found Gon on the forecastle, where he was leaning over the rail, fascinated by the wash of the sea and the flight of darting fish about the bow, especially a school of porpoise.

"We will go below, Gon. Your prisoner is not to be a prisoner any longer. There has been a mistake."

"Cardono must tell me."

"Very well. He is in his room. Go to him. Then meet me in the brig. We shall let the prisoner bathe and shave and dress himself. We shall remove his chains."

Gon laughed in his hairy throat, turned, and went muttering along the deck toward Cardono's room. Biston went below and shortly was joined there by Gon. They liberated Timms, gave him razor and toothbrush and comb, which he could use but sparingly. They had prepared for him a breakfast of eggs and kidneys and gave him fresh coffee in the best china cups the tramp could produce. All this time Biston talked with him, attempted to explain.

Timms grumbled violent doubts, but a cooling lotion on his head, the laving of fresh water about his aching body, the caress of a razor in the stubble of his beard, and the sustenance of good food in his stomach began to have a calming effect. He finished his breakfast, accepted eagerly a packet of American cigarettes which Biston offered. He permitted Gon to rub with his mighty hands the cramped muscles of his back and shoulders and the reddened rings which the chains had left. Then, looking something like himself, he followed Biston to the room of Cardono.

The Spaniard rose to meet them. He had a chastened attitude.

"I ask you to be seated, Mr. Timms," he said slowly. "There is so much to be explained I hardly know how to start. But let us try to forget our differences."

"You ask the ridiculous, sir. I am a free American citizen imprisoned on this filthy ship. I have been cruelly beaten and kidnaped. I demand to be set ashore at once."

"All that you say is undoubted truth. Yet we cannot set you ashore. I can only pray that you will listen. While it is true that you are held aboard a steamer, there is a great deal more than that equally true. You are held aboard a ship of war, Mr. Timms. Of war. Just as much so as though we bristled with guns and carried a pennant of a battleship of the line."

"Of—war? But I don't understand. There is no war. . . ."

"In Spain there is war. War of the bloodiest kind man wages. War to the last drop of blood. War between Oppression and Liberty. War between Spaniard and Spaniard. War between brother and brother, father and son, even between sister and sister."

Cardono was dramatic; he was impressive.

"But we are not in Spain," Timms said. "Even in war, you've no right to seize a noncombatant alien and hold him at your pleasure."

"We will be in Spain," Cardono said. "Can you not grasp this situation? By a tragic error, unintentional on our part as much as yours, you have fallen into a trap set for lesser game. You were mistaken for a man whose sole idea was to prevent our fighting for the land and the people we love as dearly as you love yours. Spain today may well be where your homeland was in 1776. We like to think it is. We fight as your forefathers fought, and for the same thing."

HE was impressive. Timms wet his lips, laid a gentle palm on his wounded head. He thought for several seconds; then, "But look here. I'm not one to intrude on such plans as you have. I'm not acquainted with the right or the wrong of the situation in Spain. Why not wireless my yacht? Cut your own speed until she can overtake us. Put me aboard and I'll continue to Palm Beach and forget this nasty episode. Surely you cannot expect more than that."

"Nor would I," Cardono agreed instantly. "Gladly would I meet so decent and patriotic a proposal. But I cannot. You see, we have no wireless."

"But you must have cleared port!" Timms cried. "A ship like this could get no papers or crew without wireless."

"Ah, the instrument is here, yes. But it is out of order. At best we could but send messages. Now even that has expired."

"You have an electrician to repair it!"

"But no. You see, we did not want the wireless. Believing that we had O'Houle aboard, it was expedient to terminate all possible contact with shore. So we permanently disabled the sending devices. That will be explanation enough in any investigation to come later."

"I—I—it's incredible!"

"All war is that."

"But surely I am not to remain like a rat in a trap aboard this vile packet. There must be some way . . ."

"I fear that you shall remain aboard until our mission is complete. But not as a rat in a trap. You shall have every comfort we can give."

"The whole situation is without comparison! It's absurd."

"But so concrete, Mr. Timms. It is why I so unforgivably lost my reason when I discovered this sad mistake. It is another of the almost supernatural developments of this damnable O'Houle."

"Tell me, please, who the devil is O'Houle?"

"A secret agent of your government."

"Why do you hate him so?"

"Because he has ruined a dozen trips just like this one. Because he pries in, springs unseen devices at the last moment, seizes ships and cargoes, and leaves me facing a prison term in your land for an honest attempt to bring freedom to my own."

"And why should you think I was O'Houle?"

"Because we had a trap set for him, and at exactly the time we expected him, you walked into it."

Timms rested his head in his palm again. After a moment said, "And where is this O'Houle now?"

Cardono leaped to his feet. His black eyes danced fire and his fists clenched. "Laughing, as Fate is laughing, I've no doubt. Safe and sound ashore, planning new ways to torment a hopeful people."

"He seems to be considerable of a man, this O'Houle."

"He is the fiend. He prefers the ruination of others to his own success and comforts."

"Good for O'Houle!"

"We view the matter from divergent points."

"Sure we do. But what, if you plan to keep me tight and fast aboard, is the idea of all the sudden courtesy and consideration?"

"Regret at my own impassioned conduct, and certain other considerations which I hope you will evaluate sensibly."

"I see. Shoot."

"What? Shoot?"

"What's the proposition?"

"There is a vague possibility that your disappearance will cause wide investigation."

"That is not a vague possibility. That is a profound and continuing certainty."

"There is just a chance that we will meet another ship which will hail. There is a chance we might be stopped by cutters, neutral warships, anything in the nature of sea craft."

"Yeah."

"I want your absolute pledge, as a gentleman, Timms, that in such case you will reveal nothing of our mission, and nothing of the bitterly unfortunate incident that brought you aboard. If you should be removed at sea, I ask that nothing will be said for at least thirty days about our mission or your part in it."

"On what ground should I accord you consideration?"

"Without the pledge, I shall have to return you to the brig, chain you, unleash the tender mercies of Gon . . ."

"Threats, eh?"

"But surely. Why not? Realize that this is impersonal between us. You are as unwelcome to us as we to you. We serve a cause from which nothing will deter us. No personality can be considered against the cause. Do I have your pledge?"

"Very well. I'll make that pledge, Cardono."

"I am delighted. Delighted beyond expression. It will be a joy to accord you privileges, and a pleasure to have you at meals and during the long hours of the voyage."

Cardono swung to a bulkhead closet. From the racks he removed various bottles.

"There is wine here, for we are of a wine-drinking people. There is also brandy and, I think, a supply of your vile whisky which was brought for medical purposes but is yours for the taking. Cigars are very good. Much better than you are accustomed to. Cigarettes, American, you may have unshared by any but a chance officer of the crew, for they are rasping as a file and just as flat."

"In many things, I see, our tastes differ. But I'd love some of the medicinal whisky, for my head is throbbing like the engines."

"To a happy voyage!"

THENCEFORTH things changed for Allison Timms. He was at liberty to roam about the ship, visit with members of the crew, and establish a genial contact with the officers on watch. If Cardono was suspicious of him, he concealed the fact with rare skill. At lunch time Gon came for Timms and assured him that a cover was laid for him in the Cardono cabin. When he arrived for this meal he found in store for him several surprises. The first was in the quality of the food, which was incredibly good. The second was in the charm of manner affected by Cardono. But the great one was in the presence aboard of a lady.

This person, presented as Señorita Espan, which Timms promptly decided was an alias abbreviated from Español, was perfect of her type. Olive complexion, blazing black eyes, jet hair combed in cascades tight about her ears. She was sinuous of movement, lazy of manner, indolent of speech, but gave the profound impression that everything she said was but a minute portion of what she was thinking, and Timms was shortly ready to believe that this was the sheerest truth. Her eyes bored through him.

Her English was so good that even Cardono lacked something by comparison. She said little, but what she did say was directly to the point, expressed with such simplicity and perfect selection of words that it commanded attention at once. Her eyes had a habit of fixing a person on the end of their gaze, and holding him there like a butterfly impaled on a needle point. There was everything feminine about her, yet she used none of the feminine wiles. There was no ever-ready vanity case, no lipstick, that Timms could detect. She was naturally pleasant and agreeable.

At table she drank two glasses of red wine with her luncheon and daintily accepted one of Cardono's vile black cigarettes when the meal was done.

"This," Timms said frankly, "is a ship of surprises. The last thing on earth I would have imagined is finding aboard such transcendent company."

"War brings strange things. I had not imagined myself aboard such a ship, until came the war," the señorita agreed.

"I can imagine it. I hope," wryly, "that you had more volition than was granted me in connection with this voyage?"

"You were unfortunate. War is that way. It is no selector of persons."

"It seems to have shown rare discretion in some of its selections."

"You have the American traits—pretty speeches meaning nothing."

"Let us talk of other things, then."

"What other things?" Cardono smiled. "It would give me the greatest pleasure to find something congenial for you, some way to repay the shabby treatment you've had until our horrible error was fortunately discovered."

"Biston seems a man who knows something of wounds. He has helped my head a lot."

"I am glad. He assures me that your injury, painful as it is, is but a passing one and a few days should see you normal."

"He is a doctor?"

"Not of medicine. He is a chemist and engineer. But much of his life has been spent on the borderlands of civilization and he is an expert at first-aid surgery. Once, I am told, he amputated an arm, and the patient is still about, to tell the tale."

"He has studied some, I presume. He speaks with the authority of knowledge. What is he, an adventurer?"

"We are none of us adventurers, Señor Timms."

Through a smile Timms said, "You have at least a few minor symptoms."

"We are engaged in abnormal struggles."

"Have it your way. But let's talk a little about this man O'Houle? Your hatred of him is so virulent, your anger against him so rampant, that he intrigues me. What has he done to you?"

Cardono was fuming, his face a purple blotch of suppressed emotion. "What has O'Houle done? Señorita, he asks such a question! He is a villain!"

"But that conveys no definite information. Tell me what he has done. Let me form my own judgments."

"I was sure that I had this nemesis. I was going to interne him as he has interned the lifeblood of my people in his filthy shipyards," Cardono stormed.

"This subject," Timms said evenly, "seems even less likely to promote amity than the other. Personally, I am growing to admire this O'Houle. He seems to be an officer enamored of his duty only. He is smart, apparently without fear, certainly incorruptible. I am beginning to feel a degree of satisfaction in masquerading as such a man."

Cardono drummed the table top. The señorita said evenly, "It is the viewpoint. Always the viewpoint. The sea, Mr. Timms, is it not glorious? The colors are those of the sapphire. Every passing cloud paints a picture all its own on the ocean. We are blessed with fair weather."

"True. Yet, beautiful as it is, and delightful as the company is beginning to be, I am keeping my eyes glued to the horizon for a passing ship. My own situation is hardly comfortable. My people are frenzied, doubtless, by my mysterious disappearance. They are dear to me. I am married and have two children, señorita. I have a wife I adore. What are they thinking? I cannot even advise them that I am well and will return."

"Such is war," with a dainty shrug of shapely shoulders. "Romance is ever the song of the heart, but this war is the tramp of Freedom's boots and must drown out all else until it dissolves in peace."

"A pretty speech. But I am not at war."

"On the contrary, you are. Not voluntarily, perhaps."

"You have the faculty of reasoning. I would be interested in hearing you express yourself about this man O'Houle."

"He is the enemy. In war, all is fair. Many times he has won, which is the merest fact. This time we win. That is all."

"You have no hatred for him, as Cardono?"

"Hatred is dangerously stupid."

"You regard him as a worthy enemy?"

"Entirely worthy, let me assure you. And surely an enemy of this expedition. He is of a type I cannot quite grasp. He has no personal interest. He is not fired by patriotism, nor will he make a profit for himself. Yet he fights with the wise courage of a zealot. That, I cannot understand."

"He is a public officer, sworn to do his duty. Well, it is something to have beaten such a man, even once. And you appear to have beaten him or we wouldn't be here."

"I have so stated. We are impatient because the blood of our people drips through our delays. But it is something to concentrate from all over your country various items that attract suspicion the moment they are mentioned. Neutrality, such as you boast, is one thing; but all this effort to prevent conspiracy to deliver goods you have paid a fancy price for is silly."

"Isn't there an embargo on war materials?"

"Phooey! Technically, that is all. The rich find a way to ship cargoes under the pages of courteous diplomatic notes exchanged between nations. Say what you will, where there's a profit there's a pirate!"

Luncheon finished, the three strolled the steel deck. The steamer was chugging along at about twelve knots. The sun was bright and warm now. Timms judged that they were traveling a course approximating southeast. Perhaps, he reasoned, they were standing for the Azores, there to deliver the contraband cargo under his heels. About it all there was a dramatic thrill that he could not quite dismiss. He was carried away with his first contact with the glamorous side of revolution. Cardono and the girl seemed truly inspired by patriotism.

They walked half an hour, then the señorita excused herself and retired to her room. Cardono saw fit to respond to questions about her. His mustache twitching his appreciation and his pearly teeth gleaming emphasis, he said, "She is a Joan, that girl. A true patriot. She is gifted with the wisdom of the ages, the beauty of our people, and the fierce courage of the tiger. She is a spy, my Timms. Worked as my secretary in the little office we used as an export company; routed the shipments of contraband we now carry; schemed past a thousand obstacles, found a million loopholes, finally sailed with me to see the whole thing through. The day may well come when Spain will lie at her feet."

"A very, very dainty place to lie," Timms smiled. "She is an amazing woman."

"But you—you are the married man with the children?"

Timms laughed. "Exactly. Have no fears, Cardono."

"Fears? You speak like the fool. She is in love only with our cause. You must get to know better the señorita."

"I hope to."

All afternoon Timms breathed the sea air, bathed his aching head each hour with a lotion prepared by Biston, chatted casually with members of the ship's company. He found a decided line between forecastle and after country, small as the ship was. The boatswain commanded the deck crew, the engineer the black gang. These in turn were reporting to the captain but never to Cardono. Other than Gon, the huge imbecile, Cardono seemed to have no contact with the crew, which Timms could see was nondescript.

DINNER that evening was another gastronomic delight, though the food was a little too spiced for Timms. Before the actual service, Timms enjoyed once more an indulgence of good whisky. He was beginning to feel more like himself. Cardono and the girl seemed less anxious to talk with him after the evening meal. Timms lit a cigarette, sat at the table a few moments, then rose. They made no effort to detain him. With some unimportant comment, he sought the deck outside. Cardono had arranged a room for him on an upper deck, but it was little enough at best, and the bed was a steel affair bolted to a bulkhead, too short and too narrow for comfort. However, in contrast to the brig of late memory, it was a paradise and he accepted it eagerly.

It was well past ten o'clock when he decided to retire. He went to his room and snapped on a single bulb against the bulkhead. The resultant illumination was an unsteady yellow glare dancing across an ivory-colored painted surface much in need of soap and water. He glanced at his berth, and was astonished to find it occupied. Thinking there might be some mistake, he stepped back. But the man in the berth sat up, whipped a warning finger to his lips, and motioned Timms to enter.

Timms, grown accustomed to surprises and mysteries on this weird tramp steamer, stepped inside, hauled the door shut behind him. "Now what?" he asked sarcastically. "Everything else has happened on this fool craft. Why all the mysterious signs and warnings? What are you doing in my bed?"

"Easy, Timms," the man said. "Easy."

"Who are you?"

"Who cares?'

There was a broad and engaging grin on the man's countenance. His mouth was set at an angle in his face and it was smiling constantly. His eyes were china blue and danced with every passing thought that came to his fertile mind.

"I care. You're in my bed."

"Small offense in that, Timms. Wait till you try the affair. I imagine you'll send for me to occupy it while you sleep on the deck . . . or mebbe in a lifeboat."

"It's that bad?"

"Nothing is bad," the man grinned. "But I wouldn't say this was very good." With a sudden change of manner and genuine interest manifest in his voice, he asked, "How's your head?"

"Devilish sore, now that you ask. But nothing that won't get well."

"Good. They patted you with real emphasis, Timms. You came aboard as cool as a penguin's tail feathers."

YOU seem to know plenty about it all. You're one of the crew? You're engaged in this gunrunning expedition for the unborn liberty of Spain? Don't tell me it's patriotism. Not with your blond hair, blue eyes, and broad inflections."

"What, you don't know me?" He spoke in mock surprise.

"Not from Adam."

"Then mebbe I'm Adam."

"A few years, a very few, too young," Timms said. There was an infectious quality about this interloper. Instantly he liked the man.

"A few years ago I had a mustache, too. A little one, like a toothbrush in a drugstore window. I should have kept it, for it might have fooled you about my age."

"Perhaps. But who are you?"

"I wouldn't be King Alfonso, you think?"

"Hardly."

"Mebbe I'm the father of your keeper, Gon."

"I'm not interested in maybes. Must I ask Cardono who you are and have you thrown out of this room he has given me for the voyage?"

"No. Not that. Cardono has taken a dislike to me. He is a volatile man, Timms. I have never seen any one so excited and excitable."

"I can well agree with you. But . . ."

The man swung from the berth, let his feet strike the deck, and stood erect. He held forth his hand to Timms and the latter accepted it. The grip was firm and friendly.

"Just snap off that light now," the stranger suggested. "We are about to have a long and most illuminating conference, Timms. Fate caught up a deck, shuffled, dealt, and you and I are partners without the volition of either of us."

"Interesting," Timms agreed. "How many partners have been selected by Fate, all to play a hand with me? I'm a bit confused, for I can see that you and Cardono have no great mutual admiration." He snapped off the light. "Now, what about it all?" he asked.

"Give me one of your cigarettes, and by all means steal me a packet or two early in the morning. I can eat old shoes, drink brackish water, and live on dreams, but smoke I must or choke. Pull over here, Al, and let me talk to you. I know something of you already. I've heard everything that was said in Cardono's cabin, because it is easy to arrange things that way."

"In the name of heaven," Timms snapped, "get your feet on the ground. Take things sort of as they come, will you? First, who are you? Second, what's this all about?"

"Never mind the third," the man interrupted softly. "In case you hadn't already guessed, so that you will have due appreciation of the extreme caution which is required in our situation, I may as well tell you now who I am. . . ."

"I've asked you half a dozen times."

"Then rest easy. You see, you've heard of me before, but this is our first meeting. I welcome it cordially. My name, sir, is, at your service, Terrence O'Houle!"

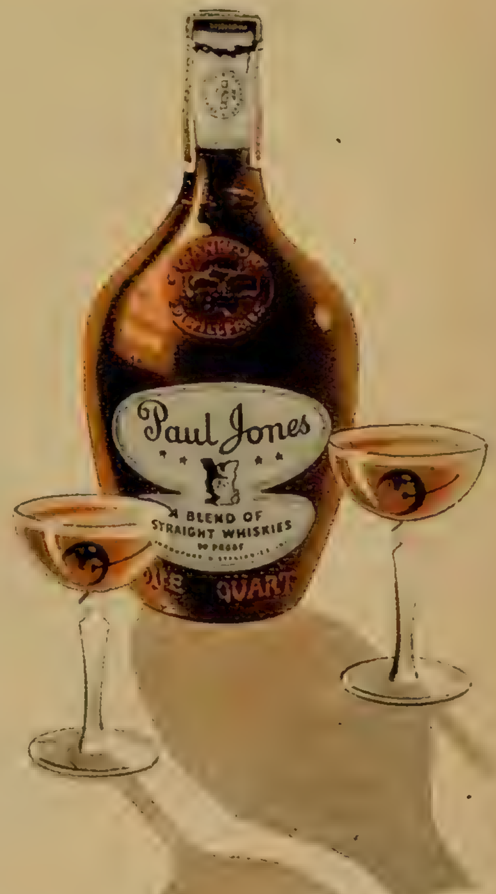
What can O'Houle accomplish against such a desperate, bloodthirsty gang of gunrunners? Isn't he in a hopeless trap? How can Timms help him? No doubt the secret agent has a trick up his sleeve. Will it succeed? Be sure to get next week's Liberty for a clever twist in the tense action of this sea drama.

D R Y

D...is for the *delightfully* mellow old-time flavor of that grand American whiskey—Paul Jones! For Paul Jones is a whiskey that's hearty, robust and full-bodied—yet truly dry . . . without even a trace of sweetness in its make-up!

R...is for the *red-letter* day when you first discovered how really grand a whiskey can be when it brings you the same quality of dryness you've always prized so highly in your champagne, your sherry, and your cocktails, too!

Y...is for the 73 *years* we've been distilling this noble whiskey. *Every drop is whiskey*—distilled by the same slow old-fashioned method we used back in 1865, when Paul Jones first became known as "A Gentleman's Whiskey!"

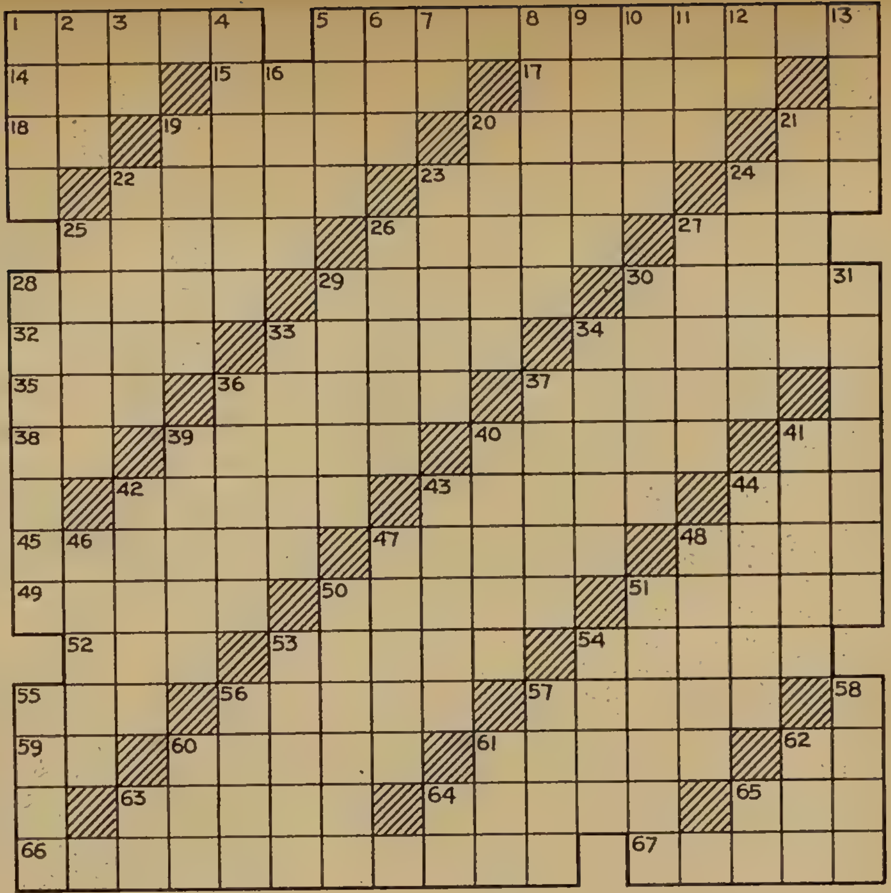


Paul Jones
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
ONE QUART

★ ★ Paul Jones ★ ★

A blend of *straight* whiskies—100% straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 South American Indian
5 Recompensed
14 Constellation
15 Let
17 One of the Muses
18 Note of the scale
19 Farm buildings
20 Elevate
21 Pronoun
22 In motion
23 Thickened soup
24 Quit of
25 Lends
26 Roils
27 A fish
28 Part of a valve (pl.)
29 Ship of a regular line
30 Desires expectantly
32 Spreads for drying
33 Flatfishes
34 Cave
35 Metric measures
36 Sea mammals
37 Native of a European country (pl.)
38 Exists
39 A cigarfish (pl.)
40 Engine
41 Pronoun
42 Heavenly bodies
43 Gives way to apathy
44 Remote
45 Penetrates
47 Caverns
48 Crippled
49 Holds an opinion
50 Stuns
51 Classified
52 Existed
53 Rented
54 Collections of laws
55 Hesitate in speaking
56 Organized body of individuals
57 Undulating
59 Babylonian city
60 Foundations
61 Pertaining to morning
62 Pronoun
63 Ejects
64 Sage
65 Hard subsoil
66 Earthly
67 Magnificent

VERTICAL

1 Conveyances
2 Part of to be
3 Egyptian deity
4 Pustules
5 Pealed
6 Worm
7 Pronoun
8 Closer
9 American Indians
10 Expunge
11 Consumed
12 Toward
13 Act
16 Birds of prey
19 Craft (pl.)
20 Regulations
21 Of greater breadth
22 Spurs
23 Languishes
24 Heavy cords
25 Looks askance
26 Rivulets
27 Lid
28 Discolored
29 Burdens
30 Circle round the moon (pl.)
31 Scoffed
33 Scorches
34 Pigeon shelters
36 Mars
37 Church dignitaries
39 Stalks
40 Stirred
41 Part of a harness (pl.)
42 Vapor
43 Labyrinths
44 Destined
46 Fresher
47 Cavils
48 Loaded
50 Most dreadful
51 Roaming
53 Armies
54 Roman philosopher and patriot
55 Search diligently after
56 Special state of affairs
57 Barrier
58 Make crooked
60 Pericarp
61 Extinct bird
62 Humanity in general
63 Either
64 Note of the scale
65 Parent

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

C	Z	E	C	H	O	S	L	O	V	A	K	I	A	
H	E	R	O	■	P	O	I	S	E	■	E	R	I	C
I	R	O	N	■	T	I	T	A	N	■	Y	E	T	H
N	O	S	T	R	I	L	■	G	O	S	H	■	S	A
			R	O	C	■	T	E	M	P	O	■	■	P
D	I	V	O	T	■	C	O	S	■	E	L	O	P	E
I	D	O	L	■	S	U	P	■	D	E	E	V	E	R
C	A	T	■	T	O	E	H	O	L	D	■	A	D	O
T	H	E	S	I	S	■	A	R	M	■	S	T	A	N
A	O	R	T	A	■	E	T	A	■	G	A	E	L	S
T	■	■	E	R	I	A	S	■	T	A	N			
O	T	■	P	A	N	G	■	B	R	I	D	G	E	T
R	A	G	S	■	G	L	A	R	E	■	M	O	V	E
S	L	O	O	■	L	E	M	O	N	■	A	R	E	A
	C	O	N	T	E	S	T	W	I	N	N	E	R	S

Last week's answer

The answer to true smoking pleasure
"CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS"
America's finest cigarette
ESTABLISHED OVER 90 YEARS
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD.
INCORPORATED
SPECIAL SELECTION
LONDON, W.
MANUFACTURED BY PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC. NEW YORK
PHILIP MORRIS

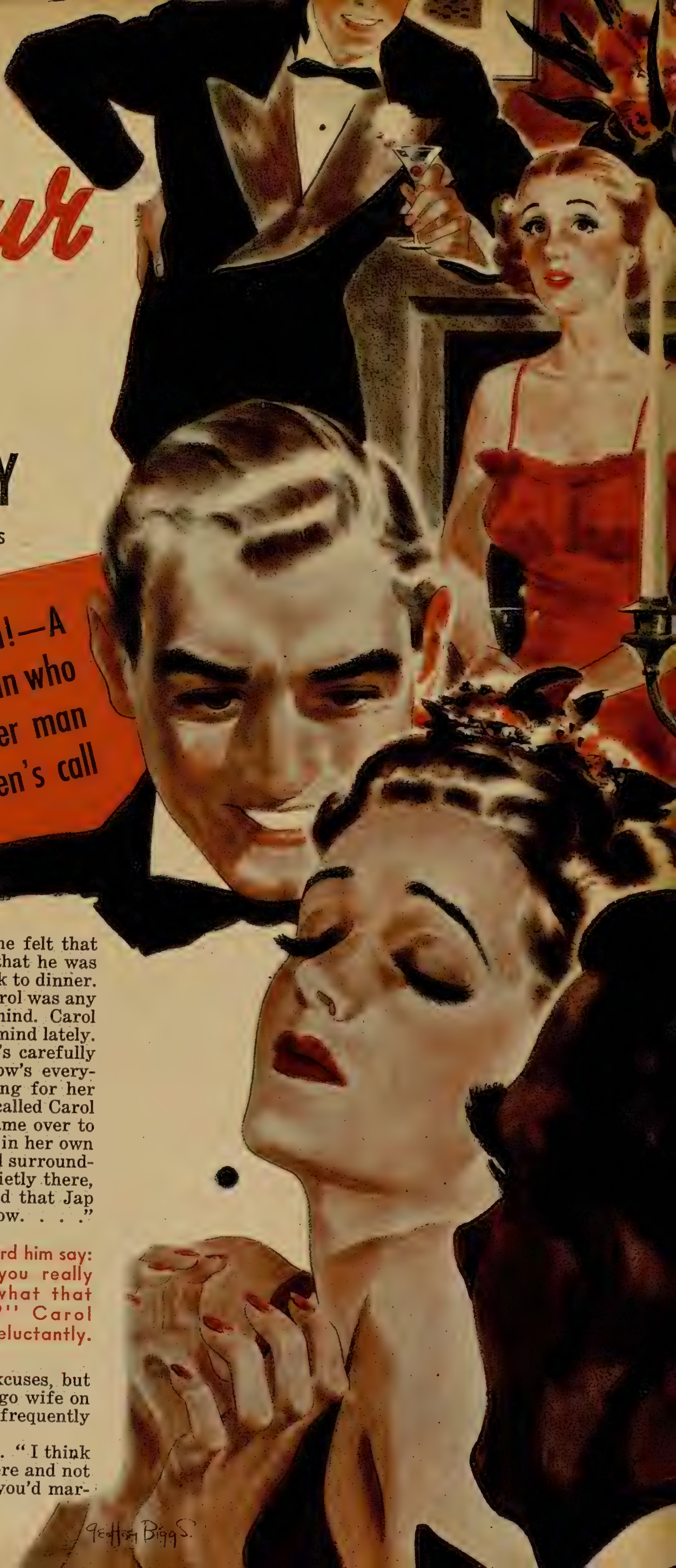
Respite from Glamour

BY ALICE DOUGLAS KELLY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

Blithe, tender, human!—A tale for every woman who has ever feared her man might heed a siren's call

READING TIME
17 MINUTES
34 SECONDS



Sandy heard him say: "Won't you really tell me what that scent is?" Carol smiled reluctantly.

SANDY picked up the receiver slowly. She felt that she could not bear it if Ethan told her that he was not, after all, bringing Karl Wintner back to dinner. And particularly she could not endure it if Carol was any part of the reason why he was changing his mind. Carol had been the reason for too many changes of mind lately.

She stiffened the minute she heard Ethan's carefully offhand voice. "Hi, darling," he said. "How's everything? Listen," he rushed on without waiting for her to answer. "About dinner tonight. . . . I called Carol and she thinks it would be better if we all came over to her place. She thinks Wintner should see her in her own setting . . . in—well, in more sophisticated surroundings. And anyway, we could talk business quietly there, she says. There are no kids to bother us and that Jap of hers does everything perfectly, you know. . . ."

"I won't do it," Sandy cut in on him evenly, without anger or even sharpness in her voice.

"Huh?" In spite of her sick jealousy and hurt, Sandy smiled faintly at the amazement in the beloved voice. He went on, "Now, listen, angel. Just a minute—"

Sandy didn't want to listen to any more excuses, but she wanted less to make a scene. "You don't go wife on me when I put my foot in things," Ethan had frequently told her. She would not go wife now.

"No, dear, I won't," she repeated pleasantly. "I think it would look horrible to bring Wintner out here and not invite him to your home. It would look as if you'd mar-

On or off with a ZIP!
ON OR OFF WITH A ZIP!
It's the JANTZEN ZIP-HITCH

● You can slip into—or out of—Jantzen Zip-Hitch Trunks so quickly, so easily. A concealed Talon fastener brings you this new convenience. But convenience is not all! Here are trunks that fit perfectly and *permanently*, that are comfortable all the day long, that are smartly tailored and designed, that dry very quickly. The price, $3.95. Other Jantzen trunks $2.95 to $5.95. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore.; Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen

MOLDED-FIT SWIM SUITS

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 124, Portland, Oregon.
Send me style folder in color featuring new 1938 models.
Women's ☐ Men's ☐

Name

Address

ried a squaw or—or I lived in a tenement or something."

Ethan laughed. "You put things in the sweetest way!" he said. "Well . . . it's just that Carol will be upset, and you know Wintner won't even consider the cycle unless Carol will sign up for all three plays, and she's been dickering with those Hollywood guys. . . ."

"I know," Sandy said wearily. "But I guess she won't refuse the contract if you come home *once* in a while." She caught her breath. That was *wife,* but fortunately Ethan only laughed again.

"Pussy, pussy!" he exclaimed. "All right. But listen. Will it be all right if we go to Carol's for cocktails? And then we can all come back for dinner. I can make that all right with her."

"And that certainly is a break!" Sandy said to herself. Aloud she answered, "Yes, I'll do that. I may be a little late . . . You'll go right from the train?"

"Yep. And you're sweet," Ethan said. "And you really needn't come at all unless you want to. Just for cocktails, I mean. . . . I can say you're getting the children to bed."

"Or milking the cow or sewing on flannel petticoats for the poor," Sandy suggested.

His joyous shout was like a hard grip on her heart. She loved him so. And he had been all hers until this horrible actress appeared on the scene. He had been so proud of her. "I think I'll come," she said. "Maybe the Jap will be glad to see me."

Ethan said anxiously, "Darling, you sound kind of funny. Anything wrong?"

Sandy laughed in spite of herself. "What would be wrong?" she asked. "See you later."

THAT was daddy," she told her eight-month-old son a few minutes later. "Carol thinks you're a squalid symbol of dull domesticity." Young Nate chuckled and blew a large bubble. "Which," Sandy remarked approvingly, "is about as good an answer as any other."

With the child in her arms the surface of her spirits lifted momentarily. She looked out the window to where Dora was raking in the sun. She worked with abandon, her brown eyes solemn, her soft lovely little face set with the effort she was making.

Sandy called, "Don't wear yourself out, lamb!"

And the child answered passionately, "Keepin' it *neat!*"

Sandy laughed. At five, Dora was tidier than her mother had ever been, and Sandy was always entertained by her minute competence. She was still laughing when she went into the kitchen; but she sobered when she glanced into the little flawed mirror above the sink. She was remembering how beautiful Carol was: all crystal and gold and fluid with young grace. She was one of the few women, Sandy thought, who could truly be considered exotic. She wore strange flowers, great waxy camellias, orchids of unusual colors. . . . There was about her always a heady, indefinable fragrance. She had told Sandy once what it was.

"It's made of tuberoses and hyacinths," she said. "It's called Riviera and it costs twenty dollars an ounce. You can get it anywhere . . . but every one can't wear it."

Certainly, Sandy told herself, she couldn't. Sandy considered herself much plainer than she really was. But until now she had given little thought to her looks. She had always been reasonably popular, and Ethan loved her, and that was enough.

But now she realized what a fool she had been to think she could compete with Carol . . . with all the glamorous women with whom Ethan came daily in contact. She looked mournfully at the reflection of her little brown thin face and her small thin body, noticed with despair the big white teeth in her overgenerous mouth and the straightness of her heavy dark hair. She didn't see her own engaging smile, the lightness of her movements, or the warm glow of her dark eyes and her fine skin.

SHE dressed, Ethan told her, disgracefully, loving faded old sweaters and slacks with rubbed seats and knees, forgetting make-up and lotions and the care of her square active hands. But she had thought Ethan liked her as she was.

She started to work rapidly and efficiently. She had planned everything. A man's dinner, since Wintner and Dick Lothrop, Ethan's agent, would be the most important guests. She was having thick steaks and an iron pan full of hashed brown potatoes. A strong vegetable soup first, crusty bread from the little French bakery, a combination salad with no skimping of big sweet Bermuda onions. Deep-dish apple pie for dessert. Lots of coffee, beer on the ice. No frills at all, but everything delicious and plentiful.

There was plenty to do. The children's routine must go on. And Sandy wanted the house to look perfect.

She swept the long living room and laid a fire on the smoky old brick hearth. She put trailers of grapevine and prickly bunches of rose haws and barberry branches in the bean pots and pottery bowls which stood everywhere. She called up Mrs. Hires and engaged her to look after the children for the afternoon.

And all the time she was conscious of dread and fear lurking in the shadowed places of her mind. It was, she suddenly recognized, the same kind of misgiving as she had known on her wedding day and which she had thought exorcised forever.

She had met Ethan when he had come to lecture at the little college where her father taught. When she was finally persuaded that he loved her, she was caught up into ecstasy. But it was a new world to which he was to take her.

Ethan's world lay on Broadway. It was the world of Theater and of Publishing Houses and of a sophisticated, half-cynical culture for which none of her gentle father's intellectual browsings had prepared Sandy. Ethan was *the* Ethan Knight, whose first book had been hailed by the critics; whose first play had had a short run but a *succès d'estime.* Ethan Knight's book reviews, his syndicated column on the theater, his light-hearted articles on all manner of subjects were known and spoken of from coast to coast. At thirty, he was a coming man in the world of contemporary letters and the thought bewildered and oppressed Sandy. She discovered soon enough, however, that she had nothing to fear.

Ethan had looked down at her, his fair handsome face crinkled with laughter, and he had caught her slim shoulders in his strong fine hands. "My angel," he said, "I married you because you aren't Broadway. I'm sick of being inspired and understood. I want to be laughed at and scolded for not wiping my feet before I come into the living room. I want you to be a little bored with my stuff, and if I start to tell you about it you must immediately interrupt me with a long and detailed story about how late the delivery boy was bringing the liver for dinner."

Sandy leaned against him and sighed happily. "In other words," she said, "you love me because you hope I'm dumb."

"Exactly," Ethan assured her, and caught her clean off her feet to kiss her.

THEY had bought the house and reveled in the fact that although Riverside was only fifty miles from New York it might easily have been a thousand. They had constructed a workroom for Ethan out of an old vine-covered chicken house, and Sandy planted marigolds and zinnias in her round flower beds, had open house Sunday nights, and, in a word, lived much the same kind of life she had before she was married.

Except that there was enchantment in the new existence and the kind of fulfillment which belonged to Ethan and Dora and Nate; belonged to the fact that with her Ethan was doing better work than he ever had before. Dick said he was. Dick had said, six months before, "I wouldn't suggest this if you weren't around."

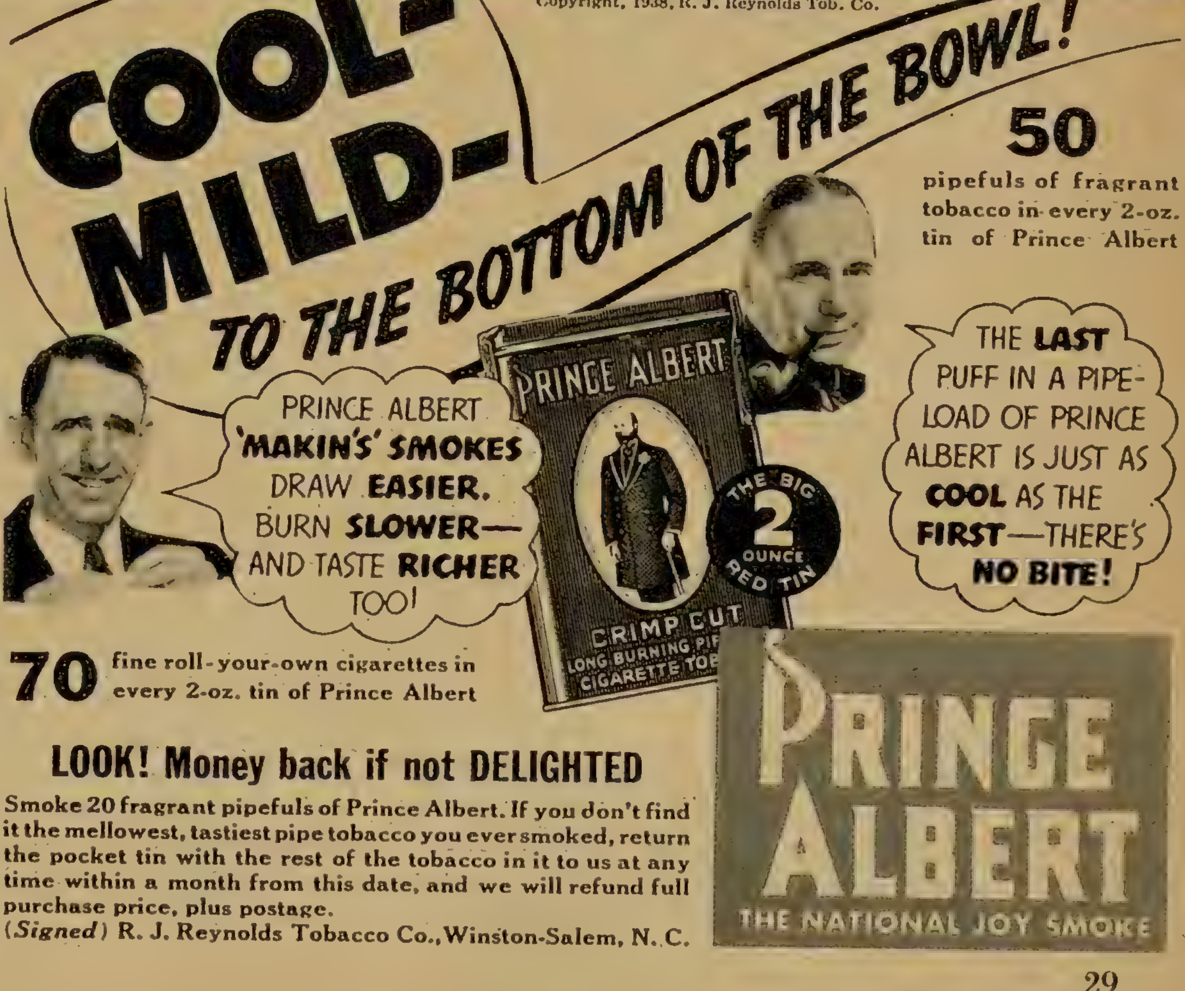
And Ethan explained, "Dick's sold on my idea of the play cycle. Thinks he can interest Wintner. Just think! Wintner! If a playwright gets a Wintner contract he's made, and I mean *made.* But it means a tough six months . . . not much money; me like a bear with a sore head. I don't know whether I ought to ask you."

"And who," Sandy demanded scornfully and ungrammatically, "do you think you're asking? Your wife or some girl you've just met? Go ahead with your cycle and leave me to mine."

A quarter of the way along, Dick

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS' TRAILER TRIP
at AMERICA'S FIRST UNIVERSITY--- in CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
CHUBBINS, DO YOU RECALL THE PROFESSOR WE MET AT THE HARVARD CLUB ONE SUNDAY LAST WINTER? WELL, HE'S GOING TO SHOW US AROUND HARVARD UNIVERSITY
I STILL REMEMBER HOW HIS FACE LIT UP WHEN HE FIRST TASTED A PIPEFUL OF YOUR PRINCE ALBERT
JUDGE, AT LAST I HAVE A CHANCE TO REPAY MY DEBT TO YOU. REMEMBER, YOU INTRODUCED ME TO PRINCE ALBERT?
CAREFUL, PROFESSOR. I MIGHT DEMAND A GOOD DEAL FOR BRINGING A TOBACCO LIKE P.A. INTO YOUR LIFE
MY— JOHN HARVARD MUST HAVE BEEN A HANDSOME MAN!
THIS IS MASSACHUSETTS HALL, BUILT IN 1720. THE PRESENT UNIVERSITY GREW UP AROUND IT
YOU KNOW, CHUBBINS, HARVARD IS AMERICA'S OLDEST UNIVERSITY
GOODNESS ME-- THIS LOOKS LIKE A RIOT!
HA-HA! IT'S JUST THE OLD GRADS ENJOYING THE ANNUAL CONFETTI BATTLE
THE GRADS CERTAINLY RECOGNIZED YOU, JUDGE. THEY MUST ALL BE PIPE-SMOKERS!
I'LL JUST NEVER GET THIS CONFETTI OUT OF MY HAIR
NEXT DAY....
WE'VE GRADUATED A FINE CLASS THIS YEAR, JUDGE. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO ONE OF MY SENIORS
DADDY, DO I LOOK ALL RIGHT?
THIS REMINDS ME OF MY OWN GRADUATION. I STARTED OUT WITH A GREAT RESOLVE TO GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE
WELL, JOHN'S GOT A GOOD START IN ONE DIRECTION, JUDGE. HE'S ALREADY GRADUATED TO PRINCE ALBERT!

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.


COOL-MILD-TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BOWL!
PRINCE ALBERT 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES DRAW EASIER, BURN SLOWER— AND TASTE RICHER TOO!
THE LAST PUFF IN A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT IS JUST AS COOL AS THE FIRST—THERE'S NO BITE!
PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

LOOK! Money back if not DELIGHTED

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.
(*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

had interested Carol Montaigne, the "American Duse," in the idea. And since then Ethan had spent practically every free hour in town with Carol or Carol's agent. Just recently Carol had rented a house in Riverside to be nearer to the play and Ethan. And she had brought Broadway with her. And now Sandy was afraid again, and she wondered how she would live if she discovered once and for all that afternoon that Ethan and Carol were in love with each other.

She was ready to go about five o'clock, when Ethan pounded into the house in his usual volcanic manner. Sandy heard him flirting with his daughter and making rude remarks about his son's protruding tum, then he made the stairs two at a time and burst into the room.

"Carol was wild about tonight," he said cheerfully. "But I guess I smoothed her down. I came back to get that last scene. She wants to read it to Wintner. She wants to see the sketches for the costumes, too. . . ."

Sandy was silent. Carol wanted, Carol needed, Carol had to be placated. . . . Sandy felt her knees shaking. She had not, except for the deep flow of her love for Ethan, dealt much in primitive emotion, but she felt primitive now. She wanted to scream, to make a scene, to refuse to let Ethan go to Carol's. She was ashamed of herself. She moistened her lips.

"The sketches are in the desk downstairs."

"Swell!" Ethan started for the door and paused. "Haven't you anything but that old velveteen to wear, darling?" he asked.

Sandy said, "No." She didn't remind him that he had asked her to economize until the final contracts for the cycle were signed.

She said, "You'd better hurry. Carol won't like it if you're late."

And he leaped like a deer.

"Golly!" he said. "I'm practically there."

He didn't kiss Sandy good-by, and she stood quite still for a good many minutes before she could trust herself to move at all.

ALICE DOUGLAS KELLY

was an actress before she married and began raising a family of five. She started to write seven years ago. Born in Rhode Island, she was educated in private schools both here and abroad. She now lives on Cape Cod.

CAROL'S house was perfect. A place of exquisite parquetry, of crystal and quartz and deep white chairs. Daylight was shut out by heavy curtains, and slim white candles burned everywhere.

Dick Lothrop, wry and lean and cynical, and Karl Wintner, gross and good-natured and hard of eye, had already arrived. Carol was talking to them. She was perfect in long trailing fragile bands of ivory material, her hair was a spray of gold, her beautiful head proudly poised.

She greeted Sandy cordially enough, but at once turned back to Ethan, who stood beside her. Sandy went and sat on the low white fender. She felt like a sunflower in a hothouse, coarse and obvious and seedy. Her velveteen, which she had loved for a long time, seemed suburban and matronly; her small bronze sandals looked stubby and scuffed on the pale velvet of the rug.

Karl Wintner pivoted toward her his round head in its nest of chins.

"So you're Knight's wife," he said. "You don't belong here."

Sandy wasn't sure whether he meant it as an insult or a compliment, but she agreed with him. The worst of it was that Ethan fitted into the place perfectly. He and his hostess both looked suave and assured in the fragile setting of tapers and tall lilies and dim water colors. Their talk fitted in.

Carol said, "When I read that last scene I heard chimes. I think one should hear something definitely more pagan, don't you? A lute, perhaps."

Ethan snapped his fingers. "I believe you've got it!" he said. "Dick . . . Wintner . . . did you hear that? Instead of just having the girl crying, we must have her hysterical . . . almost insane. And *that* makes it."

Dick nodded. "Sounds all right," he said. And Sandy adored him for his temperate agreement. She herself wanted to say "Blah!" and keep on saying it.

Servants came in with trays at this point, and Sandy's eyes narrowed. She had never seen so much food. It wasn't cocktails and canapés; it was a buffet supper. After half the sandwiches and patties and skewered birds on the cocktail cart, steak and apple pie would be revolting. And Carol knew it! She had taken possession of the party and of Ethan.

Sandy straightened up. To eat would choke her, but she was going to be gay if she died in the attempt. She was gay. And she was the simple little wife and mother and didn't care who knew it. She told stories of her children, told of how Dora, seeing her brother for the first time, had exclaimed, "But he isn't *finished,* is he, mummy?" She exerted herself to be amusing, but it was not successful.

Dick and Wintner laughed politely. But Wintner laughed only with his paunch and not with his eyes. He was watching Carol. Sandy watched her too. She looked stormy and upset. Ethan was standing close to her and he was obviously trying to soothe her. Sandy heard him say:

"Won't you really tell me what that scent is?"

Carol smiled reluctantly. "Does it haunt you?" she asked.

"Yes," Ethan answered.

And then she raised her eyes briefly, significantly, to his.

"That's what it's meant to do," she said.

Sandy got up. "I'll have to go, I'm afraid," she said lightly. "Such a delightful time, Carol. . . ."

At home she waited for her guests until half past eight. Then she went out. She drove into a little side lane which was quite deserted, and parked there. Then she hid her face in her hands and waited for the greatest chaos of her spirit to subside. After a long while she sat up wearily. She felt as if she had been whipped, but her thoughts were moving clearly once more. She loved Ethan. She *was* Ethan. Without him she no longer existed in any real way at all. But he no longer wanted her as she was. He wanted Carol or some one like her.

Well, she, Sandy, must turn into some one like Carol. She couldn't leave Ethan. Where indeed could she go? And what of his children? But she could work as she had never worked before to give him what he wanted. It would not be easy. It would mean that many of the good and simple pleasures that she loved must go. She would never be beautiful, either. But surely some dealer in beauty could find her type, would know how to make her fragile and mysterious and alluring.

She looked in her purse. There was twenty dollars in it. It was to have been saved for a rainy day. But surely there could be no darker threat of storm than that she should lose Ethan. She would, she thought with sudden inspiration, buy the tiniest possible flask of Riviera. Then to the shop people in New York she would say, "Make me into the kind of person who can wear this perfume."

WHEN she opened her own front door, numb with exhaustion, a tiny bottle clutched tightly in one hand, she stopped short. The living room was ablaze with light, and Wintner, Dick, and Ethan were sitting before the fire. On the rickety old card table there was a shambles of plates, and glasses topped with foam. Ethan was breaking off chunks of French bread, Wintner was stirring something in a pan on the open flame.

Ethan saw Sandy first.

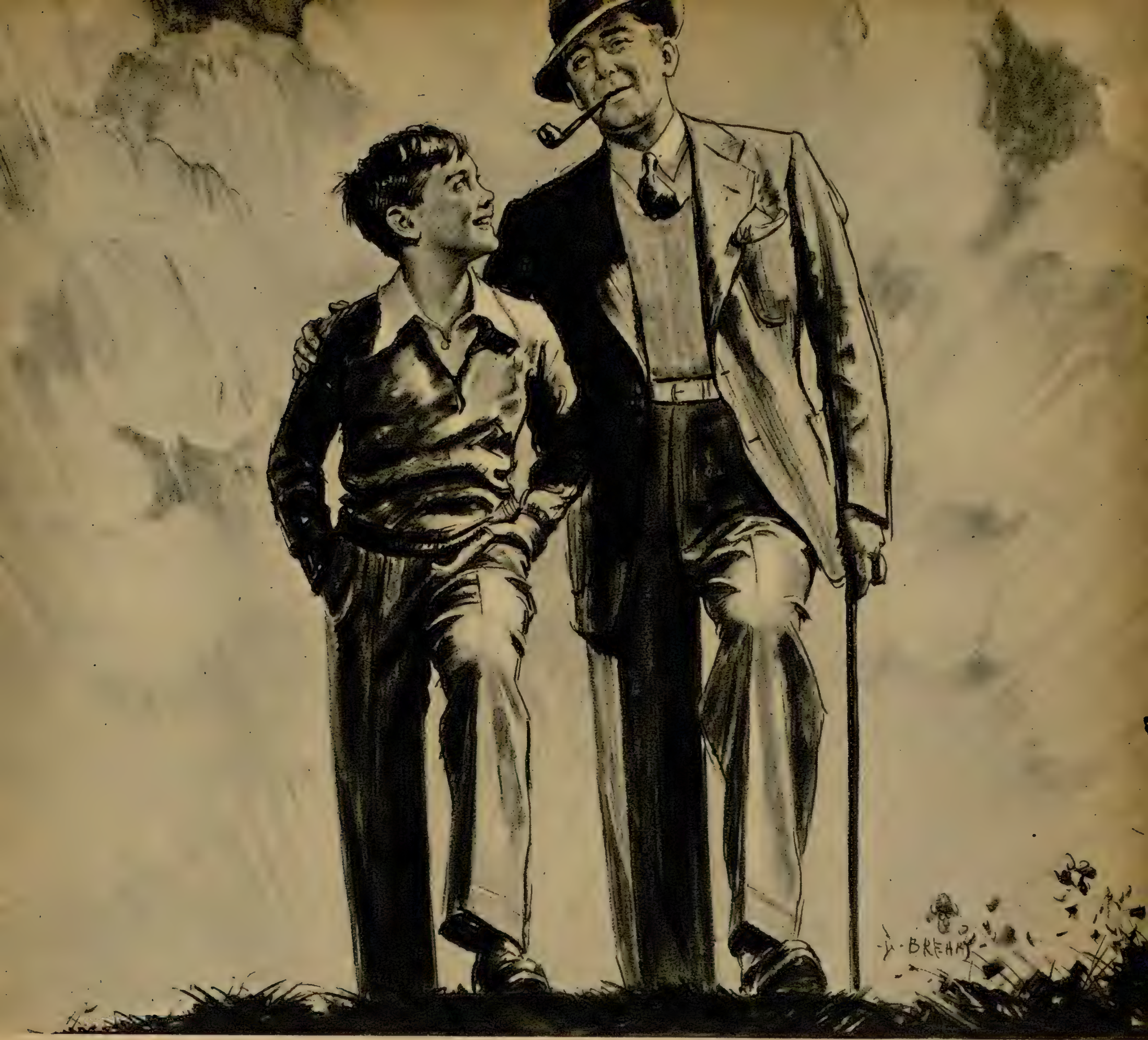
"Hi," he said. "I thought you'd eloped. Come on in. Wintner's doing the steaks."

Like a sleepwalker, Sandy entered the familiar room, let Ethan take off her hat and coat, push her gently into a chair.

He said, "We had the soup. We were starved. You see, I tipped off the lads that there was real food to be had over here."

Wintner poked one of the steaks happily, "My, my," he rumbled, "such a time before we could get away! What a woman! A genius on the stage, a damfool off."

He stirred the potatoes. *(Continued on page 34)*



You can obtain a reproduction of the above drawing, suitable for framing, by writing to Seagram-Distillers Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City.

YOU'RE A HERO · · TO YOUR SON

Most boys worship their Dad as a hero whose standards and ideals they gradually acquire as their own.

Nothing is quite so disillusioning to the clear eyes of a youngster as the sight of a man—his own father—who has used liquor unwisely.

The damage goes far deeper than a momentary shame.

Any man who cannot drink wisely and moderately, owes it to his son . . . his family, not to drink at all.

The coming generation will be less apt to use liquor intemperately if older people will regard it as a luxury and treat it as a contribution to gracious living—to be enjoyed in moderation.

Surely, Father's Day is an appropriate occasion for the House of Seagram, as one of America's leading distillers, to say as we said *four* years ago, and have constantly reiterated . . . "Drink Moderately"

· · · THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM · · ·

Fine Whiskies Since 1857

Seagram-Distillers Corp. Executive Offices, New York

Hurry! Libby's Get-Acqua

FIRST PRIZE

$1000.00

every year for life

ALL YOU DO IS COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE:

"My favorite Libby Food is Libby's . . . . because

. . . ." (write 30 additional words or less)

READ THESE EASY RULES!

YOUR OWN WORDS. No fancy writing, nothing difficult. Just say what you would if you were talking to a friend.

HERE'S INSPIRATION. Libby makes a practice of packing foods in on-the-spot kitchens, right where they are produced at their finest. Fruits and vegetables are quick-canned, hurried from gardens to kitchens. Growing, sorting, packing are all supervised by experts. This special care and Libby's methods protect nutritional values, bring you foods of exceptional tenderness and flavor.

LAST CALL! Fill out an entry *now*. And don't stop with one, send several. You can enter as many sentences as you want and of course each one increases your chances of winning. *You* can win! But *hurry*.

1. Complete the sentence quoted above, using 30 words or less. Use the entry blank *or a plain sheet of paper*, writing only on one side. Only the one sentence will be considered in each entry.

2. With your entry send the labels, or facsimiles thereof, from three *different* Libby's Foods. Make your selections from Libby's brand Fruits, Fruit Juices, Vegetables, Tomato Juice, or Red Alaska Salmon. No other Libby labels are eligible.

3. Your entry must be original with you, in your own proper name and over your own signature with complete address *and the name and address of the dealer* from whom you bought the Libby Foods. He can help you win.

4. Mail your entry to Libby Contest Judges, Dept. LB-11, Howard-Clark Building, Chicago, Illinois. Enter as many sentences as you like, but each one must be submitted on a separate piece of paper with your signature, dealer's name, addresses (Rule 3) and labels from 3 different Libby's Foods (Rule 2).

5. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of July 9, 1938. Winners will be notified as soon as possible thereafter.

6. Entries will be judged and graded on sincerity, uniqueness, advertising value, and prizes will be awarded in the order of merit so determined. Penmanship and elaborate entries will not influence judges. Decisions of the judges must be accepted as final. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries and the right to use same become the property of Libby, McNeill & Libby.

7. This contest is limited to the United States, and is subject to all national, state and local laws and regulations. Employees of Libby, McNeill & Libby, employees of their advertising agencies, and members of their families, cannot compete.

Libby's FANCY
TOMATO JUICE
Lib
FRUITS FOR

LABELS CAN BE FROM ANY LIBBY'S BRAND FRUITS, FRUIT JUICES, VEGETABLES, RED SALMON, OR TOMATO JUICE Each entry must be accompanied by labels (or facsimiles) from 3 *different* Libby's Foods. Why not all of one kind? Frankly, because we want you to get acquainted with Libby products. That's the reason for this contest—so you'll do some sampling right now. Of course that doesn't mean buying anything extra. You'd be serving vegetables, salmon, fruits and tomato juice anyway. Just get *Libby's*. Here are some of the most popular Libby products:

TOMATO JUICE • PEACHES • PEAS • WHOLE PEELED APRICOTS • FRUIT COCKTAIL • PEARS • ASPARAGUS • CORN • FRUITS FOR SALAD • KADOTA FIGS • BERRIES • GRAPEFRUIT • LIMA AND STRINGLESS BEANS • SPINACH • CARROTS • DE LUXE PLUMS • MIXED VEGETABLES • SAUERKRAUT • RED ALASKA SALMON • PUMPKIN • BEETS • TOMATOES • FRUIT JUICES

LIBBY'S TOMATO JUICE

Made Libby's special *gentle press* way, from perfect red-ripe tomatoes, it is famous for incomparable flavor. And *Libby's* Tomato Juice is an *excellent* source of Vitamin C.

**LIBBY'S FRUIT
SALAD**

A delicious co
tion, ready to
Peach, pear an
cot, tangy pi
from Hawaii a
maraschino sty
ries make up
Fruits for Sal

nted Contest

Closes Soon!

3,262 PRIZES!

2ND prize . . . $2,000 IN A LUMP SUM
10 prizes . . . . . . $100 each
50 prizes . . . . $50 each

PURCHASE CERTIFICATES ON GROCERS
— *any store, any items*

100 prizes. . . . .each for $25 worth
100 prizes. . . . .each for $10 worth
1000 prizes. . . . .each for $5 worth
2000 prizes. . . . .each for $2 worth

The first prize of $1,000 a year for life is in the form of an income policy of the Aetna Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. If the winner prefers, he or she may take $12,000 in a lump sum instead.

3,262 GOOD CASH PRIZES FOR DEALERS, TOO— because dealers will help contestants win.

Libby Contest Judges

● Get into the Libby contest now, today. Before you know it the deadline will be here and you'll have missed this wonderful chance to win a lifelong income.

Think of it—someone's going to get *$1,000 every year for life* just for completing an easy-to-write sentence! The things you've dreamed of—independence, travel, opportunities for the children—can all be yours if you win Libby's Get-Acquainted Contest.

And note the *number* of prizes. There are more than *three thousand* awards, with a second prize of $2,000 in cash!

Certainly this is a contest you want to enter. But it closes soon. Mail your entry *now.*

ENTRY BLANK — *FILL IT OUT TODAY!*

Libby Contest Judges, Dept. LB-11, Howard-Clark Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"My favorite Libby Food is Libby's ____________________
because ____________________
____
____________________"

(*Complete this sentence in 30 words or less. See Rule 2 about labels.*)

My signature ____________________
My street address ____________________
City ____________________ State ____________
My dealer's name is ____________________ His street address ____________

This Entry Blank is merely for your convenience; you may use a plain sheet of paper if you prefer. See rules

Libby's
RED ALASKA
SALMON

LIBBY'S RED ALASKA SALMON

Libby's is *meaty* salmon . . . fine; big, firm pieces with a wonderful fresh-from-the-ocean flavor. An excellent source of Vitamin D.

(Continued from page 30)

and, reaching a short arm behind him, picked up his glass and took a deep draft of beer.

Sandy swallowed; her voice seemed all of a sudden to have disappeared.

Dick said, "Oh, well, you have to play her along. Of course this Cleopatra complex of hers makes it tough on the monastic guys like Ethan."

Ethan flushed. "I wouldn't mind the chariot-wheel stuff in a good cause," he said indignantly, "but it's when she pulls that 'lute, rhythm, pagan' line that I want to be violently sick."

"You had plenty," Wintner agreed.

"But I won," Ethan said exultantly.

Sandy spoke then. "You . . ." she said.

Ethan smiled at her, and at what she saw in his eyes she began bewilderedly to feel happy and sure again.

"Yes," he said. "She signed the contract. It was nip and tuck, though. I wasn't quite abject enough, and then today—your coming . . ."

"She hates any one else to interest the men in the crowd," Dick supplied.

"But of course you were bright enough to see that and go," Ethan said.

"The steaks," Wintner said proudly, "is joost right. If you got a little Worcester sauce, Mrs. Knight."

Sandy said, "I'll get it."

In the kitchen she realized that she was still clutching her bottle of perfume. She laid it down on the table. Ethan came out.

"Wintner's having the time of his life," he said. "He loves the house and he's nuts about you." He grinned down at her. "As who isn't?" he asked.

Sandy made a little hoarse sound, and suddenly she was in his arms. Tears poured down her cheeks and she pressed close against his comforting warmth. Ethan was frightened.

"Why, darling . . . Sandy . . . angel," he begged her, "what is it?"

Sandy clung to him. She would never tell him, she thought blissfully. Because, not wanting to be understood or inspired, he had still relied upon her understanding. She hadn't realized that handling actresses, female collaborators, fans . . . women just like Carol . . . was part of the hard portion of Ethan's success; the part from which he loved to escape to her and to all that they had built together. But she knew now and she would never forget it again.

She said, "Nothing's the matter. I'm tired and I've got a snuffly cold and I'm hungry. You were pretty darned late, if you ask me!" she added with spirit.

"Well, you were later," Ethan pointed out. "Oh, sweetheart, I'm so glad I married you and Dora and Nate!"

She sighed and he kissed her. A plaintive voice spoke from the doorway. "Say," demanded Wintner, "do we get steaks or joost love?"

Ethan let Sandy go and handed over the Worcester bottle. "Both," he said. On his way to the door he stopped.

"Listen, Sandy," he said. "There's one thing about Carol I just can't make out; it drives me nuts and I've asked and asked her, not telling her why, of course. What in time is it she wears that makes her smell just like my grandmother's funeral? It's the most sick-making, gooeyest scent. . . . Well, for the love of Pete . . ."

He stared in terror at a Sandy who was laughing helplessly, hysterically, clutching at a table for support. "Say, you are sick," he said. "First you cry all over me and then you laugh like a maniac." He seized the little blue-wrapped package from the table—"what's this drugstore bottle? Aspirin? I'll give you two."

But Sandy took the package from him. She pulled herself together.

"I'm all right," she said. "And that's not aspirin, darling. That—" her face was grave but her eyes twinkled suspiciously—"that," she said, "is twenty dollars' worth of the most exotic baby powder, boracic acid, bathroom cleansers, and toilet soap."

THE END

Have a nice vacation

AND-

DON'T FORGET BORAXO!

Planning to fish? . . . Go boating? . . . Play tennis or golf? . . . You'll find that Boraxo *cleans* dirty hands, and does a real job on odors and stains besides.

DON'T FORGET BORAXO!

Even the stubbornest grime comes off when you use Boraxo . . . and it's as *gentle* to young hands and knees as it is fast-acting.

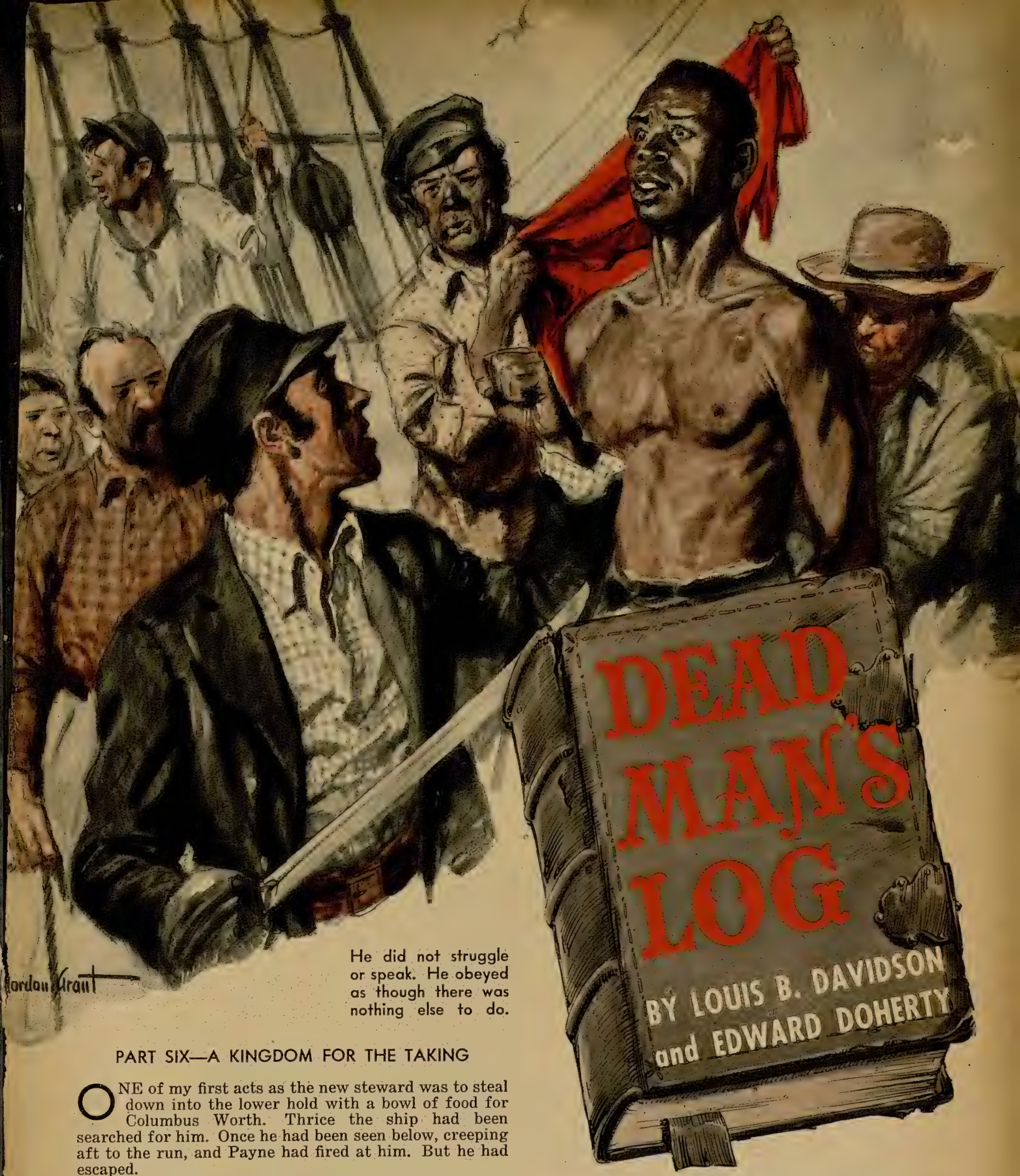
DON'T FORGET BORAXO!

Keep Boraxo in your car. *Grime* from driving or changing tires, *grease* from tinkering on the engine . . . they're just what Boraxo's made for!

BORAXO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
CLEANS dirty HANDS

Boraxo cleans hands fast and gently even in cold water. Does the job when plain soap won't!

TUNE IN "Death Valley Days," the Old Ranger's radio dramas of the Old West—a full half-hour every week. See local papers for time. Pacific Coast Borax Company, New York; Los Angeles.



DEAD MAN'S LOG

BY LOUIS B. DAVIDSON and EDWARD DOHERTY

He did not struggle or speak. He obeyed as though there was nothing else to do.

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

New thrills as a stirring saga of the sea nears its history-making climax

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

PART SIX—A KINGDOM FOR THE TAKING

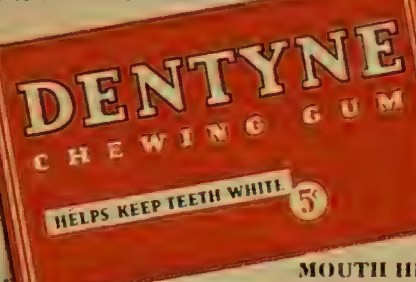
ONE of my first acts as the new steward was to steal down into the lower hold with a bowl of food for Columbus Worth. Thrice the ship had been searched for him. Once he had been seen below, creeping aft to the run, and Payne had fired at him. But he had escaped.

Sam had tried to track him down with Humphries' dog. But the animal had scampered away from Sam, wagging his little tail, and disappeared.

"Mistuh Chris," Humphries said, "loved dat dog heaps, suh. Yas, suh. Dey's togethe' down dar, Cap'n Sam. Find de dog, find de boy."

"I'll kill them both," Sam swore.

It was very dark in the lower hold, and I dared not light a lamp, for I might have been followed. I stumbled against barrels, bumped my head into timbers.



Agile Fingers
—LAZY MOUTH
Five-finger exercises keep her hands supple and lovely. But soft, modern foods and hasty meals deprive her mouth and teeth of much needed exercise. Dentyne helps keep the mouth healthy and teeth white.

CHEW DENTYNE—THE DELIGHTFUL MODERN MEANS TO MOUTH-HEALTH

...DENTYNE:

1. Provides needed mouth exercise—it's extra-firm—invites vigorous chewing

2. Stimulates circulation of the blood in mouth tissues—helps keep gums healthily firm and pink

3. Rouses the salivary glands, promotes natural self-cleansing

4. Helps strengthen the tiny muscles around the mouth and chin and develop firm youthful curves

AND tastes so delicious! You'll love Dentyne's luscious, spicy flavor!

Notice the cleverly flat shape of the package (exclusive Dentyne feature)—it slides neatly into your pocket or purse.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

"Chris!" I kept whispering. "Chris, it's me, George."

After a time I heard the whimper of a dog. And so I found him. He was lying at the foot of a water barrel. The dog was in his arms. He had had nothing to eat in three days. His right shoulder had been grazed by one of Payne's bullets.

"All right," he said hoarsely, when he saw me bending over him. "Kill me. I don't care now."

"I've come to feed you, not to kill you," I said.

The smell of the food greatly excited him. I put the bowl into his hands, and listened to him eating. It was too dark to see him. I heard the dog eating too.

"Water," he said. "Did you bring water?"

I handed him a bottle, and listened to him drink. He must have poured some into the hollow of his hand, for I heard the dog lapping up water.

"There's a barrel of water here," he said. "I'm leaning against it. It's full. I found the bung— High up. Right near the top. I pushed it in. But I couldn't get the water out. I couldn't tip the barrel. I had no strength. I used part of my shirt, dipping it in, sucking it. I thought I was going to die here. Thank God you came."

I was serving breakfast when Liliston stalked in, holding Chris by his wounded shoulder.

"Here's yer prisoner, cap'n," he said, grinning proudly. "Found 'im in the lower hold. I heerd the dog yippin', and I went down, and there he was."

Chris was pale as wax, but he made no moan.

"Where's the dog?" Sam asked.

"Still down there, cap'n."

"Let the boy alone," Sam said. "Go down and get the dog. And see you don't kick him. Men who kick dogs on this ship come to no good end."

He turned to Worth. "You stole your uncle's pistol."

Worth shook his head and began to shiver. It wasn't fright. It was the reaction. He had been almost numbed with the cold darkness of the hold.

"Well, just the same," Sam said, "you've got to die. We can't have any tattletales on board this ship."

"This boy's no tattletale, sir," Gilbert Smith said gently, "and he has done naught to merit death. Thee knew his father, sir. Thee knows his mother, too. I will stand surety for him, Mr. Comstock. Thee may kill me if any harm befall because of him."

Worth's shirt on his right shoulder was badly discolored with bloodstains. Sam, seeing them, ripped the shirt off the shoulder and examined the wound.

"Yes, Gilbert," he said. "And I knew his uncle."

"And thee knows me," Smith said simply.

Sam turned to me. "Take him to his hammock. I'll be down presently to dress the wound. Has he eaten?"

"I am not hungry, sir," Chris said.

Sam waved us away and resumed his place at the table. But at that moment Chris tottered and fell. Humphries, whirling out of his chair, caught him in his arms.

"Ah'll take him, suh," he said.

Oliver was indignant. "Ye're the second mite, Mister 'Umphries! Yer got no business acarryin' a spy."

"Ah *is* de secon' mate," Humphries answered. "And who is you?"

Stephen Kidder laughed, and Oliver flew at him with a knife. "Yer carn't smirk at me!" he snarled.

Sam threw his empty cup. It caught Oliver on the ear. He dropped the knife and turned, blinking. "I didn't mean nothink, sir," he whined.

In the afternoon Sam came down to treat Worth's shoulder. I stood by, holding a basin of hot water.

"You'll be all right in a day or so," Sam said; "fit enough to hang. Where's that pistol?"

"He didn't steal it," I exploded. "You know he didn't. You just want to kill him. You want to kill us all. What's happened to you, Sam? In the name of—"

He seized my wrist and an expression of fury came into his face. "What do *you* know about that pistol?"

"You gave it to Humphries, didn't you?" I said. "You're just pretending Chris took it, so you can murder him. All right, murder me, too."

Sam released my wrist. "Come with me," he said.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

It was at midnight of January 24, 1824, that Sam Comstock led three fellow mutineers into the Globe's cabin and butchered Captain Worth and Mates Beetle, Lumbard, and Fisher. Sam himself did all four killings. His helpers were Payne and Oliver and William Humphries—though Humphries, as he protested later to the astounded and sickened young George Comstock, did no more than "hold de lamp." Payne then called all hands on deck, and the victims were dropped overboard. At dawn, by a mockery of an election, Sam became captain. He administered an oath, which all signed and swore to except Gilbert Smith, who as a Quaker would only give his word, and Columbus Worth, who was not to be found. Sam made Payne first mate, Humphries second mate, George steward. Everything on the ship that "smelled of whaling" was thrown into the sea.

George managed to tell Gilbert Smith he wasn't going to stand for this; he was going to take the ship and go home; would Gilbert help? "Aye," said Smith, but counseled him to bide his time and "let me work out the details."

Humphries was in his quarters. He was sitting on his bunk cleaning a pistol. Sam took it from him. It was the captain's.

"Ah heerd somethin', suh," the Negro said, his eyes rolling in terror. "Ah's skeered. Yas, suh."

Sam thrust the weapon into his coat pocket.

"Where'd you get it?"

"Ah found it, suh."

"Found it, did you? Why didn't you give it to me?"

"Ah heerd somethin', cap'n, suh. Mistuh Smith and Mistuh Pete' Kidde', dey goin' to riz up and take de ship. Yas, suh. Ah's skeered."

Sam stepped outside and bawled for Payne. "Mr. Payne," he said, "guard this man. George, find Smith and Kidder. Tell them to report to me. Right away."

I waited outside the cabin, worried, sick at heart, and terribly frightened, while Sam talked to Kidder and Gilbert Smith. It was true they had spoken of retaking the ship. So had I. So had Lay and Hussey and Rowland Jones, and all of us who didn't want to wear forever the brand of mutineer and murderer.

THE talk lasted more than an hour. Smith and Kidder came out together. "There will be a trial, Friend George," Smith managed to tell me.

"For you?" I asked.

"Nay," he answered sadly; "to try yon poor untutored savage, and to hang him."

"No," I said. "Oh, no!"

"There is no help for it. The Good Book bids us tell the truth. But, mark thee, if I tell it, I doom myself and others with me, a dozen and more decent, innocent Christian men and boys. Better a blackamoor murderer swing than any one of them. Aye, when thee weighs them in the balance, friend, the blackamoor dies."

We could hear Humphries singing as we talked, a great rich voice that stirred us cruelly:

"Oh, Lawd, look dow-own.
Look down and see thy suhvant Daniel
Ringed round wid feahsome li-ons."

"We can't," I said. "We can't, Friend Gilbert."

"Peace," he said fiercely. "Yon is a son of Belial for all his psalm singing. Would thee sacrifice thee's friends for him?"

The singing stopped, and we heard the sound of his fiddle. The boat steerer fell to his knees and prayed. And I did likewise. When I looked up, I saw Sam pacing the deck. He wore a sword and two pistols.

At dawn all hands were summoned aft to witness trial and execution. Humphries was brought forward, his hands tied behind his back. He was terribly afraid.

"Sit him there on the chest. Smith and Kidder, sit on either side of him." Sam waited a moment, then began to interrogate the prisoner. Humphries made answer in a low voice, kept shuffling his feet.

"It appears," said Sam, when he

"Velvet..that's big league smokin' to me!"
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
Velvet
Better smoking tobacco

—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood
—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both

Copyright 1938,
Liggett & Myers
Tobacco Co.

SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING TOO!
HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED BY THE NEW AC METHOD
REGISTERED
AC
SPARK PLUG CLEANING STATION
AC
AC SPARK PLUG

DIRTY SPARK PLUGS
rob you of gasoline

In 4,000 miles of driving, so much oxide coating, soot, and carbon collect on spark plugs that they misfire frequently. A gas waste as high as one gallon in ten, sluggish performance, and slow starting result. Cleaning "by the AC Method" costs only 5c a plug. It's available in your neighborhood.

- *Plug Cleaning Done and new AC Plugs Sold where you see this Sign*

Every 10,000 miles, replace worn plugs with

AC QUALITY SPARK PLUGS

BOYS! A Free Bike!

With balloon tires, electric horn, torpedo light, streamline carrier, parking stand and many other improvements. What a wheel!

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division,* L 6-25-38
205 East 42nd St., New York
Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and earn money and prizes.

NAME.................................AGE...............

ADDRESS...

CITY.................................STATE...............

Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:

....

It can be yours free as well as any one of 500 other prizes in our Catalog and you can make nice cash profits at the same time!

Write now for information on this swell offer! Fill out and mail the coupon today.

had finished asking questions, "that William Humphries has been accused of a base and treacherous act, in loading a pistol for the purpose of shooting Mr. Payne and myself."

"No, suh," Humphries muttered. "No, suh, dat ain' right. Ah heerd somethin', suh. Ah was skeered."

"Such an offense must not go unpunished," Sam continued. "The prisoner must be tried by court-martial. I will appoint three judges—Mr. Payne, Mr. Oliver, and Mr. Thomas. The prisoner may appoint his own judge."

Humphries looked up at that. He saw me.

"Mistuh Jawge!" he cried piteously. "Mistuh Jawge, you be mah judge. You save me, Mistuh Jawge!"

I shook my head. I could not.

"Mistuh Coffin, den? Please, Mistuh Coffin."

Rowland Coffin nodded.

"Having been tried," Sam said, "the jury will now give in their verdict. If guilty, he shall be hanged to a studding-sail boom rigged out eight feet up on the foreyard. But if not guilty, Gilbert Smith and Peter Kidder shall be hanged."

I looked at Smith and at Kidder. They sat impassive on the chest. Back of them I saw six men with muskets.

"Guilty," Rowland Coffin said, hanging his head as though he were ashamed. "Guilty," said Payne and Oliver and Thomas in one voice.

THEY led the Negro forward, put a cap over his face and a rope around his neck, and ordered him to sit on the rail. He did not struggle or speak. He obeyed as though there was nothing else he could do.

"Every mother's son of you take hold of that rope!" Sam shouted. He held a fourteen-second glass in one hand, his cutlass in the other.

"You've got fourteen seconds to live, Humphries," he said, and turned the glass so that the sands began to run. "Anything to say before you meet your Maker?"

How fast the sands raced!

"I'll give the signal," Sam went on. "When you hear the ship's bell, pull. Any one refusing to obey, I'll cut down with this blade."

Faster and faster ran the sands. I let go of the rope. I fell on my knees, sobbing.

"Little did Ah think Ah was bo'n to come to dis—" Humphries began. And the cutlass clanged against the bell, and hemp creaked.

I covered my face with my hands and cried the harder. I was still crying when the rope was cut and the poor strangled body dropped, splashing into the sea.

Sam lifted me, sat me on the chest.

"Don't take it so hard," he said. "He deserved it. He was a thief. It was he stole the skipper's sixteen dollars. Not Joe Thomas. He let Joe Thomas be flogged for that. That's why I made Thomas one of his judges. He confessed that. He gave me the money. Besides, it was either him or Gilbert Smith. And I need going to make Smith aplain. And his first job will be to hold services for the Old Man and the mates."

"Services for them?" I cried. "You?" I clutched his arm. "In God's name, Sam," I said, "what's happened to you? Have you gone mad? You can never go home now. You can never—"

"Shut up!" he cried. "You sniveling milksop!"

He sprang up and stood glowering at me for a moment, his fingers whitening on his cutlass hilt. Then he turned on his heel and strode away. I went to the pantry and found Humphries' dog, tied to the stove. As I freed him, Smith came in with Humphries' violin and bow.

"He left his fiddle to thee," Smith said. "Thee's brother sent it by me."

On February 7 we stood in with one of the Kingsmill group of islands, and a number of natives came out to us in canoes. They offered us beads made of shell but had no food. We went on, passing through the channel between Marshall's and Gilbert's islands. On the morning of the 8th we luffed to, and sent a boat toward one of Marshall's islands; but the natives looked hostile, and the boat put back. Some natives swam out after her, and Payne gave orders to fire on them.

The swimmers dived under water and made for shore, but some were killed and others wounded.

The boat was nearing the Globe when Payne saw a canoe with two men in it making for the shore. He gave orders to overhaul it, then fired at it.

The natives held high a few strings of beads and a jacket made of some kind of flags—offering all they possessed for their lives. Payne must have seen they were unarmed, but he wantonly fired again. I saw one native fall into the bottom of the canoe, writhing convulsively, and the other leap overboard and swim.

"How much longer must we wait?" I cried.

"Until we reach the Mulgraves," Smith whispered. "We're headed there. Thee's brother knows those islands. The natives are friendly and rich. There he will plant his pumpkin seeds. There he will set up his kingdom. There, when opportunity lends a hand, we will retake the ship. Until then, patience."

ON February 11 we raised an unnamed island, stood in, sent a boat ashore in command of Payne and took off coconuts, fresh fish, and women.

Since the night of the mutiny there had been little discipline aboard the Globe. The mutineers drank all the time, sang ribald songs, played with their greasy cards. But there was no discipline at all the night the women came aboard. There was a saturnalia for which I have no words. At dawn we landed all the women but one—the girl Payne locked in his stateroom.

On the morning of the 14th we arrived at one of the Mulgraves and cruised about, seeking a landing place. It was an island beautiful beyond imagination, the shore fringed with laughing, singing, shouting copper-colored men and women.

Sam anchored and sent a small boat to cruise about. A little flotilla of canoes came out to us. Presently dozens of men and women were stalking up and down the deck, graceful, gay, good-looking people. They wore little aprons made of dried native grass. There were flowers in the women's hair. They looked at everything, touched nothing, smiled at every one of us, and offered us fruits and shells and beads.

A little girl, who might be twelve or thirteen, offered a coconut to the Portuguese. He was very drunk. He grabbed her and tried to kiss her. She screamed.

HE laughed at her, caught her arms, twisted them cruelly. I ran forward and struck him. He staggered back and the girl pulled free. He jerked out a knife. I hit him again. He fell and lay insensible.

"Motake!" the little girl cried. She fell at my feet and embraced them.

"Thee has done wrong, friend," Gilbert said, but not seriously. "Thee's broken his jaw. Go now, and take the little heathen with thee and drop her overboard."

"Motake," she said again, rising and smiling on me.

She was a lovely child, with beautiful white teeth, liquid brown eyes, exquisite delicate features.

"What does Motake mean?" I asked.

"It means good," Gilbert said. "It means thee's wonderful. It means get rid of her for thee's soul's sake, Friend George, and instantly."

She took my hand and led me aft toward a group of her people, talking merrily. They closed about me, evidently praising me. They touched the buttons on my jacket. They loaded me with gifts. They laughed gayly.

The boat returned, reporting no good landing place. It was dispatched in the opposite direction, and returned just before dark with no better luck.

Sam decided to stand in until we got regular soundings. Then he anchored within five rods of the shore. The ship was moored with a kedge astern and all hands retired to rest, save Liliston and Lay, who were assigned to anchor watch.

On Sunday morning, February 15, Sam announced we had arrived at our destination. All stores and supplies must be taken ashore, and the ship burned and sunk.

"What shall we do?" I asked Gilbert.

"Wait," he answered.

Most of the men were set to work to construct a raft out of spare spars. While it was building, Sam ordered Hussey and me to row him to the beach. There he left us while he went forward to seek out the chiefs. The beach was of pure white sand, and the

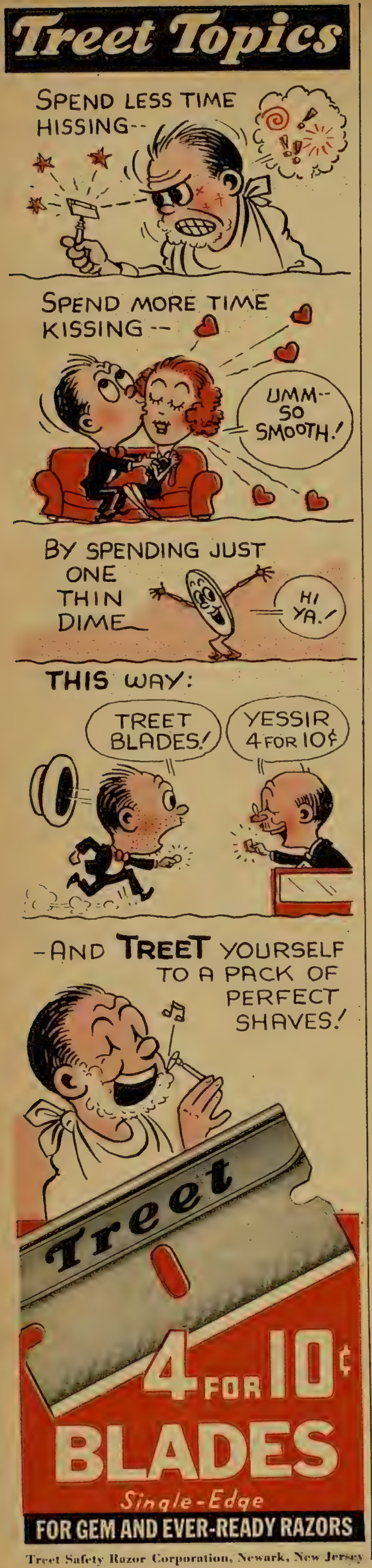
"OH BOY-TEABERRY-NOW WATCH MY SMOKE!"

Teaberry has *what it takes!* There's something about this tangy, extra-fresh flavored gum that sets you up when you're fagged, unkinks your nerves, makes your breath sweet as a two-year old's. ● *Of course you'll like it!* Just tell the man "Teaberry"—or reach for the bright red package.

REAL TEABERRY
CLARK'S TEABERRY QUALITY GUM
CLARKS TEABERRY GU
ALWAYS PURE
CLARK'S TEABERRY QUALITY GUM
CLARKS TEABERRY GU
LASTING FLAVOR
CLARK'S TEABERRY QUALITY GUM
CLARKS TEABERRY GU
REFRESHING

Reach for the Bright Red Package!

You'll like
CLARK'S
TEABERRY
GUM


Treet Topics
SPEND LESS TIME HISSING--
SPEND MORE TIME KISSING --
UMM-- SO SMOOTH!
BY SPENDING JUST ONE THIN DIME
HI YA.!
THIS WAY:
TREET BLADES!
YESSIR 4 FOR 10¢
-AND TREET YOURSELF TO A PACK OF PERFECT SHAVES!
Treet
4 FOR 10¢
BLADES
Single-Edge
FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS
Treet Safety Razor Corporation, Newark, New Jersey

sun shone on it. It was strewn with beautiful shells. All around us were laughing, beautiful, curious women and girls. But at the moment we were in no mood to appreciate all these wonders.

"I tried to warn you," Hussey said. It was the first time we had been alone together since he had tried.

"I know," I said. "It wasn't your fault."

He scratched his curly golden head and sighed.

"I'm with you, you know," he said.

"I know that too," I answered. "I'll give you the word when we're ready."

We rowed back to the Globe with six fat chiefs, all glistening with coconut oil. Dinner was served in the cabin, and Sam gave each of his guests a present. He gave fishhooks to one, a barrel hoop to another, a hatchet to the fattest and most important.

"You'll spoil them," Payne complained, his hairy face quivering with anger. He spat tobacco juice.

"I'm master here," Sam answered.

Payne snarled and his little eyes burned, but he said no more.

WHEN the darkness dropped upon us, we rowed the chiefs back. They made us stay to supper. Fires burned everywhere around and women sang, and queer music came from all about us. We ate roast pig served on banana leaves, and girls crept up to us and watched. I felt little fingers touching my arms, and looked down and saw "Motake" laughing in the firelight. I moved part way off my mat and she moved part way on to it; and we laughed aloud together.

Sam looked at me in disgust.

"Bah!" he said. "And you preach to me!"

He sprang up, made his apologies and his excuses, and bade us row him back to the ship.

Next day the raft was completed and anchored between the ship and the shore. One end rested on the rocks. The other was kept to seaward by the anchor. The unloading then began, supervised by Payne. Hussey and I rowed Sam ashore, that he might see to the disposition of everything. Two boats brought the articles from the ship to the raft; and from the raft the stuff was carried on to the shore. As the supplies accumulated, Sam began the erection of a tent and ordered that a second raft be constructed by laying spars upon two boats and placing boards over the spars. This raft could be floated well up on the shore with an incoming tide.

During the first day most of the sails were taken to the island. Next we unloaded casks of bread, barrels of flour and beef and pork, casks of molasses and sugar and dried apples, and other provisions. Also towlines, cordage, lance warp, balls of spun yarn and worming, the stream cable, the larboard lower anchor, the ship's tools, and such lances and harpoons as hadn't been thrown overboard.

But the money in Captain Worth's old sandalwood chest— Valparaiso and the gold of went ashore secretly in the small boat. Secretly and in the dead of night. Sam and Payne carried it into the boat and I rowed them ashore. Sam stayed ashore. I rowed Payne back.

On the second day various chests of clothing went ashore, and I stood by, making inventory of them.

It was about noon when Oliver came aboard, sweating profusely. He went immediately to Payne.

"'E's miking 'isself very free with the clothes, 'e is," he said. "'E's givin' them hout to hevery bleedin' beggar hashore. Like a bloomink king, 'e is. Miking friends at hour hexpense, I calls it."

"I see," Payne said. "Go back and tell him if he doesn't stop, I'll go ashore. Tell him I don't like that. He's stirring the natives up against us, getting them on his side. I'll not have it."

Oliver started away.

"No. Wait," Payne called after him. "I'll go myself."

I rowed Payne ashore. He went directly to Sam.

"What is this?" Sam cried. "Mutiny?"

"I have an interest in these articles," Payne answered. "So have all the others. And you give them away."

"If you, or any other man, want anything of me," said Sam, squaring his shoulders and glaring at Payne, "we'll settle by our rules of honor."

"That's just what I want," said Payne. His eyes glittered. Triumph! He had maneuvered Sam into this position.

MEN quit work on the raft and edged up quietly. Liliston. Coffin. Thomas. The Portuguese. Oliver. Where Oliver came from, I don't know. He was not in the boat when I rowed Payne ashore; yet here he was now at Payne's elbow, his eyes glittering like Payne's.

"I'm ready now," Payne added.

"All right," Sam said. "I'm going on board for a few minutes. We'll pick swords when I come off."

I rowed him to the Globe. "You're a fool," I said. "He'll kill you. If he doesn't, Oliver will."

"Shut up, milksop," he answered.

He made a little speech to the men on board, questing for a vote of confidence, yet not asking for it. There was only silence. He was exasperated.

"I'm going to leave you," he said. "I'm joining the natives. Look out for yourselves."

He went for a moment into the cabin, returning with two swords. With one of them he slashed the air. He held the blade aloft theatrically, cried out, "This shall stand by me as long as I live!" sheathed it, and bade me row him back ashore.

So Sam goes to fight the cutthroat Payne! What is to be the outcome—and how is it to shape a world event of today, 114 years later? See for yourself in the concluding installment of Dead Man's Log next week!

The Unreckonable Factor

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE plan lay before Bassil, outlined in his fine, precise writing. It was part of his scientific training to diagram as an aid to the elimination of possible error. This is what would confront the authorities:

Positive Data—Professor Adrian Gohl, the chemist, found dead in his private laboratory at 9 A. M. Sunday. Cause of death, chloroform. Time of attack, 6.49, as established by victim's watch, broken in his fall. Small cabinet containing papers showed evidence of tampering. One of two cars kept in garage beneath laboratory, gone.

Negative Data—No papers nor equipment missing. No fingerprints other than those of the dead man. No tire marks except those of missing coupé.

Place and Circumstances—Owner's laboratory at the Gohl house, five miles from the Gohl Chemical Works at Nutley, New Jersey. On Saturdays, Gohl worked all night there, interruptions being strictly prohibited until he was called for breakfast. The body was found by the servant who went to call him.

Probable Sequel — The missing car might later be found, empty, at the bottom of the Hudson River, off an abandoned junk yard near Yonkers.

The erosion of the water would have removed all marks identifying the driver.

Bassil sealed his plan in an envelope and locked it in his safe. It would be an intellectual satisfaction afterward to check it off, step by step, against the developments. Grant that there was one chance in a million against him. He could meet it. It was his sincere conviction that he was one man in a million. His supereminent talents he had forged into a weapon for fighting his way to merited but inexplicably delayed rewards.

And now to be put to the door by old Gohl after years of faithful, valuable, and meagerly compensated service! What if a copy of some of his chief's precious formulas *had* been found among his papers? They couldn't prove anything against him. Not legally.

In those "borrowed" records the assistant had struck pay ore. Dovetailed with certain subsidiary formulas to which he had been assigned and upon which he had done invaluable work, this information for which he had risked so much gave him almost all that he needed. Almost; not quite all. The missing link could be nowhere but in the old man's private laboratory. For the completed formula and working process any rubber company in the world would pay a fortune. Bassil meant to have that fortune.

Five o'clock. Time to make the first strategic move.

In the office of Dr. Dorman, beneath his apartment, he described a sudden attack of vertigo, shortness of breath. Making note of his gaunt and sallow face, his bony, twitching fingers, the physician diagnosed nervous indigestion, wrote a prescription.

"Thank you, doctor. I feared it was my heart." (Perfect!)

He was able to get a front seat on the bus. At the New Jersey end of the great river bridge workmen were stringing colored bulbs.

"Tonight?" Bassil heard the driver ask.

"Surest thing you know," replied the ticket taker.

Bassil got off at Newark. He took a late train for Passaic. It was almost two o'clock when he reached the Gohl place on foot. The laboratory was lighted up. The sliding door to the garage was open on the side where stood the coupé. This was luck! He could push the car noiselessly out, coast down the slope to the road, and turn on the engine only when out of earshot.

He mounted the stairs and knocked.

"It's Bassil, professor."

The old man opened. "What brings you here?"

"I have no job. Isn't there a chance for me?"

Professor Gohl said sternly: "This is not the time. I bid you good night."

He turned away. Bassil struck.

Putting on his gloves, he soaked the cloth and bound it over the limp figure's mouth and nostrils. After anxious search he located the formula and copied it in a concentrated fury of toil. When it was finished he took out the dead man's watch, set it forward to 6.49, and crushed in the crystal.

One final inspection, and he closed the door upon his carefully fabricated mystery. Now the car slid out under his impulsion. He turned into the highway.

When he had crossed the bridge, he would turn north on the New York side to the deserted junk yard, which he had thoroughly explored, and let the empty coupé glide into the river. Then home. At seven o'clock call up the physician.

"My heart again. . . . It's very bad. Please come at once."

Seven o'clock; eleven minutes after and twenty-six miles from the murder as the police would reconstitute it. A perfect alibi.

The glare of the bridge confronted him. There were colored lights giving a weird effect to a group of people at the entrance: bridge policemen, a state trooper, several civilians. Braking down, he held out the exact toll. His hand was seized and shaken. There were shouts and handclapping. A flashlight exploded, almost blinding him. Another. A third. Men crowded about him.

"Name and address, please." A smiling official, having taken down the car number, made the request. What did it all mean? What *could* it mean? Was that his voice, that dry clack, asking?

Friendly replies came from all sides, confusing his tortured mind. The millionth? The millionth? What had a million to do with him? The official explained. His was the millionth toll ticket issued on the bridge. Tomorrow there would be a presentation, a memorial gold watch.

Yes; and tomorrow there would be the newspaper flashlights of him, the murderer, in the murdered man's car. The millionth car. The one chance in a million!

In Bassil's safe the investigating police came upon his schedule. It had been faithfully followed.

Professor Gohl's coupé was found embedded in Hudson River mud, as the outline had specified. There was but one deviation from the original plan:

Bassil was in it.

THE END

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air. You can hear three dramatizations each week over the following stations: WMCA, New York; WCAU, Philadelphia; WLW, Cincinnati; WLS, Chicago; WHB, Kansas City; KFWB, Los Angeles; KFBK, Sacramento; KMJ, Fresno; KWG, Stockton; KERN, Bakersfield. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

What Happened to ELLIS PARKER?

The story of the amazing fiasco that overtook an ace enemy of crime when he tried the tricks of another trade

Amateur Nightmare: How Lindbergh Great

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

"Although Parker has always been a genius detective, we will show you that in this crime he made the mistakes of an amateur." [From the opening address to the jury, of United States Attorney John J. Quinn.]

PAUL H. WENDEL was Pennsylvania Dutch. His father was a minister. Paul won his sheepskin from the College of Pharmacy in Philadelphia and opened a drugstore in Trenton, New Jersey. He found time, between preparing prescriptions, to study law, and was admitted to the bar in 1918.

In 1920 Wendel was convicted of perjury and suspended from practice as an attorney by the Supreme Court of New Jersey. It was then that a friendship he had struck up with Ellis Parker four years earlier proved valuable. For Parker made an investigation, with the result that Wendel was granted a full pardon. He was ordered reinstated in 1925, but resigned as a lawyer late in 1930.

Financially, Wendel seems to have been at a low ebb when, in March of 1932, the Lindbergh baby was stolen. A few days later he sought out friend Ellis and presented his qualifications as an intermediary, boasted of his contacts in the underworld. Apparently the Mount Holly detective was impressed, although Wendel's "leads" came to nothing.

Wendel continued to work for Parker as an undercover and contact man. During all this time, according to Wendel, he was making a sincere attempt to assist his friend Ellis to break the Lindbergh case wide open.

During all this time, according to Parker, Wendel was being "strung along" by Parker, who said he was convinced that Wendel actually had intimate and guilty knowledge of the Lindbergh kidnaping.

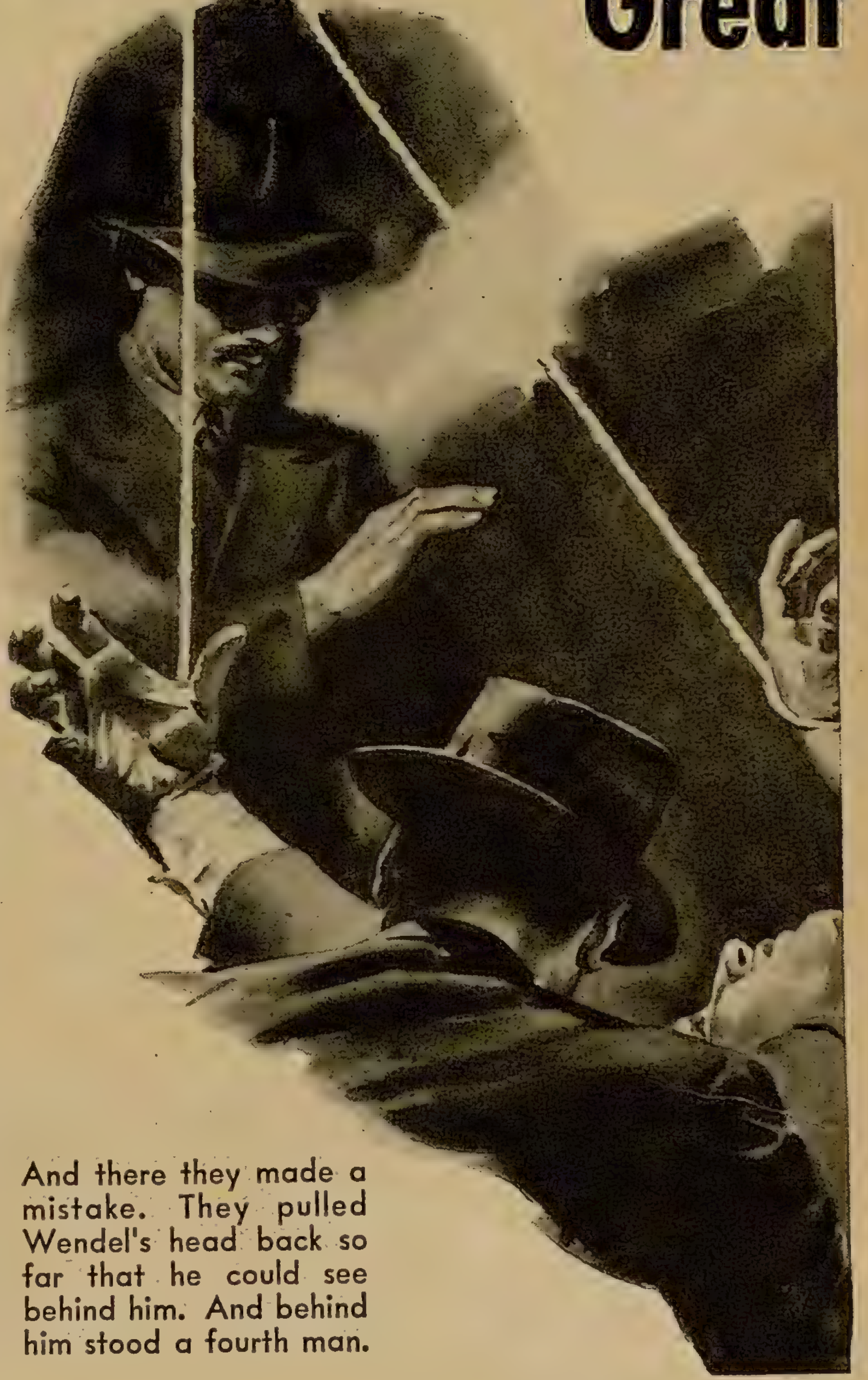
Whatever the true explanation, the game of "button, button" dragged on indefinitely until, finally, Bruno Hauptmann sat shivering in the death house and Governor Harold Hoffman stated flatly that he did not think the Lindbergh case had been solved worth a cent. It was a point of view with which Parker apparently agreed.

It was then, the prosecution insisted, that Ellis Parker, detective extraordinary, decided to become Ellis Parker, kidnaping master mind extraordinary—and wound up in the amateur division. This is sadly true. In the Wendel snatch Parker made more clumsy and incredible blunders than any six criminals he had previously sent to prison for making blunders. We shall see. . . .

A young, thin-lipped, sharp-eyed fellow named Murray Bleefeld called to see Ellis Parker. He came to ask the detective to use his influence to get his brother, William, who had been convicted in Trenton of racketeering activities, transferred from State Prison to the Bordentown prison farm in Parker's Burlington County.

Ordinarily, it is probable that Parker would have backed away from this set-up. But things had changed. He now wanted to "solve" the Lindbergh case.

He offered to see what he could do. But first he told a story. The story was that he knew the man who really had kidnaped the Lindbergh baby. And that man was still at large. And perhaps Bleefeld would like to help catch him. Bleefeld not only agreed, but lined up some more accomplices: Martin Schlossman, his brother-in-law, and Harry Weiss, a Brooklyn cab driver.



And there they made a mistake. They pulled Wendel's head back so far that he could see behind him. And behind him stood a fourth man.

These, then, were the men that the usually astute Ellis Parker entrusted with a delicate mission—the type, as he should have known, who might be expected, in case of trouble, to blurt out everything in a mad scramble to save their own necks.

But Ellis Parker seemed to have developed a blind spot and his co-conspirators were formally accepted at a little induction exercise one night in a Childs restaurant at Thirty-first Street and Sixth Avenue, New York. Both Parkers attended—Ellis, Jr., wearing a trick mustache and smoked glasses.

Paul Wendel, meanwhile, quite unaware that Fate was clutching at his coat tails, still was "investigating" the Lindbergh case for Ellis Parker. He was living at the Hotel Stanford, in Thirty-second Street, Manhattan. There was an unusual amount of running back and forth

"Confession" Halted Detective's Career

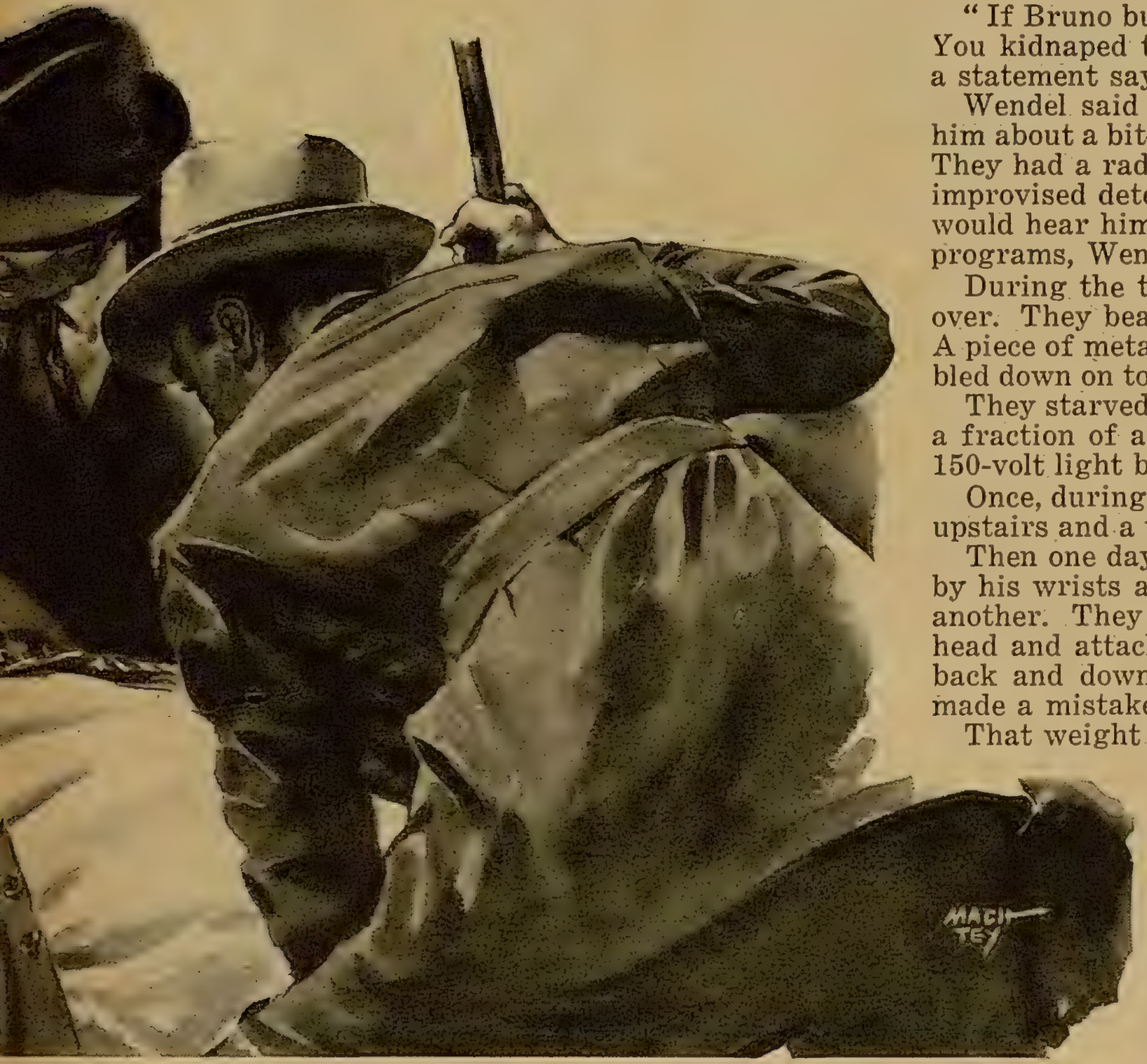
BY FRED ALLHOFF

between Mount Holly and New York around this significant time, and most of it was so carelessly done that it was easily verified later.

We come, now, to February 14, 1936—the date of Paul Wendel's kidnaping—a very few days before the date on which Bruno Hauptmann was sentenced to die.

Paul Wendel came out of a B. M. T. subway kiosk at Thirty-second Street, en route to his hotel. Across the street—guess who?—stood a young man wearing a trick mustache and glasses. He gave a signal. From a parked car, near the curb, stepped a man who approached Wendel, said: "Hello, Paul. Jimmy de Louis is down at headquarters and wants to see you."

The name De Louis meant something to Wendel. Lieutenant Jimmy de Louis was with the Trenton Police Department. And at that moment there existed against Paul Wendel nine seven-year-old indictments—most of them for embezzlement—never prosecuted. Jimmy de Louis would know of these indictments. And—here is where another error may be chalked up—so, probably, would Ellis Parker, Sr. But where would this stranger in New York get his information? The "stranger" was Harry Weiss.



Wendel protested against accompanying Weiss. But another man, Murray Bleefeld, came up, and the ex-lawyer, with something that he "took to be a gun" against his back, got into the car. Behind the wheel sat Martin Schlossman.

As that automobile pulled away from the curb, a strange reversal of events took place. Ellis Parker, a detective, became a kidnaper, and a singularly clumsy one. And Paul Wendel, unjustly accused by Parker of being a kidnaper, became a very adroit and shrewd detective.

Attentively he watched the route taken by the car. His captors had tied his ankles and handcuffed him, but since it was daylight, they dared not blindfold or gag him.

Wendel was able to recognize Manhattan Bridge, which they crossed on their way to Brooklyn. He found several street signs to tell him that they were traveling out Coney Island Avenue. After a while the car turned left and followed the ocean's edge for some time.

They twisted through streets and finally drove into a cellar garage behind a row of houses. But, before they drove in, Wendel observed that from the back of the house it was possible to see a yellow-brick water tower.

Inside the house, they pushed Wendel into a small windowless basement room. They sat him on a box, chained his legs, and pinioned his arms with leather straps.

As soon as he was alone, he let out a yell. His abductors came back and slapped him across the mouth. Then, for the first time, they told him what was expected of him.

"If Bruno burns," they assured him, "you'll burn too. You kidnaped the Lindbergh kid. You're going to sign a statement saying so."

Wendel said he wouldn't sign anything. They cuffed him about a bit—hard, to show him they weren't playing. They had a radio going full blast outside the door to his improvised detention cell, so that if he did shout, no one would hear him. That radio played for ten days. By its programs, Wendel kept an accurate check of time.

During the ten days, his captors gave him a working over. They beat him with their fists and a rubber hose. A piece of metal on the hose ripped one of his ears and it bled down on to the shoulder of his overcoat.

They starved him. They held lighted cigarettes within a fraction of an inch of his eyeballs. They rolled a hot 150-volt light bulb across his bare face and neck.

Once, during an intermission, he heard a piano playing upstairs and a woman and a child talking.

Then one day they came in and hung Wendel to a pole by his wrists and pulled his legs one way and his arms another. They put some sort of band around his forehead and attached a heavy weight to it that pulled him back and down across a sharp board. And there they made a mistake.

That weight pulled Wendel's head back so far that he could see behind him. And behind him stood a fourth man, apparently directing this business. Wendel couldn't swear to the identity of this man, but he saw he was of the same build and description as Ellis Parker, Jr.—except for a pair of glasses and a mustache.

There were other stupid mistakes. One of his captors, for example, told Wendel that they had wanted to kidnap him a day earlier, outside his office on Rector Street. Wendel had rented the office but a short time before, and not even his family knew of it. But he *had* told Parker, Sr., and Parker's secretary, Anna Bading.

Finally Wendel decided to confess. He put little trick paragraphs into his confession. Intimate family things that these men could not know were untrue, so that, later, he could show that these paragraphs were false—as was the whole confession.

His abductors took his confession to be approved by "the Boss." When they returned, they brought word that the trick paragraphs must come out. Now who, Wendel wondered, except some one knowing his family connections, could have spotted those deliberately inserted falsities?

Days passed as revisions were made. Wendel was given more freedom. He used it to scratch identifying

SO—

YOU FIND SHAVING IS A NUISANCE!

IS it your beard—or is it the razor you use? When you sit in the barber's chair you probably wonder why he gives you such a clean, smooth shave. The barber's secret lies in the blade. He knows there's nothing like a fine steel blade, hollow-ground.

Rolls Razor is a shorter, handier, completely safe version of a real barber's razor. The blade is made of finest hand-forged Sheffield steel, hollow-ground to a barber's edge. With a Rolls Razor you shave the right way—with the blade flat against the face.

The barber keeps his razor in perfect edge by skilfully stropping it before each shave. You do the same with the Rolls Razor... but it requires no skill to strop or hone it. With average care the *one* blade in the Rolls Razor gives years and years of smooth shaves.

Rolls Shaving Soap in permanent bowl or Rolls Shaving Stick, $1. Refills, 60¢.

Left: Metal case with razor, blade, strop, hone. **$10** *Bottom:* Blade being stropped.

No other razor is like the Rolls Razor. On sale everywhere. Ask for a demonstration. Or, write for free folder L-6.

ROLLS RAZOR, Inc., 305 E. 45th St., New York

ROLLS RAZOR

BUNION PAIN

Instantly Relieved with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These soothing, healing, cushioning, protective pads stop the cause—shoe friction and pressure. THIN and THICK for all conditions. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

marks into the door of his cell.

He asked that his clothes be sent out for cleaning. He figured that some neighborhood cleaner would do the job—and remember the bloodstained shoulder of his coat. Then, too, there would be cleaner's marks in his clothing that might be traced.

The day they took him out of his basement dungeon, they permitted him the luxury of a bath. They blindfolded him before leading him upstairs. But while he was in the bathroom, Wendel worked the blindfold up a trifle. He fixed in his mind the type of floor in that bathroom, the location of the tub, toilet, and basin. Going downstairs, he counted the steps.

On February 24 they drove him away from the neighborhood blindfolded. Some time in the afternoon the car crossed the state boundary mark in the Holland Tunnel, beneath the North River, Jersey-bound. It was at that moment that, technically, Wendel's three companions and the Parkers laid themselves open to federal prosecution. They became kidnapers by violating the interstate transfer provision of the federal "Lindbergh Law."

Wendel was driven to the home of Ellis Parker in Mount Holly, dumped on the sidewalk, and instructed to go up to Parker's door and ring the doorbell. He was only too glad, according to his own accounts, to get into the home of his "old friend, Ellis."

He blurted out the story of the past ten days, and begged Ellis to go out and arrest his kidnapers. Ellis told him: "I'm not going out and get my head blown off."

THE men drove away. The next day Parker and Paul Wendel and Anna Bading drove in Parker's car to the Four-Mile Colony at Lisbon—the State Hospital for the Insane and Epileptic. Wendel was held there for thirty-three days while Parker tried to persuade him to take Hauptmann's place in the State Penitentiary. Wendel signed more confessions—and a repudiation of all of them.

Parker showed Wendel a letter from Governor Hoffman, urging that the whole family of Parker's "suspect" be locked up. Wendel tricked Parker by secretly making a copy of that letter, which he later produced.

Bruno Hauptmann was, by now, slated to die on the evening of March 31. On the night of March 29, Ellis Parker drove Wendel to White Horse, New Jersey, near the Mercer County line, where he delivered his "prisoner" to Sheriff James Kirkham of that county, a crony of Parker. After Kirkham had read the signed confession, delivered by Parker, Wendel was formally charged with the murder of the Lindbergh baby.

That false confession gave Hauptmann a three-day, last-minute reprieve—and created a sensation.

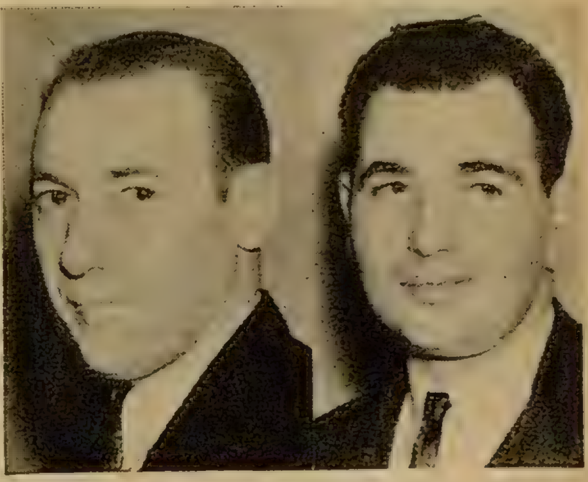
Dapper Attorney General David Wilentz went to Wendel's cell, emerged with a repudiation of the confession and a strange saga of kidnaping and violence. The Mercer County grand jury began an immediate investigation. Ellis Parker was called to appear before the grand jury as a witness. And there he pulled one of his worst boners.

Speaking about the Lindbergh kidnaping, he said: "I don't believe Wendel knew a damn thing about it."

An incredible pronouncement from a man whose whole defense, later, was to consist of an opposite viewpoint.

The Wendel confession was discredited, Hauptmann went to the chair, and Paul Wendel now helped Brooklyn detectives search for the men who had kidnaped him and the house in which he had been held.

Wendel produced the tag placed on his clothing by the cleaner. Police located the cleaning shop. Its proprietor recalled the blood on the overcoat and remembered that it had been brought and called for by a man whose description tallied with one already given by Wendel. The house, one of a row in the Sheepshead Bay section, was located and identified by the things Wendel had noted—the water tower, the radio and piano, the presence of a woman and child, the layout of the bathroom. Wendel's identifying marks were found.



Martin Schlossman and Harry Weiss, who put the finger on the Parkers.

The house belonged to Harry Bleefeld, father of Murray. Weiss and Schlossman were rounded up. Both confessed. And so, later, did Murray Bleefeld. All put the finger on the Ellis Parkers, father and son.

Indictments were handed down. Young Ellis Parker vanished. Old Ellis Parker was ill and decided not to make the trip to Brooklyn to face the guns there. Young Parker hid, disguised in women's clothes, until Governor Hoffman, by refusing extradition, made it safe for him to reappear.

Thus, for the moment, both Parkers were safe by a hair, thanks not at all to their own incredible stumbling.

Weiss, Schlossman, and Bleefeld were found guilty and sent to Sing Sing, and this comedy of errors might have dropped its curtain there. Instead, the federal government stepped in—and the Parkers found themselves in jeopardy all over again. They were arrested and indicted.

On April 26, 1937, they were brought to trial at Newark. That trial brought to light the most ridiculous errors of the many Parker committed or permitted to be committed.

The prosecution produced sixteen telephone operators who testified to eighteen toll calls made from January 14 to February 23, 1936—one month before Wendel's kidnaping to one day before his release from the Sheepshead Bay torture basement. These calls were made between points in the Sheepshead Bay section of Brooklyn and the section of Manhattan where the kidnaping had occurred and the office of Parker in Mount Holly.

Thus Parker, who had spent years clucking his tongue in wonder over the stupid fashion in which criminals left clues behind them, left records of his activities in the files of the telephone company.

His defense at the trial was what might have been expected. He issued denial after denial. He swore that the call to Bleefeld had nothing to do with the Wendel torture. He made it clear that in placing Wendel under arrest in New Jersey he was acting within his legal rights as a detective. He denied having even known of the torture in the Sheepshead Bay cellar, denied knowing Weiss and Schlossman.

DESPITE circumstantial evidence against its being true, Ellis Parker might have made these denials stick—had he not been guilty of the greatest error of all, one that linked him irrevocably to Schlossman and Weiss. Here was that error:

Ellis Parker, by admitting that he planned and supervised Wendel's detention at the Lisbon Colony, tightly tied himself to the entire kidnaping plot. For one of the guards who watched Wendel at Lisbon was a close friend of Schlossman and Weiss. Obviously they, through Parker, had got him the job.

The last vestige of "benefit of doubt" that Ellis Parker might have employed to evade punishment was swept away by that single circumstance. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty for both Parkers, with a recommendation for leniency. Parker, Sr., was sentenced to six years' imprisonment and Parker, Jr., to three.

But the trial and sentence did not solve the question that to this day persists: What really happened to Ellis Parker?

Why should a man who had built a distinguished career, who had held the respect and admiration of all who knew him, suddenly destroy himself by setting into motion a cruel scheme that left him broken and dishonored?

As far back as 1929, in discussing his theories of crime and criminals, Ellis Parker said: "Nobody is above suspicion. A man may be a law-abiding citizen for a quarter of a century—then suddenly turn into a criminal."

Ellis Parker bettered his own example. For sixty-five years he vigilantly guarded the character that had won him respect and an honorable reputation. And then, with one incredible gesture, he flung it away.

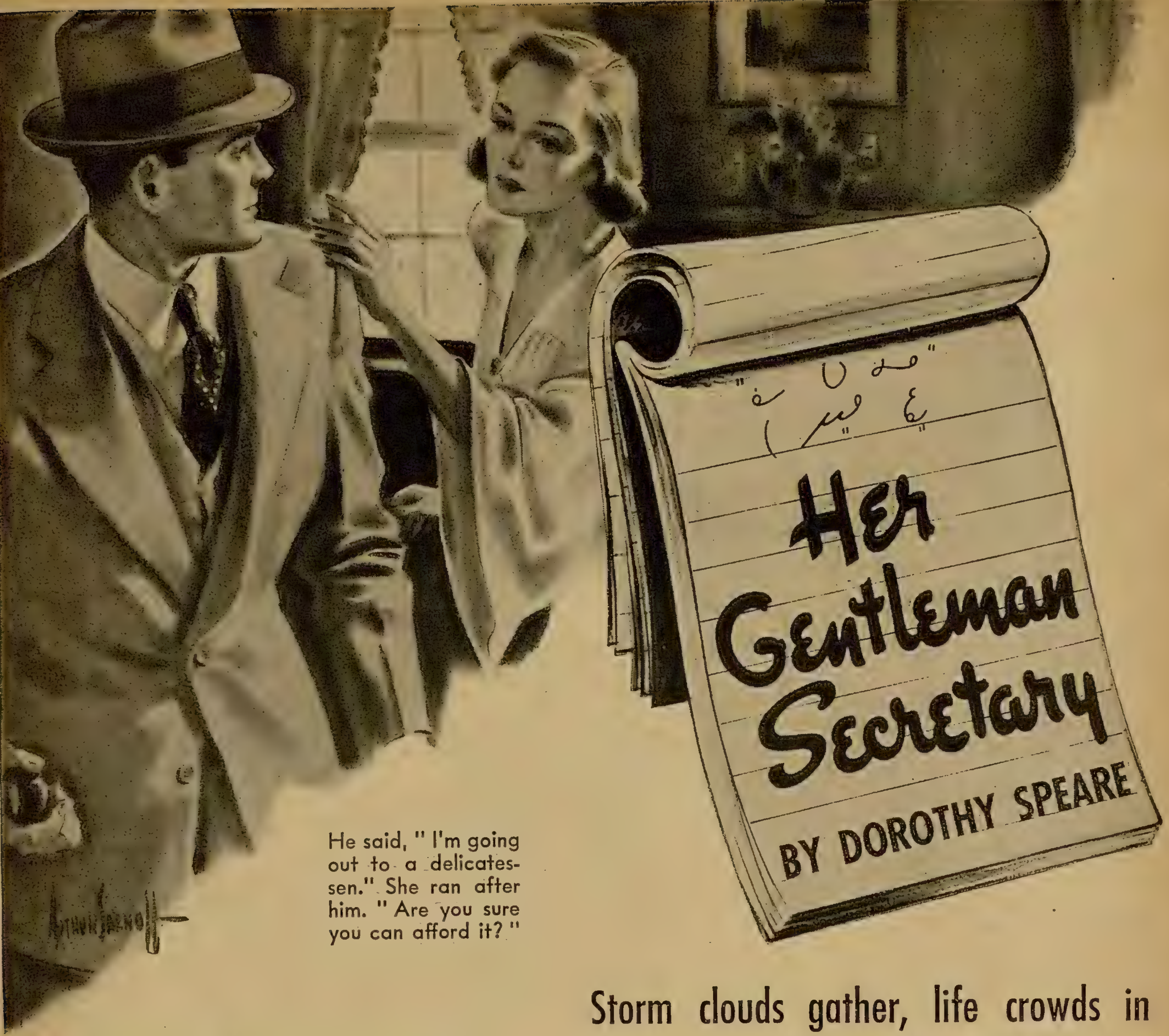
The question still remains: Why?

THE END

LEARN TO SAY
FLEISCHMANN'S
FLEISCHMANN'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled by
The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation
Peekskill, New York
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DRY GIN
That's the spirit!

No gin can be any better than the spirits it contains. We distill our own spirits and we honestly believe them to be the finest in the world.

Distilled from American Grain. 90 Proof.
Copyright 1938, The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.
Also Fleischmann's Sloe Gin. 65 Proof



He said, "I'm going out to a delicatessen." She ran after him. "Are you sure you can afford it?"

Her Gentleman Secretary

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

Storm clouds gather, life crowds in on love, in the searching story of a marriage that met strange hazards

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

JILL NORCROSS is a successful business woman at twenty-five. She is in love with her husband, Hal, but their marriage is in danger of going on the rocks because of her preoccupation with the affairs of her travel agency. Hal resents her lack of interest in him, and he resents still more her employment of Dmitri Vasilofski, a Russian count, as her secretary. Jill refuses, however, to give up Dmitri even after his attitude has shown her that he is perhaps more interested in her as a woman than as an employer. He is a great help in some extra work that her friend, Jack—Mrs. Seymour Shane, a well known social secretary—has thrown her way.

Alix Barron, heiress to the Barron fortune and a Russian princess by a conveniently long-distance marriage, has known Dmitri in the past. One day in Jill's office she asks him to go on a trip with her. He refuses to leave his job, and Alix suspects that Jill's beauty has something to do with his decision. She leaves, angry with both Jill and Dmitri.

For revenge, she invites Hal to her suite on the pretext of talking about some publicity newsreels he wants her to pose for in connection with Sanders-Fifth Avenue, the department store of which he is advertising manager. When he arrives, she makes advances to him. He resists, and the next day he loses his job. Alix' uncle is an important Sanders stockholder, he discovers, and Alix has worked quickly.

Going to a bar to forget his troubles, he meets Chloe, a red-haired girl whom he knows slightly and of whom Jill has been jealous. From her he gets the sympathy he needs.

For the next ten days he tramps the streets in search of an opening. He is discouraged, yet he cannot talk to Jill, whom he hasn't told of the loss of his job. He remembers the sympathetic Chloe and the devotion in her eyes when he left her at her door the night he met her in the bar.

"If you come back," she said to him then, "I'll be here."

PART FOUR—JILL JUMPS TO A CONCLUSION

HE had no intention of going back to Chloe. The first bad moment of losing his job had been tided over and all his energies were engaged in facing his situation outside and concealing it at home.

But Jill was in no position to notice the little things that he couldn't conceal, his unusual fatigue, his silences, the complete lack of reference to office events. For all Jill's customary absorptions had been blotted out by a cloud which at first had been only a shadow but now, as the second week marched on, darkened her whole horizon. She too had something to conceal—something that finally in desperation she confided to Jack, who had swiftly, gaily, stanchly become her intimate. Jack poohed her fears.

"It just couldn't happen to you now," she said. "Not now, when you have the most brilliant future opening up before you of any girl I know."

But Jack was only thinking of the obvious fact that it would break Jill King's whole business set-up in two. Jack didn't know about the five thousand dollars that Hal's explorer brother, Mike, somewhere was throwing to the winds, which left the Norcrosses without a cent of capital to confront this emergency and all its possible consequences, including the temporary, or even more than temporary, loss of Jill's earning power.

She thought of these things and others the next day, when she sat in Jack's beautiful little office with its Sheraton chairs, Aubusson carpet, and first editions cramming the built-in bookcases along the walls, gazing at the slip of paper in her hand that was a laboratory report. She had a wild panic of being caught in a trap while Jack looked smart, sympathetic, and faintly shocked.

“ Well,” said Jack, “ my dear, I'm sorry.”

“ Well, I guess it's happened to other women and turned out all right,” Jill said, trying to be nonchalant.

“ Never all right for career women,” said Jack. “ It's not only what you risk in business by a year's lay-off. It's beyond all that, what happens afterward to most women. In the majority of cases they just go female and lose their capacity for creative work.”

“ You didn't,” said Jill. Jack had two children whom she'd always said she adored. But Jack shrugged.

“ No, I didn't,” she said. “ Mine's a different reason for wishing I hadn't had them. They are my first husband's children, and they're why I work. Seymour Shane is willing to support me but not—the visible evidences of my past mistake.” . . .

Jack had never spoken to Jill of her private life before, and she said no more now, but under her lacquered surface she flushed darkly.

Jill got up. “ Well,” she said, “ I'm going home. The doctor said I'd have to go to bed for a while.”

“ Oh,” said Jack. “ Then . . . why do you? ”

Jill didn't understand for a moment. Then she looked at Jack as if Jack were unreal. “ I'm going,” she said.

At home in bed, her thoughts resolved themselves to such a turmoil that it was a relief, around teatime, when Iris came in and told her that Joan Whiting was calling.

She forgot she'd ever mentally denounced Joan as a suburban matron. Here was a girl who had been through the normal cycle of woman and not emerged embittered, as Jack had. She intended to ask Joan a few leading questions without committing herself, and told her, to begin with, that she was only resting before dinner. But Joan in settling down beside the bed for a good talk looked for an ash tray, and Jill said injudiciously to get one in the guest room; Hal was sleeping there now.

She saw her mistake at once reflected in Joan's popping violet eyes and her air of tactful unconcern as she tiptoed back with the tray. Finally Joan broke out:

“ Oh, Jill, I hope you're not punishing Hal just on account of that redhead! If we could only learn that girls like that don't matter! ”

“ What do you mean? ” Jill gasped.

“ My dear,” Joan cried, “ don't be proud and reserved. You've seen what I've gone through with Bill. Oh, of course it gives one a pang when our husbands play around with other women; I felt a pang for you when Bill and I walked into the Hollywood and saw Hal and that girl drinking champagne together two weeks ago! ”

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

“ At the Hollywood, huh,” Jill said. “ Who was she? ”

She had started to shiver violently. Now Joan saw what she had done and was full of contrite cries. She had certainly thought that Jill knew—or else, said her accusing glance, why was Hal exiled to the guest room? . . .

“ Who was she? ” Jill asked.

Easy to recognize Chloe Denver from Joan's description. Two weeks ago. That was when he'd started sleeping in the guest room. And she had imagined it was because he'd seen she didn't want him in with her.

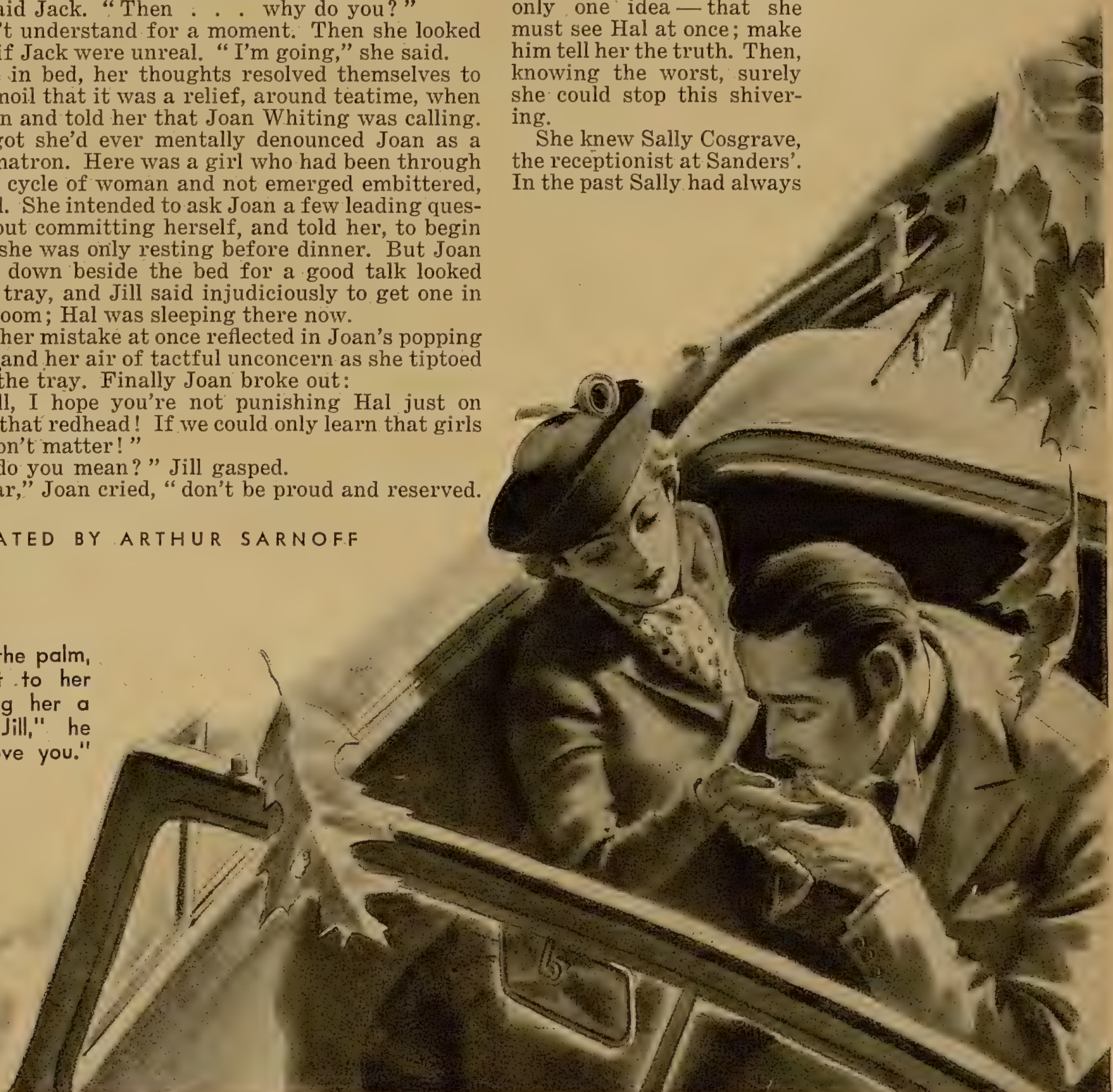
She hadn't dreamed that she could feel such grief and terror. She couldn't stop shivering and looking at Joan in the wild hope that Joan would laugh and say she had been joking.

“ You mustn't take it so seriously,” said Joan. “ Men are like children, Jill. Every now and then they have to stray away from mama's apron strings; then they come back.”

“ I've heard enough generalizations today,” Jill said faintly. “ Hal's not Bill, Joan, and our marriage isn't on your deeply cynical basis. If Hal goes out with another woman, it means something.”

Afterward Jill could not remember anything between the time Joan had left and finding herself dressed and out on the street, all of her only one idea — that she must see Hal at once; make him tell her the truth. Then, knowing the worst, surely she could stop this shivering.

She knew Sally Cosgrave, the receptionist at Sanders'. In the past Sally had always



He kissed the palm, returned it to her as if giving her a pledge. "Jill," he said. "I love you."

greeted her with a wide grin that was the prelude to a pally swapping of wisecracks. But today through her daze she could see Sally looking embarrassed, obviously at a loss for words, when Jill stammered something like "Is Hal here—can I see him?"

Quickly she tried to put both Sally and herself at ease with a flow of joking words. But her rising hysteria was the flow on which the words rode out. What! she cried, had he left the office and it not yet five o'clock? He never came home until six. What was all this pretense of work? Weren't men the deceiving rascals . . .

"Why, Mrs. Norcross," said Sally, "don't you *know?*"

"No alibis, now," she cried with more hollow gaiety.

But Sally was looking away from her, speaking with an obvious effort:

"When he comes home tonight—tell him you've been here. See what he says."

Now, from the cold desolation that it was to see that Sally knew too, she realized she hadn't really believed Joan. She hadn't really believed Hal had been seeing Chloe. She had come here only to be reassured.

Tell him she'd been there, indeed. See what he said. . . . Never, unless he brought it up! Any more than she would put her finger in the door of a car she knew was going to be slammed.

SHE found herself on the street, moving so slowly that the people who passed her seemed to be running as if they were chased by the Furies. They ran so fast she couldn't see their faces. If she could only see just one face, it might lift her out of this daze. Thinking this with the obsession of a drunken man trying to cling to one fixed idea in order to persuade himself he was still functioning, she frantically tried to peer under hats as they sped past. She stepped off a sidewalk and fell, it seemed miles down, and swam back to consciousness to see faces around her at last, instead of those awful hurrying figures. She struggled to stand up again and answer the anxious voices: "No, I'm not hurt."

Her pain did not begin until after a kind fat man and motherly woman had put her in a taxi. Then, and too late, she remembered what the doctor had said about the necessity for her to keep still.

Later, at home, she knew. She had done what Jack had advised her to do. And who could say that subconsciously she hadn't done it on purpose? Not the doctor, who looked as grim as if she'd committed a crime. Not her own heart, that wept above her pain, accusing her mind.

Hal found Jill in bed, looking white and rather self-pitying, he thought, over such an ignoble trifle as having eaten the wrong thing. She said it was a touch of ptomaine and she didn't want him around. The next day when he came home she was still in bed; although she had had the presence of mind, he noted, to order a new bed jacket so she could be picturesque about it. Her self-dramatization had been getting on his nerves lately. He asked if she wasn't going to get up for dinner.

"Oh, no," she said, with what seemed to him a martyred look. "The doctor says I have to stay in bed a week."

A week in bed seemed pretty unreasonable for a slight case of ptomaine that had had no effects he could see.

"Oh," he said. After a pause he got up. "Well, I guess I'll go and wash."

Ridiculously, to him, her eyes filled with tears. "Can't you show any sympathy?" she whispered. "It'd help a lot if you could say, 'Tough luck,' or 'Well, we're here today and gone tomorrow,' or some little thing like that!"

"How can I be sympathetic," he said, "when you're well enough to wear a bed jacket trimmed with so many feathers you can't lie down in it? You don't look sick. You just look expensive!"

She flushed and raised herself on one elbow. "Why should that worry you?" she cried. "You don't have to pay for my bed jackets!"

She flopped back and burst into tears. He walked out feeling small. She couldn't know, of course, why he was getting so touchy nowadays about everything she spent. And his problem of how long he could keep her from knowing was so severe there was no room left to pamper her over what seemed to him a trifling indisposition.

He had determined that before she learned he'd lost his job he'd have a new one. But that new one was an increasingly remote possibility. He had finally told Bill of his plight and made Bill promise not to tell Joan for fear of its leaking back to Jill. Bill had put him in touch with the manager of Walter Crumit's, one of the biggest advertising agencies in town. The man had heard favorably of what Hal had done in the advertising world. He was interested to learn that Hal was available and they'd talked over Hal's exploitation policy in a general sort of way. He had said he'd surely get in touch with Hal at the slightest chance of a vacancy. There it rested, exactly where it rested with every one else Hal had seen. He'd have to take some job, any job, to fill in until there occurred some one of these openings in his own field.

The first of the month with its household bills which he and Jill had always equally shared was almost upon him, and the money in his checking account couldn't meet his share in spite of all his small economies. A way to do this presented itself now when he went into the guest room, where he had finally moved his things, glad of the excuse of Jill's illness.

His clothes, of course. Why hadn't he thought of such an obvious solution before? Clothes, watch, cuff links, evening studs—he could keep just enough to get by, and with the rest meet that first of the month with all the fearless equality he'd flung into Jill's face.

He met Jack when he came in the next afternoon, after an hour at the pawnbroker's that left him buoyant and fortified. He was learning to build security like that, from moment to moment of little things, without looking too far ahead. But this moment of small congratulation was struck from him when, on tapping at Jill's door, he entered to see a woman who looked like a cartoon in the New Yorker sitting beside Jill's bed.

Both of them were looking at him in a bright blind way that shut him out. Jill, chattering with that artificial animation she was putting on so often lately, introduced him to Mrs. Seymour Shane, and did he mind eating alone tonight, because dear Jack was going to have a tray with Jill in here. Of course he knew about Jack and Jill—ha-ha, he'd heard her speak of Jack so often and the big business deals they'd pulled off together.

He muttered something and stalked out. In the kitchen he told Iris that he would not be home for dinner.

HE hadn't thought of Chloe Denver since the night he'd left her at her apartment. Now, all at once, under the bright gaze of two big-business women that reduced him to an unimportant intrusion, he had remembered a worshiping pair of eyes which had given him a feeling of validity and power.

What had she said that night? Something about not coming back because if he did she'd be there. Now, ringing her apartment bell, he was afraid she wouldn't be. He felt a relief out of all proportion to what he knew she meant to him to see her standing there.

"Don't tell me!" she cried. "I never forget a face. Sure, it's my own truelove back from the wars!"

"Don't ever call me that," he said. "Or I'll go away to the wars again; and this time I won't even write."

It was a long time since he'd felt witty talking nonsense to a girl. They came inside, laughing, to a little living room that had a fireplace, chintz chairs, a day bed, and a gate-leg table with a neatly set out tray.

Suddenly her animation broke. Her soft face quivered and she said under her breath: "Oh, I'm so glad you came! I didn't think you ever would."

"Listen," he said. "I haven't—the way you mean. I came because I haven't got a job yet and I was lonely. You'd do better, Chloe, if you'd stop going romantic at the drop of a hat and realize that men are selfish."

She looked up at him and smiled unsteadily. "So are women, Hal," she said. "And so I'm very glad you came—for any reason. How do you fancy this hostess gown as a wistful note?"

She pirouetted. "It's better," he said, "than those wistful beans on your tray. Is that all you were going to eat?"

"You can have half," she said. "There's a can of spaghetti in the cupboard that we can break out. I regret to state that there is nothing else."

He took her arm, and the trailing sleeve fell away from it. It had grown thin. So had, he now saw, that anxiously smiling face.

"Then you're really hard up," he said. "Why didn't you tell me the other night, when I was blowing that Sanders check for champagne?"

"You were going to be hard up too," she said. "We needed that champagne for moral support."

"Start cooking that spaghetti," he said. "I'm going out to a delicatessen."

She ran after him. "Are you sure you can afford it?"

"Sure I can," he said.

He found a voluptuous pleasure in buying everything in sight at the corner delicatessen and in watching Chloe's face when he came back staggering under a hamper, followed by a boy with another equally loaded. It was lucky he'd deposited in the bank, that afternoon, the amount necessary for those first-of-the-month matters. That had left him with a margin he'd intended to use as spending money for some time; but now was as good as any.

THEY dined royally at the gate-leg table on chicken and spaghetti and wine and salad and crackers and cheese, with the luxurious knowledge that the kitchenette cupboard was stocked full of canned goods and the refrigerator with dairy products.

He found himself giving Chloe advice which she was breathlessly ready to take. After convincing her that she should build up a little mystery to keep a man guessing, he made her tell him about her finances, which weren't quite so bad as he feared. She had sixty-eight dollars and three cents a month from various small stocks and insurance. He put this on a budget for her, writing all the figures down, while she slavishly accepted each item without question. She did ask at the end if he was taking the precaution to budget himself.

"I can take care of myself," he said grandly, with half a bottle of wine in him; "you can't."

He was surprised when he heard a church clock striking midnight somewhere outside. He rose clutching for his watch before he remembered it wasn't there any more. "Well," he said, "I must be going."

"Don't ever say I sent you home," she said. "I never would."

"That's the sort of thing I mean," he said. "You'd be a lot more attractive and a lot more able to hang on to those trueloves as you call them, if you didn't talk that way. Let the man do it. He will if he wants to."

"You can see how I need you to check up on me," she said. "Why, I didn't intend to make a pass at you again for a long time!"

"If it's ever to be done," he said, "let me do it. It works out better."

"Meanwhile," she said, "if you get tired rattling around for all these interviews, come sit in my penthouse with a paper and pretend it's your club. I'm always in afternoons."

1

Madge Evans, co-starred with John Boles in "Sinners in Paradise", a Universal picture, often . . .

2

. . . drives across the famous San Francisco Bay Bridge. 25,000 cars pass over this . . .

3

. . . bridge daily. But even at this rate it would take all the cars using Sinclair H-C Gasoline two months to cross. H-C is . . .

HC GASOLINE
SINCLAIR GASOLINE
SINCLAIR
4

Copyrighted 1938 by Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.)

. . . so good it's used in 1,500,000 cars daily. The next time you need gasoline drop in at your nearby Sinclair dealer's and ask for Sinclair H-C. You'll like the way he treats you.

After he left he realized he hadn't asked her what she did mornings. He wasn't interested in what she did; only in telling her what to do. But he felt a confidence in himself that he hadn't had for some time. The biggest lift of all in retrospect was the fact that, when he'd gone over the figures of her budget and found it was ten days more before she'd receive her monthly checks, he'd made her take five dollars to tide her over.

The thought of Chloe's face radiant with relief as she'd taken the bank note was somehow a bulwark against the feeling of futility that had been strangling him. Confusedly he felt that was the way things should be. A man should be taking care of somebody at sacrifice to himself. And it was sacrifice, because that five dollars almost cleaned him. This made him feel stronger, somehow. And so, feeling strong, he came home to the apartment where Jill, deserted by Jack soon after dinner, heard him come in but did not call to him.

It was the end of everything between them, that he could have gone out and left her like this. Of course she knew that he had gone to Chloe Denver. But they weren't near enough any more even to talk of it. She couldn't forgive Jack, either, for leaving her so soon after dinner. It seemed that Jack had to get home to her children. And talking to them first over the telephone when she'd called to say she wouldn't be home for dinner, Jack had undergone a metamorphosis. She'd been fond, crooning. Putting up the telephone, she was luminous as if with reflection from a hearth-fire glow that softened all her smart edges.

"I thought," Jill had said . . . "'visible evidence of a past mistake' not bothering you so much now!"

"My pet!" Jack had remonstrated with quick return to slickness. "Once they're here, one must cope."

So Jack had departed, leaving Jill to her lonely sense of loss and the certainty that she could never feel the same to Jack again.

She maintained these conclusions about Jack and Hal when she was well and once more able to go to the office. Dmitri, however, gained as her other intimates had lost through this. He was the only one who hadn't let her down. Without their conversations over the telephone she would have gone mad. Without the letter which arrived from him every morning, a letter written manifestly to confirm the office detail of which they spoke over the telephone. And she wrote him back, also manifestly to confirm. But each knew that the other was not filing his letters for office reference. His letters were more guarded than hers, but she understood that. It was only natural, when she was married and he wasn't; when there was danger of Hal seeing his and, of course, no danger of any one seeing hers. . . .

When she came back to the office, they had reached a state where they passed off the meeting after separation with elaborate unconcern. But in the next few weeks he made it obvious to her by a hundred little thoughtfulnesses that he knew she'd been through more than she'd said.

One afternoon when she was particularly tired Dmitri urged her to go home. When she said she could not because of a client coming in that afternoon, he said, "I think I know about it too. When she was here yesterday, I took down what you both said in shorthand. And I have been looking up the points I did not know."

Shorthand! That was the one point on which from the beginning Dmitri had admitted he was weak. She hadn't minded, since his typing was good and her letters of the simplest. Any more than she had minded the discovery that the telephone call from the Finnish gentleman on the day he'd applied for the position had been a put-up job between Dmitri and a Finnish friend. She hadn't cared about that because by the time she learned it he had made himself indispensable. So now she gaped as Dmitri gave her a typewritten sheet and she read an accurate transcription of her yesterday's interview.

WHY DID MRS. McLEAN GIVE A FORTUNE TO GASTON B. MEANS?

This is one of the deepest mysteries in that case of many mysteries, the Lindbergh kidnaping.

Everybody knew that Means was not to be trusted, yet Mrs. McLean gave him $104,000! Why?

"The impression became general I was a foolish, meddlesome, publicity-seeking woman with more money than I knew what to do with," says Mrs. McLean. But the only people who say that are those who do not know the truth. For years that truth has been known to only a few insiders. But now the whole story is to be told, frankly and fearlessly, by the one person who knows all about it: Mrs. McLean herself. Exclusively for Liberty, Mrs. McLean has written this revealing and heart-moving story. In it she answers questions that many have been asking for a long time. Did Lindbergh know she was going to pay that money? Did he approve? Did he ever thank her? Why did she pay that money to Gaston B. Means?

The answer is coming soon in Liberty.

Mrs. McLean wearing the famous Hope diamond

Snow-Cool MENTHOLATUM

So Soothing FOR SUNBURN

"As welcome as snow would be on a hot, blistering day in summer." That's what Mentholatum feels like when you spread its cooling, soothing film over your hot, flaming, sunburned skin. And you'll be delighted with the quick healing of the injured skin. Equally effective for chafing and prickly heat.

MENTHOLATUM Gives COMFORT Daily

Check in DeWITT OPERATED HOTELS

"Genuinely Friendly"

in Cleveland it's
- The HOLLENDEN

in Columbus it's
- The NEIL HOUSE

in Akron it's
- The MAYFLOWER

in Toledo it's
- The NEW SECOR

in Jamestown, N. Y. it's
- The JAMESTOWN
- The SAMUELS

"I have been learning evenings," Dmitri told her.

"All your evenings!" she said.

He smiled. "I grant you that many of my friends would think it very funny to see Dmitri Vasilofski going to night school, considering his former evening habits."

She dropped her eyes to the paper. "Your 'former evening habits.' I suppose they've been hard to give up."

"On the contrary," said Dmitri. "A few blondes may be as easily postponed as a few drinks. It was the mental concentration I found hard. As I have told you earlier, it seems I can only achieve when I think it may be of some value to you."

She was glad that around them the office was going at full blast, that their voices had been well sunk below the hum of typewriters. "So blondes and drinks are all the same to you, huh," she said. "I don't know that I like that, Dmitri—being blonde myself."

He was looking at her with an expression in his eyes she had never seen there before. They weren't soft any more. "You should like it," he said. "If I were the kind of man who did not care for what we mean when we say 'blondes,' it would mean less that I had given all that up since I knew you."

She cleared her throat. This was, she tried to say, hardly the place in which to bring up such things.

"You have never yet suggested that we meet elsewhere," he said. "I have been waiting. A man is a fool who does not wait for a woman—after he has made himself quite clear." . . .

"You made yourself quite clear—a long while back," she said. "That you didn't want to trade what—we have here—for any 'ordinary' thing."

"That was before it became—not ordinary," he said. "We both know that. And so—I have been waiting."

She sat numbed, gazing at him, and the telephone rang. It was Jack, burbling with joy. Due to the success of the Nottbarger job, it seemed there was another debutante in line to be glamored up. The Jasper Delays of Greenwich would send their car to town tomorrow to motor Jill out to Connecticut, where Jill could see at first hand the possibilities of their daughter, Hetty Jane.

As always bouncing out of any personal emotion for a business opportunity, Jill became crisp, alert, humorous. If this kept up, she told Jack, why didn't they make it into a separate department to be called Wet Smacks, Incorporated? Jack shrieked with delight. There was no reason, she said, why it shouldn't begin to be called that right now.

Jill hung up and looked at Dmitri.

"I envy you," he said. "A fall drive in the country."

She didn't mind that he'd eavesdropped hard enough to catch Jack's remarks as well as her own. She was looking at him in the same numbness that had overcome her before Jack telephoned. "Would you like to go?" she said.

"Only if I can be of use," he said. "Do you not think you might need a partner in this new department?"

HE smiled disarmingly as he said this. But above his smile his eyes were watchful, and a small voice somewhere within her said: *He means it. He would like to be a partner in the Wet Smacks Department.* What of it? she answered the voice. It's a good idea! She smiled back at him. "I may take you seriously on that," she said. "We can talk it over on our drive."

His eyes flickered, changed from that watchful look to one that made her dizzy.

"My Finnish friend," he said. "He has a car that I could borrow. We would so be more free." . . .

"I think that would be fine," she said brightly, and got up. "Will you let Mrs. Shane know the Delay car needn't call? I'll go home and rest now."

At home she realized she wasn't tired any more and couldn't rest. She needed to do something—something perhaps for Hal, to stifle the sense of guilt already weighing upon her. She went to the guest room with the idea of looking over his clothes to see what should be mended and what sent to the cleaner's. She hadn't been there since he moved his things in. Entering now, she stared blankly at an empty closet—almost empty bureau drawers. Iris, when finally summoned, stared at her with maddeningly expressionless eyes.

My hair's **losing** its grip..!
Try a massage with **'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.** The **answer's** right at your **fingertips**
Vaseline HAIR TONIC
40¢ and 70¢

THERE'S nothing better than regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage to help check excess shedding . . . to help you keep your hair. It accomplishes two functions necessary to the health of your scalp: the massage wakes up the circulation, while 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic lubricates, supplements the natural scalp oils upon which the life and the good looks of your hair depend. Follow this easy and effective

Sustaining Program

EVERY WEEK before shampooing massage plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic well on to the scalp. Rub vigorously until it tingles.

EVERY DAY brush in a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to help overcome dryness, keep the hair neat and in place. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1938, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

"Why, Mrs. Norcross, Mr. Norcross move his clothes out of here way back when you was sick."

"Where did he take them? Why didn't you look?"

"When a married gentleman takes his clothes somewheres else," said Iris, "I never looks."

Majestically she departed, leaving Jill stunned under the impact of that idea—an idea which became a certainty when at dinnertime Hal failed to appear to meet the barrage of questions waiting for him, when morning came and his bed was still empty.

Of course this explained everything, Jill told herself. She'd been fatuous not to think of it before. Not to suppose that things had gone farther with Chloe Denver than an occasional date. But that he should actually move out, only coming home enough to keep up appearances—she would never have believed him capable of such deceit.

She felt cold and calm as she put on her most becoming hat and fall suit. Dmitri couldn't stop looking at her in them when they set out at two that afternoon.

She felt gay, reckless, intoxicated over the deep core of rage that burned within her. The afternoon was as golden and perfect as they could have wished, and Dmitri's sinewy hands on the wheel of his Finnish friend's car, a long gray roadster, drove with a swift expertness. When they reached the country they drove in silence, filling their eyes with the frank beauty of the autumn coloring. After a long time Dmitri spoke.

"The fall has a soul," he said quietly. "You can hear it wander through the leaves. I am glad our love begins when we are aware of the approach of winter and can so guard against it."

"Our love . . ." That grated somehow. "How can you you," she said—"how can you take so much for granted?"

They were driving up a deserted country road. He stopped the car abruptly with a jamming of the brakes, and turned and took her in his arms. She struggled; but she had not known, only sometimes imagined, how strong he was. And his lips, meeting hers at last, made her go suddenly as weak as water.

Finally he let her go because of a car that he, not she, had heard. "Now," he said. "Do you think I take so much for granted?" . . .

She didn't answer. He took her hand and kissed the palm, and then, closing her fingers around it, returned it to her as if giving her a pledge to keep. "Jill," he said, "I love you. I have told many other words to women before you, but never those!"

"We've got to get on," she said. "They're expecting us."

He laughed and started the car. "This is one of the reasons I love you. That you would always remember that they were expecting us. I love that concentration that I do not possess. My little business woman!"

"My husband doesn't love it," she said. "He's living with a woman whose only drive was to get him. That's what he likes."

There was a pause while Dmitri drove and regarded the road. Finally he said, "Under those circumstances—it would be hardly necessary for us to return, after we leave here, would it?" . . .

His remote voice, his not looking at her, was more dizzying than what had happened when they stopped. "No—I suppose—it wouldn't—" she replied.

The Delays' was a big Colonial house at the end of a long elm-shaded driveway. Mrs. Delay was a short fat little lady who came at once into the drawing room.

"Mrs. King," she said, "the office has been trying to get you. I'm so sorry—I'm afraid it is bad news."

Her kindly little face was creased with concern until she looked like an anxious Pekingese. Jill could only stare and put out her hand for Dmitri to steady her.

"This is my secretary," she said, "and I'm Miss King, not Mrs.— What—"

"It's your husband," said Mrs. Delay. "He's met with a bad accident. They want you to come at once."

First quarrels and jealousy, then Chloe and Dmitri and a widening rift in her married life—and now Jill must meet bitter tragedy! Read the next enthralling chapter of this moving vivid novel in next week's Liberty.

GO 'WAY! YOU'VE GOT BAD BREATH!
I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO TELL MAMA ON ME, AUNT CAROL! 'CAUSE IT'S TRUE! AND I BETCHA MR. NED THINKS SO, TOO!
NED HAS BEEN AVOIDING ME LATELY, SIS. DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT COULD BE THE REASON?
WELL, I APOLOGIZE FOR DOTTY, CAROL —BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I'M GONNA TELL MAMA ON YOU, AUNT CAROL!
ATTA GIRL, DOTTY! AND TELL HER THAT AUNT CAROL'S JUST PROMISED TO BE MRS. NED, WILL YOU?
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

A Star is Reborn

BY KITTY DONER

The heart-warming self-told story of a gay trouper who built a new career

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

MOMMY, what was vaudeville?"

"Vaudeville, Tommy, was a thriving branch of the theater struck by lightning when pictures and radio stormed the world. A variety show of singers, dancers, acrobats, comedy and dramatic sketches.

"Did the actors make much money, mommy?"

"Yes, Tommy. The big-time headliners did. They were well loved and never out of work."

"Did they have scenery, mommy?"

"The stars had very elaborate scenery. I remember one curtain that must have been a thousand yards of fine black velvet embroidered with sparkling rhinestones."

"Whose was it, mommy?"

"One of the big-timers'. Kitty Doner. She always dressed as a boy, neat and trim, dancing and singing funny songs. I wonder what became of her and whatever she did with that priceless backdrop!"

. . . . .

It will do my heart good if mommy, who remembers and loved some of us, reads where that glittering curtain ended its days. It will satisfy the comedienne in me to hand mommy just one more laugh.

Hundreds of you woke up one day in 1929 to find your life's savings gone. I did too. But how many of you, at the same time, found that your line of business was erased neatly off the earth's blackboard? I did.

Not that I grasped it at first. Oh, no. Movies and radio were swell, I admitted. But nothing would take the place of vaudeville. I was young and confident. Surely I had ten good years ahead of me. I was the leader of the die-hards.

I spent four years and not a little pride dying hard. It seems so stupid to me now. Sitting in booking agents' offices. Rehearsing new songs and dances never to be applauded. Dropping friends rather than have them see me sliding. Renting smaller and smaller rooms. Even knocking at Hollywood's stony doors—until . . .

"I'm sorry, Miss Doner. Drop around next week."

The casting director's familiar words bombed my brain for the first time.

"I won't be here next week," I said.

"Miss Doner, you're not going to do anything foolish," he said in alarm.

I grasped what he was thinking, and laughed.

"No," I assured him. "I'm not going to end my life. I'm going to start living it. All I have left from the wreck is an old farm in New York State with a couple of trunks full of costumes and scenery in the attic. I don't know a cow from a pig, but I soon will. I'm going to be a farmer. Funny, isn't it?"

"You don't seem the type, exactly."

"That's the trouble with you casting directors. Always type-casting," I scolded. "You wait!"

A family conference with my dad and brother turned the theatrical Doners into farmers. Broadway had taught us a lot of things, most of all not to be softies. But all we knew about the good earth was that somehow people lived from it. Our assets were a house and stable over a hundred years old, acres of unplowed land, an old flivver, less than fifty dollars, determination, and—most important—a sense of humor.

We sent to Cornell for books on poultry and farming. We studied and very shortly were up in our parts. I had to give three shows a day in the kitchen, which took extra study in cooking.

We wisely spent the bulk of our cash on food at a neighboring grocery—this to establish credit for a shaky future. With three dollars we had left we bought twenty-five baby chicks.

The poultry books talked of keeping the chickens warm and covered in brooders. How could we afford a brooder? We put them under a soapbox. How would we keep "the girls," as we called them, warm enough? From the attic I brought down a baby

Special!

PINAUD

Eau de Quinine

HAIR TONIC

Special Bottle!

Special Value!

(LIMITED TIME ONLY)

The genuine Pinaud Eau de Quinine Hair Tonic . . . Use it daily to keep your hair good-looking, to keep your hair dandruff-free, *and to keep your hair.* Ask your drug or department store for this Pinaud 49c special today.

EAU DE QUININE
PINAUD

49¢

In the new PARIS bottle

2 TYPES:

for normal hair ORIGINAL PINAUD'S

for dry, unruly hair PINAUD'S WITH-OIL

Advertisers:

Liberty is sold the same way you sell your goods—over the counter in the market places of America. Advertising in Liberty thus parallels sales opportunity.

TEETH *Hard* to Bryten?

STAINS DISAPPEAR QUICKLY—even stubborn smoke stains—with Iodent No. 2 Tooth Paste or Powder. Specially compounded by a Dentist to clean hard-to-bryten teeth safely. Polishes your teeth to glistening beauty. Also made in No. 1 texture for teeth easy-to-bryten. Try Iodent—enjoy its purity and delicious minty flavor.

IODENT

No. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN TOOTH PASTE *also* POWDER No. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

spotlight that had shone on the Doner act for years.

"There," I said. "The girls will be taking bows in six weeks."

"This is one act I hope will lay an egg," my brother grinned.

The books showed what could be done, and it was up to us to pitch in. But how?

On the main highway I found a farmer doing a meager business with a tiny vegetable stand.

"I'd like to have a vegetable stand too," I told him. "If you would plant our soil, I'd give you fifty per cent of what came up. Then we could have a bigger stand and split the profits on that."

I explained we would all help. The farmer was delighted. It was a bargain. But what would we use for money until the vegetables made their entrance? It was March. Plowing had to be done in April. It would be July before we could have results.

I phoned an old friend and talked myself into a week's work at a Worcester theater. The pay was ridiculously small but seemed like a fortune. I was learning *true* values. I drove back to the farm with one hundred more baby chicks in my theater trunk and enough money to pay for the plow and seed.

Hard work ahead? You bet it was. Up at five in the morning! What of it? The first few years in show business had been spent catching trains at that hour and loving it. The housework was new to me. It was hard. But hadn't I spent hours and hours for years practicing dance routines? Maybe we did have to stint on food. Hadn't I often gone on strict diets when I could have had caviar and pressed duck?

IT was a long pull. When I ran out of clothes, up to the good old theater trunk I went. I planted corn in the dapper full-dress trousers and handmade dancing shoes. Many a laugh we had over that.

In July we had a full house of handsome vegetables sitting in their neat rows. What applause had ever seemed sweeter? I painted a broken-down two-wheeled wagon white with green trimming. I made a little orange awning for the top. We hung a white-and-green sign saying IT'S SMART TO BE FRESH—Broilers, Eggs, Vegetables.

Out on the highway we took it, filled with eggplant, squash, beets, beans, etc. The neighboring farmers had never seen its like. The showmanship worked and soon small profits were coming our way.

There is always a surplus of bruised or imperfect vegetables. Of these I gave the farmers' wives two thirds, and they were happy to preserve my vegetables for me. I got several dozen preserve jars from a grocer in exchange for dozens of my pullet eggs too small for my personal trade.

We had torn down the old stalls and built troughs for the chickens in the stable. All seemed to be going well, when the farmer told us we had to have a horse and a cultivator.

"What's a cultivator?" I had to ask.

Then I started on a horse hunt. Somewhere, I thought, there must be a homeless horse. As yet we could not afford to buy one. I covered plenty of territory, asking every one I saw if they knew where I could adopt a horse. For some time I had no luck. One fine day a country friend proved my faith.

"If you'd asked me yesterday," he said, "it would have been too early. Tomorrow would have been too late."

He described my future animal as a fine race horse from a big estate near by. Her name was Primrose. When she arrived at our farm, Primrose became Rosie.

Like her new mistress, Rosie had never tried farming in all her "racy" life. True to her breeding, she learned quickly and thoroughly. All was well until fall. How—with a stable full of over a hundred chickens—would we keep Rosie warm?

UP to the attic and the theater trunk I went again. I shook the folds out of the heavy black velvet curtain. With a pair of big garden scissors I cut through the large tinseled monogram K. D. Though we laughed until the tears rolled down our faces at her new blanket, there was something regal about Rosie as she pranced happily about in velvet and rhinestones.

Rosie has a fine home next door now, with a grand stall in a warm stable. With the cultivating finished for the season, we traded her in payment of the phone bill we had run up at our neighbor's house. We will need a new horse. But we will get one somehow. I am a firm believer in the saying "Something will turn up"—*that is,* if you go out and make a start.

We allowed another farmer to keep ten pigs on a piece of our land. For this we got a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound pig, cured, dressed, and smoked. Meat, bacon, and lard supply for the winter.

In all this trading I have given much more liberally than was absolutely necessary. I believe, in doing this, that the returns are actually as well as spiritually far greater.

I have help in the house now. No, I pay no wage. I can't. Picture a glamorously beautiful show girl of the old Ziegfeld days. She had several millionaires crazy about her. A few still make newspaper headlines. She moved right in, as happy to as I was to have her. Often we sit eating fresh corn and beans and talk of lobster-and-champagne parties at old Delmonico's. That lobster never tasted as good.

Now I can take time off to deliver my eggs and broilers. Many of my old friends are customers living in palatial homes or swanky apartments.

Once a butler of some of my old friends tried to flirt with me. To him I was just "the egg lady." It tickled me to let him think so, for I was to dine there as a guest the following evening. Needless to say, he nearly dropped the soup in my lap.

One of my good customers is a colored woman who was my maid in the theater for years. I am still "Miss Kitty" as she hands me forty cents for a dozen eggs.

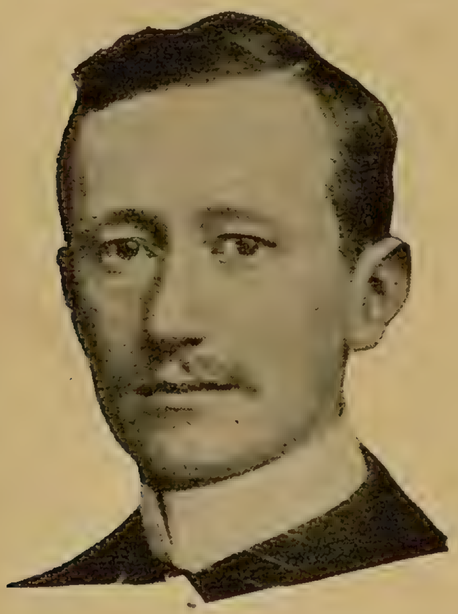
Once I went in the trade entrance of a Park Avenue building to make a delivery. Upstairs my friends were leaving for a restaurant, and they insisted that I dine with them. The doorman raised eyebrows as I came out the front entrance and he helped me into a shiny and sumptuous car. I had one more dozen to deliver across the street. My friends helped me and the gorgeous town car drew up at the trade entrance and waited for me.

Do I regret my misfortune? Never. I am the luckiest person I know. I have had the privilege of learning that no matter what happens to me there is nothing to fear. I know men who have a million dollars and are still afraid of the future. I would not trade with them for a minute. I laugh now in the face of worry.

You own no land? What of it? You need never starve while there is land left on earth.

THE END

☆TWENTY QUESTIONS☆



1—This week's early photo is of an inventor who died at sixty-three. Born at Marzabotto, he studied at Bologna. Because of his research, ships at sea are more secure. In English, his first name would be William. Who?

2—How many horns had a unicorn?

3—The Idiot's Delight is a game played with what?

4—What legend, required on all U. S. silver coins, is on the new Jefferson nickels?

5—Who wrote The Last Days of Pompeii?

6—Parrakeets are popularly called what?

7—Are most babies born with plain blue eyes?

8—On what street is the New York Stock Exchange?

9—In the Bible, who was Jacob's youngest son?

10—Henry W. Shaw was better known by what name?

11—Which animal is truly dumb?

12—The U. S. S. R. is on what continent?

13—Does water rot rubber?

14—What historic defense was built by Shih Hwang-ti?

15—Which U. S. city claims the highest per capita number of inhabitants over seventy years of age?

16—Are limited trains so called because they make fewer stops?

17—Is Mussolini older than Hitler?

18—For which World's Fair was the Ferris wheel invented?

19—Is vertigo a shade of green, a form of mold, or a defect in equilibration?

20—Who is the stage's foremost impersonator of F. D. R.?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

FACTS BEHIND OUR HUMAN CUSTOMS...

A "BAKER'S DOZEN" means *thirteen* Why?

More than 500 YEARS AGO in the City of London, bakers were required by law to give an extra loaf with each twelve that were sold. Thus the customer was assured of getting full value and the baker avoided the risk of being fined for short weight. From this old law comes the present-day "Baker's Dozen", meaning thirteen. Many other interesting customs had

HERE'S ANOTHER CUSTOM BASED ON FACT:

No custom is more fixed in human nature than our effort to get the most for our money. Check GLENMORE on this basis... A fine Kentucky Straight Bourbon of outstanding excellence, honestly distilled *by the same family for two generations*... Only the finest grains... Kentucky's famed deep-well water... And the same faithful attention to every detail of preparation that tradition dictates. And GLENMORE'S price makes it *"A Baker's Dozen"* in value. *Pour GLENMORE..you get more.*

Glenmore
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON

Gold Label — 100 Proof
Silver Label — 90 Proof

Copr. 1938, Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.

OTHER GLENMORE PRODUCTS

Kentucky Tavern
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
Bottled in Bond
100 PROOF

Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
WHISKIES
90 PROOF

Mint Springs
KENTUCKY BOURBON
WHISKEY
90 PROOF

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 38 SECONDS

WE can't help it. . . . In tennis, as in every other sport, the champions are nearly always show-offs. . . . We try to behave as modestly as possible, but if you want the truth, we *love* playing to the gallery. . . . At any championship match, the eyes and applause of the crowd furnish half our excitement."

A remarkably straightforward young lady told me this. She is Alice Marble of world-wide tennis renown. Brought up on a California farm, as a kid she played baseball and football with her brothers and their gang. When she was fifteen, her brother, Dan, recognized her athletic talent and turned her attention to tennis. In the beginning she considered it a sissy game; had no use for it. Not until she played in her first tournament—before an audience—did she really *take* to tennis. . . . Now, as you know if you read the news, her tennis accomplishments carry her back and forth across the land and the ocean, from one fashionable resort to the next, for tennis is a stylish as well as a popular enthusiasm.

Here are some tips Alice gave me for any of you who may have big tennis ambitions: . . . Always dress immaculately, even while practicing. . . . Avoid skirt wrinkles by not sitting down after you're dressed for the courts. . . . For a tournament season you'll need six or eight sets of washable playing clothes, two tailored suits, a sports coat, a couple of print dresses, two evening dresses, and at least five rackets. . . . One more tip: . . . Don't play against the boy friend, if you want to keep him. Alice lost her most handsome admirer that way. "He couldn't win," she said, "so he got mad and walked off, and I never saw him again."

☆ Some of us are inclined to scoff at the British custom of halting all work at four thirty every afternoon to take fifteen or twenty minutes out for toast and tea. But look what happens. . . . When Marc Connelly's New York production of the London hit, The Two Bouquets, was in rehearsal recently, the co-author, Eleanor Farjeon, and British members of the company sneaked away by themselves every afternoon to brew their tea in secret. They were afraid the American side of the cast would laugh at their tea habit. Yet one by one the Americans tracked them down and shared their tea—until finally a teapot large enough for the entire company had to be installed. . . . Eleanor Farjeon is an English granddaughter of Joseph Jefferson, the great actor whose long stage career, particularly in the part of Rip Van Winkle, immortalized his name.

☆ Three first-aid items to have in your handbag on hot summer days: . . . A neat little tube of *Run-R-Stop* for arresting those silk-stocking runs of ours, which seem always superlatively horrid and noticeable in torrid weather. . . . A pocketbook pack of *Quickie* pads for cooling and cleaning the skin. . . . Small bottle of old-fashioned lavender water—most refreshing of face sprinklers.

Now three summer suggestions for the city apartment: . . . Green plants at the windows. . . . An open jar of potpourri to spice the rooms with flower fragrance. . . . Cubes of concentrated lemon juice for speeding the preparation of tall iced drinks.

☆ Overheard a sweet-faced little salesgirl chatting innocently to a customer while wrapping the package, taking the money, and making change. The salesgirl was saying: . . . "This fellow I met at the beach, he told me you can't be a real good swimmer unless you relax. Just relax. 'Don't hurry,' he said; 'just take it easy.' But I'd rather float. Because, my goodness, it certainly is relaxing to lie on your back on the water, just like in bed, and open your eyes and look right up in the sky, and just relax. . . .

"What? Have I short-changed you? I'm *so* sorry! . . . But it certainly is wonderful, isn't it, just to float and relax? . . ."

☆ *Baby clubs* represent our newest deal in preparatory education. Club members are infants not yet old enough to toddle or talk. Mothers or nursemaids take the kids out together for baby-carriage outings, garden romps, etc.

The theory is that children of the same generation ought to begin getting acquainted with one another as young as possible—so that habits of social contact may be second nature to them as they grow up. The hope is to save them from the lonesome, self-conscious maturity suffered by so many women and men who learn too late in life that human companionship is a necessity we never can do without.

"We're lucky. They're in!"

☆ That great democrat, Thomas Jefferson, was interested in every human activity, including cooking. He collected recipes. Now his favorite recipes have been modernized and presented under the title: Thomas Jefferson's Cook Book. Marie Kimball is the author. Garrett & Massie of Richmond, Virginia, are the publishers.

☆ Here's the Jeffersonian formula for a good, plain, inexpensive huckleberry pudding: . . . Mix 5 well beaten eggs with 4 cups milk and 3 tablespoons butter. Roll 1 pint huckleberries lightly in flour. Add the berries to the custard, with a pinch of salt and 6 tablespoons sugar. Bake until set.

It may interest you casually to know that Thomas Jefferson is the man whom we should thank for two of our most popular kitchen commodities.

He is said to have introduced America to the uses of macaroni and of vanilla.

Hollywood Hails the Mosquito Marines

Serious but powerful, a dramatic picture celebrates a famous triumph over death

By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 26 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ YELLOW JACK

THE PLAYERS: Robert Montgomery, Virginia Bruce, Lewis Stone, Andy Devine, Henry Hull, Charles Coburn, Buddy Ebsen, Henry O'Neill, Janet Beecher, William Henry, Alan Curtis, Sam Levene, Stanley Ridges, Phillip Terry, Jonathan Hale. Screen play by Edward Chodorov from the play by Sidney Howard in collaboration with Paul de Kruif. Directed by George B. Seitz. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 85 minutes.

THE moment when Robert Montgomery starts to slap away a mosquito, then withdraws his hand, stretches out his arms, and says, "Go ahead," to the swarm about him is one of the most truly thrilling moments of the movie year. For the mosquitoes are the dread stegomyia, laden with the germs of yellow fever, and Bob, as Sergeant O'Hara of the United States Marines, is being a voluntary victim to them. Their bite may very well mean his death. And proving whether or not they are fever carriers may mean either failure or glory for Bob's beloved Colonel Gorgas.

Bob Montgomery as O'Hara and—

For Yellow Jack, set against the background of Cuba and an encampment of marines there immediately after the Spanish-American War, is the story of man's conquest of yellow fever through the untiring research of a small group of doctors and the heroism of five marines who acted as human laboratories for the doctors' theories. It creates an admittedly serious film, since what little conventional love story there has been prodded in here is trifling. But so truly dramatic is this honest, powerful showing of one of man's most recent conquests over death, that we believe it will interest you more than any routine cinema set to re-prove that love always finds a way.

Lewis Stone, Henry Hull, and Charles Coburn contribute great dignity as three very different doctors. Buddy Ebsen, Alan Curtis, and Sam Levene deliver diverting comedy as the experimental but half-terrorized marines, while Mr. Montgomery is debonairly competent, if not too Irish, as the chatty, devoted O'Hara.

VITAL STATISTICS: Yellow Fever Dope: If you recover from it, you never get it again; but only 50 per cent used to recover. Credit popularity of medical movies and scientification to Dr. Paul de Kruif, who collaborated on Sidney Howard play from which this. De Kruif's a bacteriologist, formerly split microbes for the U. of Mich., later incarcerated germs in the Rockefeller Institute. Sinclair Lewis discovered his genius for research in 1920s. In return De Kruif supplied Lewis with medicated material for enormously popular Arrowsmith, first great medical novel and movie. Later De Kruif did his own best seller, Microbe Hunters, refuses to grow complacent with litry success, keeps fighting germs and mental ignorance about them. . . . Sid Howard's play was produced in New York in 1934, got rave reviews, lasted two months, its medical edge removed by the more sugary Men in White. Movies have been tinkering with it ever since, have added a spoon of sugar to this version but not enough to ruin its flavor. Howard based his play on fact, got about $50,000 for it. . . . Lewis Stone wears the uniform he actually wore during the Spanish-American War. Fits him to a T. A Worcester, Mass., lad, at 17 he'd ditched college and was Broadwaying when the war broke out. Became a lieut, got acting again in Los Angeles, accepted a colonelcy under the Chinese emperor to train young Chinese troops. Resigned when the Boxer Rebellion broke out, became the Matinee Idol of the Golden West under Belasco, got into movies in 1915 opposite Bess Barriscale, has been there ever since. . . . Rob't Montgomery gets another much cherished dramatic role, his second since Night Must Fall. Would rather gaze into a mess of microbes in a script any day than a mess of gags, admits he's perfectly willing to play Hamlet, says he's just as vain as the next actor. Montie's a great celery eater, has consumed a double order a day for 15 years, or about 4½ tons. He bluffed his way on to stage, was born rich, became poor when fambly fortunes crashed, has become rich again. . . . Virginia Briggs Bruce J. Walter Ruben's been a screen nurse so often, she's grown more efficient, lost all original self-consciousness at smell of iodoform directors sprinkle around medical sets for realism. Of Minneapolis and Fargo, N. D., she once (1932) married John Gilbert; still sits on a set chair marked Virginia Bruce Gilbert. First contract with movies was for $25 a week, debutted op Madge Bellamy as an extra. Another blonde in same pic: Jean Harlow. Pact ended, Virginia became a Ziggie Glamorite @ $90 a week, after two shows returned to marry Gilbert, have a baby, Susan Ann, skyrocket to the $1,500-a-week class. Knew Megger Ruben for years casually before he popped question. . . . Buddy Ebsen's head jungle got its first cropping in years in special army scene written for purpose. Buddy wore a skullcap between scenes to avoid cold. . . . Andy Devine doesn't talk like that off screen, nor does it sore his throat up.

Nurse Virginia Bruce in Yellow Jack.

★ ★½ KIDNAPPED

THE PLAYERS: Warner Baxter, Freddie Bartholomew, Arleen Whelan, C. Aubrey Smith, Reginald Owen, John Carradine, Nigel Bruce, Miles Mander, Ralph Forbes, H. B. Warner, Arthur Hohl, E. E. Clive, Halliwell Hobbes, Montagu Love, Donald Haines, Maroni Olsen, Leonard Mudie, Mary Gordon, Forrester Harvey, Clyde Cook, Russell Hicks, Billy Watson, Eily Malyon, Kenneth Hunter, Charles Irwin, John Burton, David Clyde, Holmes Herbert, Brandon Hurst, Vernon Steele, C. Montague Shaw, R. T. Noble. Screen play by Sonya Levien, Eleanor Harris, Ernest Pascal, and Edwin Blum based on the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson. Directed by Alfred Werker. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 90 minutes.

STEVENSON'S classic, Kidnapped, translates smoothly into fine film adventure, concerned as it is with the fear-ridden escapades of young David Balfour (Freddie Bartholomew) seeking his inheritance against the battle-torn Scotland of the early eighteenth century.

Innocently Freddie gets involved

Millions now remove

UGLY DANDRUFF

WHEN the fingernail test shows ugly, clinging dandruff . . . look out for premature baldness! This kind of dandruff is often a symptom of seborrhoic eczema, the common scalp infection blamed for 70 to 80% of early hair loss.

Don't take chances. Use Wildroot-with-Oil, the new 3-Action Hair Tonic that removes dandruff, helps check premature baldness, and at the same time keeps hair neatly groomed without that slicked-down look.

Get Wildroot Hair Tonic with Oil today! For generous trial bottle, send 10¢ coin or stamps. Wildroot, Dept. G-4, Buffalo, N. Y. or Fort Erie, Ont.

IMPORTANT—*Wildroot-with-Oil does not replace regular Wildroot Hair Tonic, used by millions who like a non-oily tonic. At drug counters and barbers everywhere.*

WILDROOT WITH OIL

THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

MOVIE "SCRAMBLE" CONTESTANTS

5300 name list contains latest stars and players. Arranged according to the number of letters in a name, also alphabetically, for easy unscrambling. $1.15 with this ad, $1.25 without. Air Mailed daily, postpaid.

NAME SYSTEM, P.O. Box 1515, Memphis, Tenn.

"MORNING AFTER"

EYE-OPENER

Eye Doctors' Discovery for Clearing Red, Bleary Eyes!

● At last! Eyes that are red and veined . . . from over-indulgence, late hours, fatigue, etc. . . . now made clear and white quickly. Your money back if EYE-GENE fails! Clears dullness, makes eyes sparkle. Just as superior also for refreshing tired, overworked eyes. Get EYE-GENE today. Purse size at 10c stores. Economy size at all drug and department stores.

EYE-GENE

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

with the rebel army of Alan Breck (Warner Baxter), escapes a death plot of his miserly uncle, gets shanghaied aboard the ship of cruel Nigel Bruce, finally cements the romance and saves the neck of Baxter from the British hangman's noose, and through clever strategy comes into his own as rightful Laird of Balfour.

These swiftly paced, gory, suspenseful high jinks are richly mounted and presented. Slightly on the debit side are the twin facts that Freddie reveals in this that he is, alas, growing up and losing thereby a bit of his wistful appeal, and that Warner Baxter is a shade antique for the blustering daredevil, Breck. But there is a youthful newcomer, Arleen Whelan, who, though uncertain of herself, is lovely to gaze upon.

VITAL STATISTICS: Reluctantly, toothbrush-mustached, perennial leading man Warner Baxter ended a five months' fishing trip off Lower California to return to Kidnapped harness. During filming he and Winifred Baxter, wedded on Broadway in 1918 during run of Lombardi Ltd., celebrated their 20th matrimonial anniversary, received no golden plaque from Will Hays for establishing one of Hollywood's marriage records. Born in Columbus, O., Baxter worked as office boy, traveling salesman, Philadelphia insurance broker, went broke running a garage in Tulsa, joined a stock company at $25 per, got to Broadway, kissed a few then current heroines, gravitated toward Hollywood's golden lodestone naturally, found the breaks few while he played a sort of romantically glorified salesman type of leading man. Playing the dashing phony-accented Grade B Cisco Kid in Old Arizona in 1929, made him overnight, he's been a top-ranker ever since. . . . After a year of court litigation over his salary and the parental hunk, Freddie Bartholomew's in grease paint again, a bit older but not without his boyish starry-eyed charm. Net result: Freddie's salary's now $2,100 a week. Freddie ignores all court action; chief concern is getting his weekly allowance raised. Set firmly at a buck a week by Freddie's soft-strict beloved Aunt Cissy, Freddie spends 10c. a day on candy bars, 20c. for Western pulp fiction, and puts the rest into his personal checking account opened for him at Christmas. . . . Latest Hollywood Cinderella is Arleen Whelan, spotted by Megger Bruce Humberstone polishing nails in Patrick Regan's Barber Shop along Hollywood Blvd. @ $18 a week and tips. Signed within 48 hours about a year ago, she was camera-conditioned quickly. Arleen was born in Salt Lake City, schooled at Portland, Ore., Twin Falls, Idaho, Pueblo, Colo., and Los Angeles.

★ ★ THREE ON THE WEEK-END

THE PLAYERS: Margaret Lockwood, John Lodge, Hugh Williams, Rene Ray, Linden Travers, Merle Tottenham, Wally Paton, Kathleen Harrison, Jeanne Stuart, Arthur West-Payne, David Anthony, Angele Glynne, Felix Aylmer. Screen play by Rodney Ackland and Roger Burford from an original story by Hans Wilhelm and Rodney Ackland. Directed by Carol Reed. Produced by Gaumont-British. Running time, 85 minutes.

LOOKED at through American eyes, this seems to be an absolutely accurate portrait of working-class England spending its time during that peculiar British interval known as a "bank holiday." The provocative title is a misnomer, since it concerns itself grimly with the darkly lovely Margaret Lockwood, a nurse whose patient dies in childbirth. The girl's heart is torn with pity for John Lodge, the bereft husband, so much so that she finds it impossible to forget him when she goes away to spend a bank holiday with her sweetheart, Hugh Williams. He, poor innocent, does all he can to divert her, but she finally leaves him stranded in the too-expensive hotel to which he has taken her and rushes back to London just in time to rescue Lodge from suicide.

Against this main theme several other vignettes are projected—particularly fine bits by Rene Ray and Merle Tottenham as two lonely girls hungrily hunting romance.

VITAL STATISTICS: This one made by Gaumont-British, owned and operated by the Ostrer Bruz, Warner Bruz with English accents, and veddy successful fellers. . . . Demure, dark-haired, delicate Margaret Lockwood was born in Karachi, Injuh, 19 years ago, has no acting blood in family veins. English educated, she was finished off at the Royal Academy of the Dramah, debutted as a fairy in a charity Midsummer Night's Dream, stepped into the lead at a Haymarket Theatre dramah-school tryout, was spotted by a big-time scout, film debutted in Lorna Doone, quickie made. You may remember her being unsinful opposite George Arliss in Doctor Syn. . . . Dark virile John Lodge's practically Anglified, he's been out of Hollywood that long. Born in Washington, in naval and diplomatic circles, Lodge got the usual Hahvahd education, defied Family Tradition to study Undignified Law, studied it at Hahvahd and at the Ecole de Droit in Paris, hung out his shingle in New York, got tangled up in movies when sent out to Hollywood by his firm on a case.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mad About Music, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich.

★★★—Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 55

1—Guglielmo Marconi (1874-1937).

2—One, projecting from its forehead.

3—Cards, being a form of solitaire.

4—In God We Trust.

5—Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton (1803-73).

6—Lovebirds.

7—No; according to records kept at Johns Hopkins University Hospital, among about 500 infants it was found that but twenty-eight had plain blue eyes. Brown was discovered in the eyes of 79.5 per cent of the white babies; and 99.3 per cent of the Negro babies' eyes had brown in them.

8—Broad Street.

9—Benjamin.

10—Josh Billings (1818-85).

11—The giraffe, which lacks the power to make vocal sound.

12—It is on two continents, Europe and Asia.

13—No, according to the U. S. Bureau of Standards—although some compounds of rubber are weakened, due to swelling, when exposed to water.

14—The Great Wall of China.

15—San Diego, California.

16—No; originally such trains had a limited number of cars.

17—Yes; Mussolini was born in 1883, and Hitler in 1889.

18—The World's Columbian Exposition, held in 1893 at Chicago, Illinois.

19—A defect in equilibration—dizziness or giddiness.

20—

George M. Cohan

FIND YOUR FORTUNE IN THE STARS!

$2,000

CASH PRIZE

STARGAZING CONTEST

YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT

START YOUR ENTRY NOW!

FIND your fortune in the stars! It really can be done if you concentrate your efforts on these stars in Liberty's great Stargazing Contest. The drawings below are an example—and you can start your entry by solving them right now before you turn the page. Rearranging the jumbled letters on the stars into their correct sequence will spell out the name of a brilliant star of radio or screen, or both, for each drawing. Write the solutions under the drawings, clip them, and file them away until the end of the game. Individual solutions will not be considered. Wait until you have all twenty and send them in as a unit after the tenth pair of drawings is published. If you are just starting in the game, be sure that you read and understand the rules.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Do you need the first six drawings of this series? Liberty has prepared reprints for your convenience. Address your request in accordance with Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When the drawings reach you, find the names, just as you have worked out this week's identifications, and your entry will be even with the field.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated August 6, 1938.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The entertainer named in this contest whom I like best, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

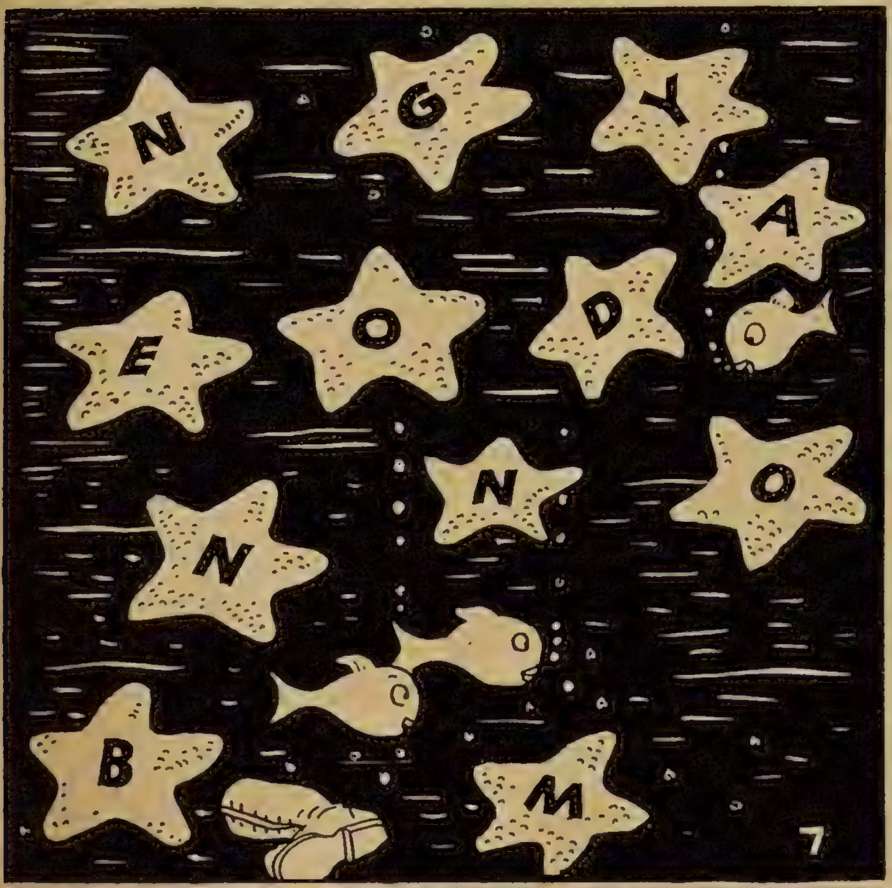
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Friday, August 19, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

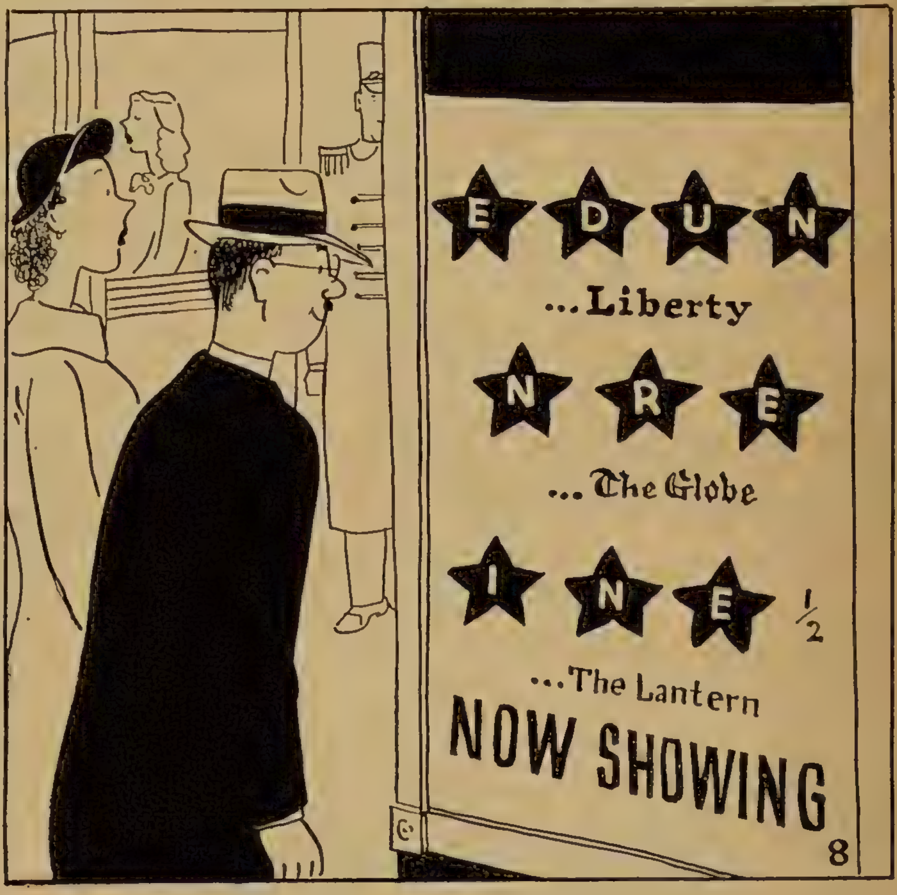
SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, and Radio Mirror magazines.



7

NAME.



8

NAME

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Invites Hoffman to Talk Over Lindbergh Case

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Most of the questions Harold Hoffman asks in his Liberty series fall of their own weight. But there is one question which seems the hook upon which most of the doubt about Hauptmann's real guilt has been hung:

" How could Hauptmann, by himself, plot that kidnaping, time that kidnaping, without help from inside the Lindbergh home? "

Some eight hundred yards from the Lindbergh home there is a spot high in the Sourland Mountains from which, with a pair of field glasses such as Hauptmann owned, you can see not only the Lindbergh home, not only the Lindbergh nursery inside that home, but *also the baby's crib inside that nursery.* I have been to this spot and have seen the crib through glasses. I am willing to take any one there at any time. Schwarzkopf knew about it. He and I talked about it. Wilentz knew about it. I am quite sure Lindbergh also knew about it. It was never any secret.

The state was never able to produce the glasses Hauptmann owned prior to the kidnaping, although proof was abundant that he did own a pair. But the pair found in his home was bought subsequent to the kidnaping. I have seen the bill of sale. To introduce this evidence the state would have had to produce the original glasses, and then, by some bit of legerdemain, introduce the testimony of some one whose eyes exactly matched Hauptmann's and who conducted the experiment with success —thus to establish the fact that Hauptmann *could* physically have seen the crib from the spot. That is how the kidnaping was cased.

The beggaring question, How did Hauptmann know the Lindberghs were apt at any time to come to the house? naturally follows. Well, the answer is that the Lindberghs had been coming to the house and it was logical to expect them to return. Simple, isn't it?

Why didn't Harold Hoffman find this out in all the months he investigated the case? Maybe the answer to that can be found also. Norman Schwarzkopf, one of the ablest police executives in the land and, in spite of Hoffman's slurs at him, still one of the most honorable men in the land, told me, shortly before he was kicked out of the job as Superintendent of a police force which he had created and headed until the very eve of his retirement, that the Governor had not asked him for any facts concerning the case.

At this very time, and I can prove it with ease, the Governor of the State of New Jersey was using as his fact finders an assortment of private investigators, mostly unlicensed, who were using such storybook designations as " K-4 " to identify themselves.

My background is that for fifteen years I have been a crime reporter, covering the largest stories in the land.

But if Harold Hoffman will come to my home in the City of New York and bring with him any one he wants to bring, I will answer any and all reasonable (i. e., pertinent) questions he may have bearing on the Hauptmann case. He can even bring the great legendary Smither Wesson and his lucid biographer Anthony Adverse. We will all wash up with tar soap, and if I can't convince the both of them that they are stupidly wrong about the whole case, I will eat the soap that's left, without salt or pepper. And I won't charge them a nickel for my counsel or my time. I mean it. I'll even tell them exactly why Violet Sharpe committed suicide. It isn't printable.—*Isaac McAnally.*

VIGOROUSLY OBJECTS PAYING CHECK FOR HER ESCORT

NEWARK, N. J.—Regardless of what Olivia de Havilland, Emily Post, or Just an Extra Girl may say (May 14 Vox Pop), I vigorously object to paying the check for my escort—if it wouldn't embarrass him, it would certainly embarrass me!

My estimation of a man is very much lowered when he permits such a thing, and somehow or other the quality of the company is far more important than the quality of the food. To be willing to go where he can afford and to walk with him when he hasn't the carfare is, to my mind, the best solution.

Possibly my opinion is governed by the fact (no vanity in this, I hope) that I have never needed a date badly enough to pay for it.—*A Secretary.*

READ THAT PASSAGE AGAIN

BAY CITY, MICH.—In April 9 Liberty I read an article about Snow White, by Miriam Stillwell. In it she states that Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs was written by the great German writer Goethe. Any one who had the least knowledge of Goethe and his writings would know that it was not in his line to write such a fairy tale.

The tale of Snow White first appeared in a volume entitled Kinder- und Haus-Märchen (Children and Home Fairy Tales), a collection of stories published by the two brothers Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm in 1812-15. Before this time these tales had been handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation, and the Grimms went to the trouble of collecting them and putting them into print.

Believing that a magazine such as yours would not like to publish mistakes, I feel called upon to send you this information.—*Clara Rademacher.*

[You are perfectly right, of course. It was the Brothers Grimm who wrote Snow White. However, you are a little in error when you think I said it was written by Goethe. If you will read your copy of Liberty, you will see that I said that The Sorcerer's Apprentice, which is to be Disney's next picture, is based on an original story by Goethe.

This is a very natural error on your part. It is a thing I do frequently in reading.—*Miriam Stillwell.*]

NOW HE UNDERSTANDS BAER

ERIE, PA.—The article Max Baer and the Lust to Kill, by Messieurs Catton and Jennings (May 7 Liberty), was one of the most absorbing boxing articles I have ever read, and being an ardent boxing fan, I have read quite a few.

Baer's boastful attitude concerning himself and his work was rightfully resented by the boxing public; but what we didn't know was that his boastfulness was just an act to cover up his real feelings.

The pressure under which he works when he is in the ring must be terrific.

I am pulling for him harder than ever to be the first man to regain the boxing championship of the world, for, if he does, it will be more than just a boxing championship to him.—*George Moran.*

HAWAIIANS MIX SWING AND NATIVE HULA

HONOLULU, HAWAII—Replying to one of your fair readers (April 30 Vox Pop) on her comment of swing bands slaughtering old classics and old ballads: There are many folks who love to hear swing music, and many more would enjoy it if the old classics and ballads were played in the modern way.

You should see how folks in Hawaii go " bugs " over swing bands heard playing over their radios. The folks of Hawaii didn't originate the Big Apple, but can they swing it mixed with their native hula dance!

I'm of Chinese ancestry and I don't see why an American hates old tunes played into swing.

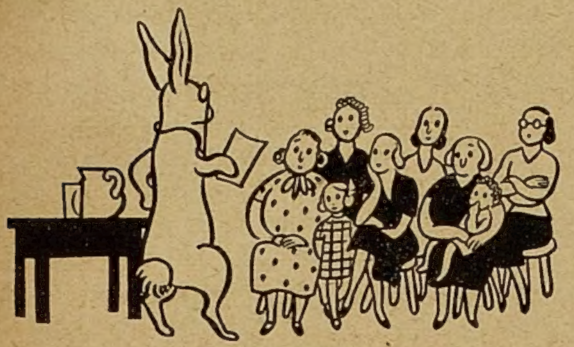
Get wise to yourself, lady. This is the year of 1938, not the year when grandma used to swing it to the minuet. *Aloha nui loa.*—*Herbert Lee.*

is on page 44 —the rabbit knocking at the birth control door.

If a few more women would go to that door to learn, it would be better for this world which is overcrowded with humans as well as rabbits.

Take a lesson from this very, very clever picture. In my estimation, the person who drew that cartoon deserves a medal.

Shall we women let the smart rabbit learn more than we?—*L. D. H.*



Mr. Oursler on that fine article on Mussolini (May 7 Liberty). It contained valuable information, gave a good picture of Il Duce and his personality.

His quotation of Mussolini saying, "I want only peace," is the third time that predictions made in the April Fools' Day column of the Miami Herald have been upheld within a month. In the In Today's News column, published in the Miami Herald and other papers April 1, there were imaginary dispatches from capitals of the world placing brief statements in the mouths of the leaders, these statements supposedly being satirical and impossible. Yet three of them have been made since by these very leaders. For example:

"I shall fight for peace," thundered the Fascist leader. "We have united and built up Italy, we have conquered Ethiopia, extended our influence in Africa. We are satisfied. No powers

us, we shall not attack them. Let us then dedicate ourselves to the purpose of healing the wounds, of seeking to appease our Europe and its fearful, divided peoples on a basis that will maintain peace and give us all lasting prosperity."

How does that imaginary bit compare with all that he told Mr. Oursler?—*H. Bond Bliss.*

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—How much did Fulton Oursler get from Mussolini?—*Andrew Plecher.*

OAKLAND, CALIF.—"I Want Peace—I Am Not a Dictator" (May 7 Liberty). What bunk! Who do you think you're kidding?

Why doesn't Liberty give Comrade Stalin of Russia and Communism a similar build-up? It would only be fair. You might head the article, "I Do Not Believe in Communism," by Joseph Stalin.—*William De Villiers.*

MR. MACFADDEN SAYS SO MUCH IN FEW WORDS

GREAT FALLS, MONT.—In all my years of extensive reading, and I am seventy-eight, nothing has quite equaled Mr. Macfadden's editorial An Open Letter to Senator Robert F. Wagner, in May 7 Liberty.

Of all the magazines I can call to mind, I believe Liberty is read by more men who need to be guided, and I believe his editorial address to Senator Wagner may open their eyes.

I hope Mr. Macfadden's editorials continue; for no other writer of whom I know says so much in so few words.—*Louis Ballou.*

DENVER, COLO. — Just read Mr. Macfadden's editorial, The American System—Out of Date? (May 14 Liberty). I always get a kick out of his editorials, because they strike at the very vitals of things; but this one is a "honey."

I suppose the reason I like them so well is because my father's teachings were along the same line—work hard and live within your income.—*S. N. Raglin.*

DOCTORS DON'T TELL NOT IN BOOK FORM

WALTHAM, MASS.—Congratulations to all concerned for the splendid series Doctors Don't Tell, by Dr. "George B. Raymond."

"The truth shall make you free" very aptly applies to all thinking people who read the experiences of Dr. "Raymond."

I have kept every issue of Liberty in the series. What I want to know is: Can this series be gotten in one complete volume?—*Dr. George H. Beley.*

[At the present writing no book publication of Doctors Don't Tell is contemplated.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

WHY ARE IMMIGRANTS STILL ADMITTED?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Will some one please enlighten me as to why, the economic and relief situation being what it is, immigrants are still being admitted to this country, coming over by the hundreds? Why is it that whenever this question arises, it is immediately covered with a mysterious impenetrable blanket of silence?

Why do we add to our relief hordes with penniless strangers?

Are we helping to solve Europe's unemployment problems? How does that affect ours?—*A. B. K.*

HE'S IRISH TOO, BUT DISAGREES WITH I. A. C.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—In May 7 Vox Pop I read where Mr. John Jay McDevitt, Secretary Irish American Crusaders, got sore because his Irish club didn't like the cover of March 19 Liberty.

The cover showed a picture of a girl and a dog, with the dog "decorated" (as Mr. McDevitt calls it) in Irish colors.

Well, all I can say is, if that's what you Irishmen have meetings for, I don't think much of you. Neither does any one else.

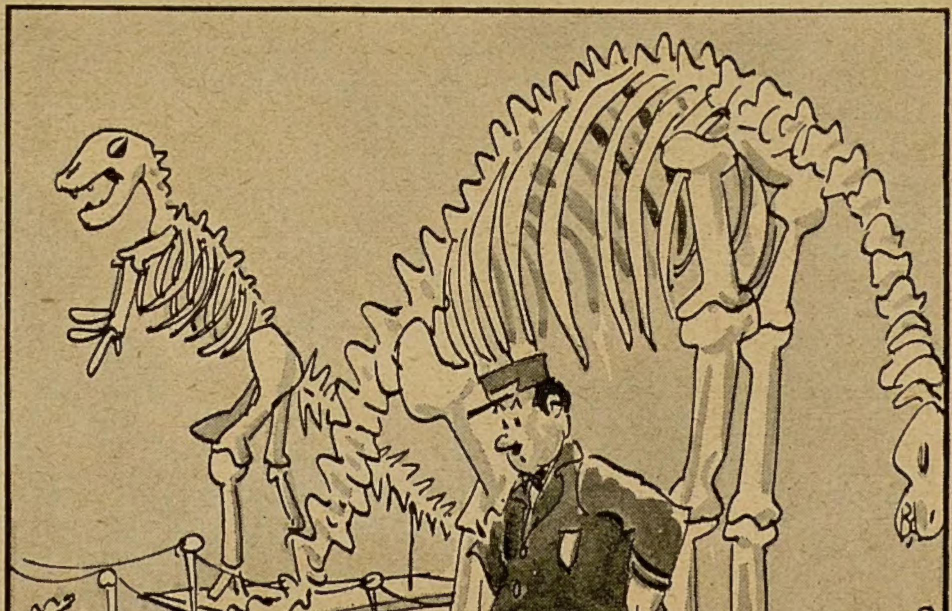
I'm also an Irishman, but, by gad, I thought the picture was cute.—*R. A. B.*

CRAZY MONEY

AROMA PARK, ILL.—Eureka! I have found the solution. Here it is:

The government is taking our money to pay persons who owe us money to remain idle, and then it will look to us to furnish the money to pay us back the money it took from us to pay those who owe us, and after that it will look to us to supply the money to reimburse us for the money it took from us to pay— Help! Help!—*I. P. Hodge, J. P.*

"HARDTACK"



"He won't do any damage, mister—he just had his dinner."

Poison At The Box Office

ALL AMERICANS WHO go to “ the movies ”—and that is a large portion of the population—were staggered a few weeks ago by a brutal attack on certain “ glamorous ” ladies and gentlemen called “ stars.” . . . Mae West, Greta Garbo, Edward Arnold, Marlene Dietrich, and Kay Francis were among those so assailed. . . . Their critics were a group of theater owners who published their views in an advertisement in a trade paper. . . . From this obscurity the advertisement sprang into front-page news. . . . It hit Hollywood like an earthquake. . . . What are the facts? . . . Is the public allergic to these famous players? . . . Is the star system wrong? . . . Are the producers to blame? . . . We tried to find an unprejudiced answer, and so turned to Rupert Hughes. . . . Rupert is an Hollywood ancient. . . . He has written, directed, and produced successful pictures. . . . We feel certain the answers he gives, in his article in Liberty next week, will take you completely by surprise. . . . That at least is what it did to us. . . . AND HERE ARE more four-star features that you will not wish to miss in our forthcoming issue: Ernest K. Lindley in a revealing article, La Follette's New Party, tells what this new party really plans to do. . . . Elizabeth Hawes challenges all men in an impertinent piece called Men's Crazy Clothes. . . . Secrets of the French Sûreté is the title of a new series that will take you behind the scenes of France's G-men and show you how they solved some famous crimes. . . . There is another smashing article by former Governor Hoffman, Things I Forgot to Tell—a postscript to his series on the Lindbergh case. . . . An article by Edward Doherty, short stories by Walter Brooks and Vingie E. Roe, more installments of our serials, and all our regular features go to make an issue which we know you will like. . . . IN THE MAIL comes an attractive booklet called Traffic Snarl, by Doctor H. Mayer-Daxlander and Alfred Russell. . . . It is a dramatic treatise on safety. . . . Liberty takes great interest in the spread of the automobile safety campaign. . . . We were among the first in the magazine field to urge this reform. . . . Back in 1934 we published a series of strong articles that were widely quoted and reprinted. . . . After these came the magnificent piece And Sudden Death, published by our greatly admired contemporary, The Reader's Digest. . . . Today all thinking men and women are being aroused to the need for safer driving. . . . A letter from J. C. Leonard, warden of Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus, encloses a copy of the statement made by Everett Jones, whose sentence of death was executed on March 25. . . . As do most condemned men, Jones protested his innocence and blamed society. . . . But he had the decency to write: “ I never had the courage to live decently.” . . . From Jacob Simon, of Jerusalem, a letter telling of new discoveries about a beautiful love affair in the life of Lawrence of Arabia. . . . Hope to be able to tell you more about that later. . . . Dorothy Speare is planning to build a new home in Sandwich, one of the most romantic of New England towns, almost as thrilling a place as the best of them all, which is, of course, Falmouth. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Collins back from a trip on the Italian Riviera. . . . More fine articles soon to appear now from Mr. Collins. . . . “ Envoy,” our foreign authority, safely on American shores after the Austrian excitement. . . . Who is “ Envoy ” ? . . . No one has guessed right yet. . . . To settle all doubts, we herewith categorically deny that “ Envoy ” is any of the following suggestions from our readers: Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Stanley High, H. L. Mencken. . . . No, “ Envoy ” is none of these. . . . Guess again! . . . Elsie Robinson busy with her garden these days. . . . More pieces from Elsie also on the way. . . . Doctors Don't Tell being made into a movie. . . . Our exciting serial of last autumn, The World Goes Smash, by Samuel Hopkins Adams, now out, handsomely too, as a novel. . . . The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, by Grace Perkins, also issued in book form, and with a Liberty picture on the jacket.

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL
Do the Workers All Want Government Jobs? Bernarr Macfadden 3

SHORT STORIES
The Password Was Canary . . . . Jack Leonard 12
Respite from Glamour . . . . Alice Douglas Kelly 27
The Unreckonable Factor—Liberty's Short Short Samuel Hopkins Adams 41

SERIALS
Crackpot—Part I . . . . James Edward Grant 4
Rendezvous at Arms—Part II . . . . Charles Francis Coe 20
Dead Man's Log—Part VI Louis B. Davidson and Edward Doherty 35
Her Gentleman Secretary—Part IV . . . . Dorothy Speare 46

ARTICLES
It's Revenge I'm After . . . . Joe Louis 8
I'll Do It Again . . . . Max Schmeling 9
How I Raised Tyrone Power . . . . Patia Power 10
Armageddon Again . . . . Walter Karig 17
What Happened to Ellis Parker? . . . . Fred Allhoff 42
Amateur Nightmare: How Lindbergh " Confession " Halted Great Detective's Career
A Star Is Reborn . . . . Kitty Doner 53

FEATURES
Crossword Puzzle, 26; Twenty Questions, 55; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 56; Movie Reviews by Ruth Waterbury, 57; $2,000 Stargazing Contest, 59; Vox Pop, 60.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY E. F. WARD

ORIGINAL FORMULA
Hiram Walker's
NINETY PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN
90 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc.
Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

2 Clues for Party Givers

by S. S. VAN DINE
CREATOR OF "PHILO VANCE"

Clue #1

"LOOK AT THE RECORD! Actual figures show that America buys more Hiram Walker gins than any other kind. You simply can't go wrong if you follow that clue in choosing a gin that's sure to please all your guests—whether you're giving a party for four or fifty!"

Clue #2

Evidence gathered at private swimming pool parties...at country clubs and bars...indicates that the Gin Julep is one of America's favorite Summer drinks. So follow that clue and serve this delicious cooler:

Half-fill a silver julep cup or tall glass with finely cracked ice and add 5 or 6 leaves of mint lightly dusted with powdered sugar. Crush gently with spoon, and fill with more cracked ice. Now fill cup or glass with Hiram Walker's Gin and decorate with 2 sprigs of lightly sugar-dusted mint.*

*Here's why Hiram Walker gins take the mystery out of successful drink-mixing. They're made by Hiram Walker's exclusive Controlled Condensation Process that insures uniformly perfect flavor in every bottle!

AMERICA BUYS MORE HIRAM WALKER GINS THAN ANY OTHER KIND

WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
Ray Oglesby Has Smoked Luckies for 11 Years
An "Eye For Tobacco"–
trained for 20 years
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company

RAY OGLESBY, Independent Tobacco Expert, Says: "At Every Auction, Luckies Buy the Same Fine Leaf"

FOR YOUR TASTE...think over the cigarette preference of America's independent tobacco experts. These experts—like Ray Oglesby—are not connected with any cigarette maker. They are skilled auctioneers, buyers and warehouse operators. Sworn records show that with these men—with men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1.

FOR YOUR THROAT... keep in mind that only Luckies give you the throat protection of the "Toasting" process. This process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. So next time try Luckies ... try them for a week, and see.

Sworn Records Show That... **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST– IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**